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# THE AMERICAN WANDERER, IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

10106 aaa. 14

THE

# AMERICAN WANDERER,

THROUGH

VARIOUS PARTS OF EUROPE,

IN

A SERIES OF LETTERS

TO

A LADY,

(Interſperſed with a Variety of intereſting Anecdotes,)

in 1776

BY A VIRGINIAN.

K

*Nos patriæ fines, & dulcia linquimus arva;*
*Nos patriam fugimus: tu, Tityre, lentus in umbrâ,*
*Formoſam reſonare doces Amaryllida ſylvas.*

VIRGIL.

Round the wide world in baniſhment we roam,
Forc'd from our pleaſing fields and native home:
While ſtretch'd at eaſe, you ſing your happy loves
And Amaryllis fills the ſhady groves.

DRYDEN.

---

DUBLIN,

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FOR W. and H. WHITESTONE, T. WALKER,
W. WILSON, G. GILBERT, J. BEATTY,
L. WHITE, P. BYRNE, R. BURTON,
and J. CASH.

M DCC LXXXIII.

# TO THE PUBLIC.

THESE unſtudied travelling ſketches were written, at the requeſt of and for the amuſement of a Lady and her friends, during a reſidence abroad in the years 1776 and 77.

With unaffected diffidence they are now ſubmitted to the Public.——It is a moot point, whether that hackneyed aſſertion, "the Author wrote not for the Public eye," be a valid apology for the imperfection and inaccuracy incident to human productions——Yet it is ſanctified by uſage; and he who now, he fears too raſhly, ſteps out of his private line before the aweful tribunal of criticiſm, ſenſible how much he will need indulgence,

hopes it may be admitted in palliation. That the excuſe is founded in fact, he appeals to the intelligent reader, who will judge for himſelf and decide, whether, if theſe letters were fabricated in the cloſet with a vain view to popular celebrity, the writer would not have been leſs laviſh of his panegyric upon a rival nation, more prodigal of his incence to the people by whoſe fiat his literary reputation muſt ſtand or fall.

It may be objected, that the fields of France and Switzerland are ſo beaten by various deſcriptions of learned travellers; have been ſo recently trod by the ingenious and ironical Moore, that little worthy of obſervation is left to be gleaned by their ſucceſſors, eſpecially by him who feels himſelf, though a cordial *Amateur*, a mere *Tyro* in ſcience, a mere novice in the arts which poliſh and adorn life——— But, as a ſimple portrait, ſketched by the pencil of genius, preſents different ideas of

of its technical merit, or if its likeneſs to the original, as it is viewed in different points of light, or by men of different degrees of judgment and taſte—ſo the grand hiſtoric picture of mankind, though often gazed at, and ſtill more often deſcribed by the cognoſcenti, will yet throw out new lights and ſhades, to every beholder of common ſenſe, who contemplates it with the honeſt deſire of extracting pleaſure and improvement:—if the preſent individual has, haply, ſeized any new tints, any ſlight nuances, or gradations of colouring, with which this rich intereſting, and inexhauſtible *Tableau* is replete, he is very ſure, that he has, unſeduced by the love of ſingularity, ſo faſcinating to all travellers, delineated them, if not with power, at leaſt with juſtice and candour.

With the million the author is ſenſible ſome few ſentiments he has hazarded, reſpecting the French nation, may be

invidious.——The liberal and judicious, he truſts, will think, with him, that we may allow our gay neighbours a pre-eminence in the light and pleaſing virtues, flowing naturally from their aſſiduous cultivation of *les petites morales*, without depreciating the ſterling value of the old Engliſh national character.—— An exile from his native clime, the writer aſpires to the philoſophic character of a citizen of the world;——if, however, a predilection for any people may be imputed to him, his private hiſtory, a ſlight alluſion to which may be diſcovered in this ſeries of letters, will prove, beyond a doubt, how fatally he felt it for the Britiſh nation: he has indeed little apology to offer for his opinions, ſince he again declares, they were governed by truth——"and truth to be loved, needs but to be ſeen."

One merit theſe letters may be proved to poſſeſs——They are genuine, and were written, by a traveller, upon the ſpot. This circumſtance, with the candid, will extenuate their faults.

It is but too probable, that thoſe who have the happineſs to be born with cool paſſions, ever under the controul of ſober prudence, will condemn many of the writer's ſentiments, as *outré*, if not reprehenſible.——He can only ſay, that the ſimple meaning of the word correſpondence implies effuſions from the heart, and letters, though glowing with the pathos of ſentiment, and fancifully arrayed in the gaudy attire of language, if they have not this merit, have no merit at all. The author is a young man, who has not yet had the cares of a family to compoſe the mind. He was born under vertical ſun-beams, which rarefy the imagination and melt the ſoul

to a ſublimation unknown, and perhaps unadmired by the chilly natives of humid climes. He is, in ſhort, replete with the flogiſton of enthuſiaſm, and, with more gallantry than policy, wages eternal war againſt that very numerous, very reſpectable, very dull, and, of courſe, impenetrable body of men whoſe ſole merit conſiſts in having cold hearts and cunning heads.

Long ſince theſe letters were written the writer has diſcovered, that an incident to which they allude, conveys, he owns, without his having dreamt of it, a ſpecies of moral; which he has, with pleaſure, ſeen recently anticipated by the elegant author of *The Sorrows of Werter*.——Infinitely leſs maſterly in their compoſition, the Letters which now ſee the light, have the advantage of embracing the memoirs of real perſonages, and, therefore, it is preſumed, may be held

up

up a more conſpicuous beacon to candid and impetuous youth, than the moſt ſplendid and pathetic diſplay of fictitious diſtreſs.——

The ſubject, to which theſe Letters perhaps too often allude, is an additional evidence, that, originally, they were not intended for, and would naturally have precluded them from publication, but for an event for ever to be deplored ——The Lady, for whoſe amuſement they were written, uniting a moſt delicate frame to a ſtill more delicate mind, now ſleeps with her fathers, leaving the ill-fated Author the poignant recollection to have adored, and to have loſt the moſt amiable of her ſex!

To her memory he inſcribes this feeble monument of his attachment and her unfading merit——If unwittingly, he ever offended her while alive, let theſe literary wreaths, ſacred to friendſhip, twining around

around her bier, plead expiation, and let the ſons of ſentiment, "ſtriking their penſive breaſts," exclaim with him,

"Be the turf ever hallow'd
"Which pillows her head!"

THE WANDERER.

THE

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THE

THE

# AMERICAN WANDERER.

## LETTER I.

MADAM,

TO you I do myſelf the honour to addreſs my travelling ideas of men and manners—— ſuch as they are, there is a propriety in dictating them to you; for you are the cauſe that I travel.——In the various climes through which it is my fate to wander, if, haply, I obſerve any object, any incident worthy your attention, I will tranſport it an offering to the ſhrine of Britiſh beauty——I ſhall feel a ſemblance

blance of happineſs while I fix, for even a fleeting hour, the ſweeteſt eyes that illumin the banks of the Thames——A heart, a yet agonizing heart, tells me that it is not for me, for many ſucceeding years, to indulge the hope of a return to a region which I now call my country. Exiled, by almoſt the ſame fatality which, whilom, baniſhed Ovid from the banks of Tiber; like Ovid too I contemplate the charms of my Britiſh Julia! like him I drop the ſilent tear; like him, ſtriking my penſive breaſt, I cry, What, baniſhed becauſe I loved?

I feel no aleviation, when I compare mine with the baniſhment of the heroes of antient or modern ſtory——Some were interdicted fire and water, becauſe they became obnoxious to men poſſeſſed of more power and leſs virtue than themſelves; ſome, becauſe their ſuperior talents, riches, or felicity held them up objects of the envy and hatred of their fellow citizens; ſome few, becauſe they were really too bad, and many becauſe they were too good to affimilate with the common maſs of humanity in their own, or in any country. Of this laſt claſs of illuſtrious exiles Ariſtides the Juſt is a memorable example—— All of theſe entertained hopes of a return to their friends, their houſhold gods, the wives of their boſom, their little ones, their darling country!

country!——Philoſophers, pardon me the word, Madam, ſince you teach me the practice, philoſophers aſſert that pain or miſery is leſs to be meaſured by its acuteneſs than by extent of duration——He who knows, that in all probablity there will be an *end* to his ſorrows, ſtretching his aching eye to this gladſome though diſtant proſpect, while he turns his head from the bitter cup of evil which the preſent moment, holds out to him; and, if he muſt taſte, he meliorates the flavour with the idea of the nectareous draft domeſtic love prepares for him at the end of his pilgrimage: thus he journeys on, hugging to his boſom the fairy-trifler Hope ——But where is my hope once more to kiſs my mother earth!——to feaſt, once more, my eyes with the chalky cliffs of Albion; once more to indulge the melancholy pleaſure of gazing upon the lovely cauſe of my ruin! You requeſt, and from the lips of beauty, a requeſt is law——you enjoin me to wander until I ſhall forget the faireſt maid of a country where thouſands are fair! or, until ſome amiable foreign lady ſhall deface from my boſom the picture of my dove-eyed Julia——Alas! your humility ſhading your exquiſite judgement, permitted you not to ſee the inhumanity of your ſentence ——had you glanced thoſe dove-eyes upon your mirror; had you reconnoitred a form that might give to the creator of the Medicean Venus new ideas of beauty, your fine taſte would have

inſinuated that decreeing a return, under ſuch conditions, was, virtually, decreeing a perpetual baniſhment——For in what far country ſhall I find a woman like you? This is not the age of miracles——the diſcriminating philoſophic eye, or even the poet's eye, "in a fine frenzy rolling," from Indus to the Pole, lights upon few phenomenons! prodigies ſhoot not ſpontaneous on the ſunny margin of the Ganges, nor on the heights of Nova Zembla, robed in eternal ſnow——But, 'tis your's to be inexorable, and to ordain——'tis mine to lament, and to obey.

One morning the beginning of June, eſcaping from myſelf, I leaped into the Dover poſt-coach. I had no cloaths with me, except a few unſorted things in a portmanteau, which had remained in it ſince my laſt viſit to your uncle in Berkſhire. I had made the neceſſary arragements reſpecting my foreign credits, and that ſmall effort exhauſted my reſolution. Often I attempted to pack up my trunks; but when I opened my drawers, if I chanced to ſee or touch any the moſt trifling token which in thoſe halcyon days, when I poſſeſſed your confidence, you had given me, I forgot my purpoſe. I preſſed it to my burning lips with adoration pure and holy as ever animated devotee kiſſing the crucifix;——I let fall the lid of my trunk, and remained abſorbed in thought, looking

looking "like patience on a monument, ſmiling at grief!"

I remember that the day harmonized not with my feelings: for the ſun darting his beams through the bluſhing mantle of Aurora, ſeemed to inſult my woe. My companions were an Engliſh millener, who had ingrafted French air and manner upon Britiſh neatneſs and ſimplicity. She had been pretty, but was verging towards thirty, and, having met with many *diſagrémens* in the courſe of her peregrinations between Paris and London, that preyed upon her ſenſibility, the Lancaſhire roſes had vaniſhed from her cheeks, to which a ſlight tinge of French rouge afforded a ſuccedaneum; a prepoſſeſſing figure, and a large languiſhing jetty eye, a laſting feature yet remained. A young muſcular Italian, who, by order of the good man her huſband, attended in the capacity of Cavaliére Serviente, the wife of a rich citizen of London, who had eſcaped from the polite circle in the environs of Fiſh-ſtreet-hill, with a view to imbibe Spa water, by way of reparation to her deranged nerves. The city-lady, though nervous, was by no means conſumptive; ſhe was more than enbonpoint, and ſhaded with the left wing of her petticoat a meagre yet intereſting figure, who, with that modeſty and ſelf denial, ever the companion of genuine merit, contenting himſelf

with a corner ſeat, had ceded to the ſex his priority of pretenſions with reſpect to rank. His outre figure, the vivacity of his look, and the ſtrong lines of genius which marked each working feature of his face, immediately ſtruck me. I cannot deſcribe him; but if you will dip into Smollet's Humphry Clinker you will ſee him in the perſon of Liſmahago. Had this gentleman ſent to Smollet, the reſemblance could not have been more perfect. He was ſecretary to the ducheſs of———, whom he was going to join at Calais. He added to the birth and manners of a gentleman a competent knowledge of the dead and living languages; and was ſingularly learned in the Italian, which he wrote with the preciſion of a Tuſcan, and pronounced with the true Roman melody. As a proof of this the young Roman, our companion, held a diffuſive converſation with him the whole day, believing he was converſing with a learned countryman. At Dover the millener with the young Roman, who under the pretence of ſpending the evening with a friend at another inn, whiled away his time with the fair millener, parted from us, ſubmitting to our protection the better moiety of a city tradeſman, the amiable deputy from the firſt coteries of Fiſh-ſtreet-hill, the ſecretary of the ducheſs, and the faithful ſlave of Julia advanced, with pro-

profound reſpect, and preſſing to their boſoms either arm of the lady, uſhered her with infinite gallantry, into the beſt room and inn of Dover. I begged the ſecretary to do the honours of the houſe, as, in a whiſper, I told him, though my body was preſent, my ſoul yet hovered about a certain villa in Berkſhire; nor could the *agrémens* of the lady before us call it from thoſe groves, and lawns, and meads, which it ſtill delighted to haunt.

ADIEU.

## LETTER II.

BEHOLD us at ſupper; the ſecretary on the right, your chevalier on the left of the fair denizen of London. Our *petites attentions* awoke her ſenſibility, or, if you will, her vanity: the millener having quitted the field to her, ſhe reſolved to annoy us with all the round and grape in the park of Paphian artillery. Conſcious of the advantage of our poſition, which embraced the right and left flank of the enemy, we were unanimouſly of opinion we could, at leaſt, maintain our ground. In this moment of time the action began, by a languiſhing glance from two ſweet blue eyes, manifeſtly pointed at the heart of your chevalier! Happily the wing of a capon, enveloped in its culinary faſcine celary ſauce, which, in that inſtant, the chevalier was convoying to the plate of the lady, broke the force of the fire: the ſpent ſhot ſtruck upon his knife, and, rebounding, gleamed along the table, ſtaggering the ſuſceptible ſecretary! I made a point of looking my enemy in the face, and I obſerved that ſhe was rather animated than diſcouraged by my contumacy. She ſtretched forth an arm, plump, round, and white, by way of meeting me half way with her

her plate. On this arm the only thing that intereſted me was a pearl bracelet, with a miniature. From the chalk and putty colour of the large vacant eye, the inanity, quietiſm, and perfect exemption from thought, in each compoſed feature of the face, I conceived it muſt be deſigned for ſome rich city head, peradventure the noddle of her huſband. Before the ſecretary could recover from the impreſſion of the ſpent ſhot, the lady, obſerving that her appetite was proſtrate, careleſsly threw herſelf, with head half reclining, eyes half ſhut and languiſhing, upon the back of her chair, and ſeemed, a few ſeconds, abſorbed in a reverie. This manœuvre, which made demonſtration of giving up the battle, threw us off our guard: however, in this ſtudied degagée attitude, the enemy contrived, partly, to unmaſk a battery, which did deciſive execution. Her boſom ſeemed yet to retain the reſiſtance to external preſſure, the elaſticity of fifteen!— The undulating pillows, on which the bantling of Venus delights to loll, gently agitated the gauze which played around her travelling ſhirt; for ſhe was à la chaſſe, in an elegant green and ſilver riding habit. Well, you know, Madam, how obſtinately I cling to a fine neck! Had not my glowing imagination continually exhibited to me a neck nonpareil, the fair citizen would have chained me to her car, a willing ſlave, to have graced her triumphant entry into Bruſſels!

The ſecretary was guarded by no divine influence; of courſe our right wing, ſtrongly preſſed, gave ground, and, by a heavy well-directed fire, ſupplied from the undulating battery aforeſaid, was, in a few minutes, turned.—To avoid having my works *ſtormed*, mine being only an *intrenched* camp, I beat the chamade, offering to capitulate upon certain conditions. The terms granted us were; that the forces of General B——r ſhould ſurrender priſoners of war; that his allied forces, belonging to the ſovereign Princeſs Julia, headed by General ——, ſhould be allowed to march off with the cuſtomary honours. The lady called for glaſſes of claret, the number of the Graces, and, with that mutual reſpect and urbanity which ought ever to obtain amongſt polite enemies, the victors and the vanquiſhed kiſſed goblets, drinking to the health of all the ſons and daughters of humanity. The lady, the remainder of the evening, conſidering her priſoners as her gueſts, did the honours of the houſe, and continued her diſplay of accompliſhments, liſping barbarous Italian to the ſecretary, and chattering good French, for aught I know to the contrary; for I am yet a novice, to the chevalier. Our harmony was, however, interrupted by the faux pas of the italien Serviente. The lady arraigned him for neglect of duty, in the following harangue: "I believe I ſhall ſend the ideot back to my huſband: he

he is as ignorant of the attentions due to perſons of a certain faſhion, as ungrateful for the condeſcenſion of his ſuperiors. My huſband ſent him to attend me as a kind of travelling ſteward or upper ſervant, to preſide over the minitiæ of expenditure, a department beneath my attention. Becauſe I, whoſe weakneſs is milkineſs of ſoul, permitted him to dine with us to-day at Canterbury, he abſolutely forgets his routine of duty. To be ſure, half bowing on each ſide of her, I have had the good fortune to be left under the protection of men of the world, of men who can diſtinguiſh between ladies of a certain rank and mere canaille; in a word, who are gentlemen: yet, for aught he knows to the contrary, I might be committed with ſtock-jobbers or ſhop-lifters, mountebanks or miniſters, Jews or contractors, pimps or privy-counſellors." The ſecretary affected to be the advocate of the hapleſs ſerviente, and, under pretence of ſoothing the lady, by an artleſs ſtrain of irony, irritated her angry paſſions. Your chevalier, compoſing the muſcles of his face to the myſterious gravity of a chamber counſellor, or a midwife; preſſing his left breaſt with his right hand extended, making a profound obeiſance, by way of retort courteous for her implied compliment, thus compounded the anodine draft of flattery, according to the preſcription of the fair denizen of Fiſh-ſtreet-hill.

hill. For myſelf I am free to declare, that, far from pleading juſtification, I cannot find in my heart the leaſt palliation for the young Roman. Sure I am his conduct will be covered by no precedent in the page of modern or of ancient reporters of Paphian common or ſtatute law. Born in a clime prodigal of public virtue and of private gallantry, where men were heroes, and heroes gods! I marvel that the ſhade of a Cæſar or of an Anthony, did not ariſe to warn him of this faux-pas! A Cæſar! who in playing the ſublime parts of the invincible ſoldier and conſummate ſtateſman, forgot not that he was alſo born the fineſt gentleman of his own or of any age! An Anthony! who in raffling, with the petits maitres of his day, for the prize of ancient beauty, gallantly ſet a world upon a caſt; and the noble Caſtor, with all the ſang froid and collection of mind worthy a ſtudent of Almack's or of Brookes's, coolly ſtood the hazard of the die! Would to God! taking his hand from his own and placing it on the breaſt of the ſecretary, would to God, my dear Sir, the young Roman's had been yours or my lot! Truſt me, our conduct would not have called tears from eyes ſo ſweet, or ſighs from a boſom ſo lovely! We would not, like him, have retired from an angel to feed upon garbage! We would not have bartered the ſweeteſt roſes in the parterres

res of Flora for the crimſon dye of the Iberian fleece! We would not have embraced a cloud inſtead of a Juno! We would not for a millener have exchanged a Madona! This unlucky hint diſturbed the benign operation of my ſpecific anodyne, which, mixing with the whole maſs of blood, had in the courſe of circulation flowed in balmy rills to the aorta, there communicating with the ſympathetic ducts, which lead to the breaſt and eye, had juſt began to excite the pleaſureable palpitations in the boſom and radient ſmiles in the countenance! The chevalier was broke in upon——What! did he go off with the millener? Be compoſed, my dear madam,——yet—if I muſt ſpeak the truth—I fear he did—I ſaw, or ſeemed to ſee, the young Roman give his arm to the degagée Marchande de modes——in a twinkling, that milkineſs of blood which ſhe had ſucked in, infuſed into her portion of twopenny, at her alma mater in the polite environs of St. Giles, fled, never more to inhabit the breaſt of the fair denizen! Thoſe bon ton maxims which had been inſtilled into her, even from her girliſh years, when ſhe was admitted a novice into the coteries of Fiſh-ſtreet-hill, were totally effaced; and, oh wonderous change! the rib of a mild, placid city alderman exhibited the picture of Alectra, environed by her hiſſing ſnakes. In this unpropitious moment the poor ſerviente opened the door. Unconſcious of his crime, he gaily advanced

half

half way into the room. He ſaw indignation flaſh from the eye of his fair patroneſs. Italian action is upon a large ſcale——off dropped his hat, daſhed by his uplifted hands; his eyes now up-raiſed to heaven, imploring divine interpoſition; now fixed upon the Fiſh-ſtreet fury, who was haſtily advancing to him. So Hamlet ſtands appalled at the apparition of his royal father, ſo Garrick retires from the approach of the ghoſt! but here the compariſon drops. Benignity beamed not in the eye of the fair citizen; every working feature menaced annihilation to the hapleſs ſerviente. The ſecretary, with more generoſity than prudence, threw himſelf between the combatants; the chevalier, beckoning the young man, retired with him from the ſcene of action, and, after explaining to him, with unrelaxed muſcles, the enormity of his offence, adviſed him to attempt no juſtification, but to plead at the tribunal of mercy. He, for fear is credulous, thanked the chevalier and begged his interpoſition——hoping that, ere this, the Tuſcan melody flowing from B————r's tongue had mollified the lady's ire, he ventured to advance arm in arm with his client, ſprung from the banks of Tiber. The chevalier had done juſtice to the wit and eloquence of his friend—— as he opened the door he ſaw a lambent ſmile dawning in the lady's dimples, while ſhe liſtened, nothing loath, to the eloquence of a Murray, cloathed in the language peculiarly adapted to

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the expreſſion of tender ſentiments. At the ſight of the ſerviente the fever of reſentment again began to fluſh her cheek, but our humility permitted it not to predominate. We fell on our knees, each devouring a hand of the lady; the Chevalier, animated by compaſſion, deprecated the lady's rage, mingled with the pleadings ſlight infuſions of his anodyne ſpecific——to be cruel, to be inexorable is not, nor ought to be, the characteriſtic of the ſex. The fair citizen was a woman, ſhe ſmiled forgiveneſs, and harmony was again reſtored to our little ſociety—— in half an hour the lady retired, the Roman in another half hour. The tea-tables in Dover, and the polite world in its environs did not ſcruple to whiſper the next morning, that, like his great progenitor Æneas,

> Diffugient comites, et nocte tegentur opaca:
> Speluncam Dido dux & Trojanus eandem
> Devenient. VIRGIL.

But your Chevalier, following the maxim of Lord Cheſterfield, never believes above *half* of what the world ſays. Pardon however the Latin quotation; when I aſſert a piece of *ſcandal*, I always veil it under the ſhade of a dead language, thoroughly ſenſible that this is a ſubject ever painful to the ear of a *lady*.

In

In about four hours we were landed in France; how ſhort the time which tranſported us to a new world of manners; continual commercial intercourſe you would think, might ſoften the angles of difference between the inhabitants of Calais and Dover——the very contrary is the fact; the hind of Canada gliſtering with icicles, and the mild Otahitean baſking under meridian ſunbeams, exhibit not a contraſt more complete! when I croſſed the Atlantic, at the diſtance of two thouſand miles, I found myſelf at home; the ſame ſtile of living, the ſame language, the ſame manners: here the difference was extreme ——the tall, the meagre, perpendicular, bien poudré French ſoldier, on the ramparts of Calais, ſeemed of a ſpecies quite diſtinct from the fat-eyed, rubicund citizen of Dover——in one particular, the canaille of each place ſeemed to play into each other's hands moſt happily, in raiſing contributions upon the adventurous traveller; but their rapacity has been ſo ſeverely animadverted upon by the jaundiced Smollet, that I ſhall wave the ſubject. Immediately upon, nay, previous to my landing, I underwent the uſual transformation into mi Lord Anglois, which you know was countenanced by my old buff and gold waiſtcoat; one ſprightly ſubject of the grand monarque ſeized my portmanteau, another my cane, and ſo on to my ſword, and even my laced hat, each parcel had its peculiar protector; abſent from you, I was a mere non-

entity,

entity, but had I been myſelf, I never fume upon theſe occaſions; I ſwim with the ſtream; I ſubmit to the etiquette dictated by all reſpectable bodies, and the canaille of all countries is, from its numbers at leaſt, a very reſpectable body—— with arms acroſs, careleſly bowing conſent, I followed my ragged guides——they led me to the Douane; here I was arouſed from my reverie, by obſerving a monſtrous figure dreſſed in coarſe blue and gold, a greaſy bag, ears adorned with gold bobs, a huge upper lip embrowned by a quantity of Straſburgh ſnuff——his right paw was juſt forcing its way into my portmanteau; I ſeized it, while I jabbered a remonſtrance. I found I could not extract the paw. I was ignorant of French cuſtoms, but, at this moment, happening to recollect the paſſage in the Æneid of the wonderful efficacy of a ſop upon the Dog Cerberus, I applied the precedent in the caſe in point. Imperceptibly inſinuating a half crown into the left paw, inſtantaneouſly, as if by a mechanic connection, the right one flew out of my port-mail; this was not all, the figure turned round upon its heel, a placid ſmile played around its muſtachios, and whiſpering his companion in a way that I might hear, *apparement c'eſt un ſeigneur infiniment aimable*, gave me a profound bow; I was not accuſtomed to a bow upon ſo large a ſcale; it was, of itſelf, intrinſically worth three half crowns; I had nothing indeed, contraband, but by this manœuvre

vre I avoided having my cloaths deranged; I received an earneſt of Gallic politeſſe, and, above all, I prevented the precious trifles, the gifts of my fair Britiſh maid, being touched by unhallowed hands.

Here I am marched to Monſieur Deſſein's; my veneration for the ſhade of Yorick led me to his hotel; I have ſtood looking wiſtfully at the very coach door, where once he preſſed the half willing hand of the gentle Madame de L———. I have lolled in the very ſame deſobligeant immortalized by him; but, far be it from me to attempt to write a chapter in it, or, in any reſpect, to preſume I emulate that darling child of ſentiment!

The ſecretary, the Italian friend to the young Roman ſerviente, and myſelf, are now ſet down to a dinner of fiſh, *fricandeau de veau, une poullarde rotie te de ſallade*; we imbibe occaſionally goblets of *paſſablement bon bourgogne*; this is ſaid to be a potation oblivious of corroding care; yet, truſt me, it has not the power to make me forget the horrid thought that, at this moment, the ſea roars between me and my blue-eyed angel of light! I name no means, for well I know that your mind, equally with your external form, renders you the phœnix of your ſex: while they eagerly gulp down the nectar of flattery, preſented even by prophane hands, you, like the

ſenſitive

ſenſitive flower ſhrinking from the beams of the ſun, obſtinately elude all ſemblance of praiſe at the very moment your fine ſenſe muſt tell you it is critically juſt.

ADIEU.

LETTER

## LETTER III.

*Calais, Liſle, Cambray.*

I FORGOT to mention to you, that previous to our dining, B——r carried me with him when he went to wait upon his patroneſs. I was, I own, curious to ſee a woman, whoſe beauty, wit, and ſingular fortune, had excited the admiration and aſtoniſhment of the polite world: her recent exhibition in the Houſe of Lords, and the cauſe of it, rendered her acquaintance a very deſirable acquiſition to the curious traveller. Her grace received me with that politeneſs, condeſcenſion, and affability, which fits eaſy as your glove upon perſons of genuine breeding. She ſaid, "My ſecretary tells me you mean to make the tour of France and Switzerland e'er you return. Let me adviſe you, by all means, to penetrate as far as Italy. What a laudable vanity prompts a Frenchman to ſay of his own capital (*il n'y a qu'un Paris*) may, with more juſtice, be ſaid of Rome. Italy too is certainly the garden of Europe, and the Italian women the *forbidden*, yet moſt delicious fruit of that garden. If your palate waters for *garden fruits*, I will give you commendations to my friends,

friends, Lord Tilney and Lord Brook." I thanked the ducheſs, as well as I knew how, for a condeſcenſion I had ſo little claim to, imbibed a glaſs of her ſack, and made my bow.

The fair Chudleigh is a noble ruin! Not that I inſinuate her grace is not yet a very deſirable object; no, it is the privilege of a fine woman never to grow old: her grace is a beauty in the grand and majeſtic ſtile; her ſkin of a ſingular whiteneſs, yet retains all the ſmoothneſs of youth: this added to a German plumpneſs of perſon, yet enables her grace to excite ideas of the moſt voluptuous kind. When the late Lord C——r, her bail, ſlept in her grace's houſe at Knight's-Bridge, he dreamed that his principal was running off. This ſo affected his imagination, that he jumped out of bed, and, forgetting the dignity of the wool-ſack, ran down ſtairs in his ſhirt to ſecure the noble fugitive. The noiſe put the ducheſs in ſuch a fright, that ſpringing out of bed in a delicious night dreſs, ſhe began to run in good earneſt. Old A——y met and joſtled againſt her grace in the paſſage: this apparition realiſing his dreaming ideas, the luminary of the law, like another Apollo, vigorouſly purſued the Britiſh Daphne; and could he have overtaken her, *dans une diſhabill ſi appetiſſanté*, I dare ſay the colliſion would have been intereſting; probably the laws of nature, paramount

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to common, ſtatute, and chancery law, would have ſtimulated the ſage to attempt the enormity which our wiſe Queen Elizabeth deemed ſo arduous, if not impracticable.

The Italian and myſelf hired of Monſieur Deſſein a poſt-chaiſe to St. Omer's, where we arrived about nightfall. In the morning I was aroused from a delicious dream, by the vociferous execrations of the Italian, who ſwore by St. Anthony, that he would annihilate Deſſein's poſtilion, who peremptorily demanded payment of a Louis, the hire of the chaiſe, although we had, the day before, paid the aforeſaid Louis to Deſſein's waiter, at the ſame time that we diſcharged the dinner-bill. I remember that the Italian aſked me for a guinea for that purpoſe. This being rather unuſual in England, I objected; but he obſerved that it would thus be but one trouble; and I ſaw him pay it to the waiter. This objection the poſtillion liſtened to with philoſophic ſang froid. I ſaw my friend's eloquence made no impreſſion; for the poſtilion, in return for the Italian's oaths, puffed, from a tremendous pipe, volcanos of ſmoke, vibrating his head in token of contumacious adherence to his demand; and, at length, knocking his pipe againſt his jack-boot, the enormity of which formed a fine contraſt to his ſpindle ſhank, he declared, that, if he were not paid, he would order the poſtman of St. Omer (who was unluckily our landlord) to refuſe us horſes. He was as

good

good as his word. My fellow-traveller ſwore he would ſtay at St. Omer from the Flood to the Conflagration e'er he would ſubmit to an impoſition ſo flagrant. I had previouſly concerted to ſtay all that day. The Italian has his young ſon at the Jeſuits College, and it would not have been fair to have parted them ſooner. We were ſhewn the town, the college, and the ſuperb church of the Jeſuits by a ſenſible, handſome, polite, young Jeſuit, a Mr. H—, one of the profeſſors of their college. He invited us to dine that day with his brethren. The Italian related to them his grievance. They were all of opinion with me, that, if it was inſiſted upon, we ſhould be obliged to repay for the chaiſe. They however added, that they would repreſent the matter properly at Calais, and, if practicable, recover for us our money. Next morning, as we were upon the point of departing for Liſle, Deſſein's poſtilion returned with a letter from his maſter, denying the receipt of the Louis. Finding, that *il falloit paſſer par lá*, the Italian threw at his head the ſecond Louis; adding to it a reaſonable quantity of oaths and curſes, by way of ſmall change. In England no reputable tavern-keeper would venture to believe a waiter, in contradiction to the aſſertion of two gentlemen; eſpecially as their aſſertion was corroborated by a third, Mr. B———r, a perſon wholly diſintereſted——— Such a manœuvre might have hurt his houſe; but *chaque pays chaque facon.*

At

At this ſeaſon of the year the journey from St. Omer to Liſle is delightful: from the heights of Caſſel eſpecially, the eye, commands the richeſt landſcape I ever beheld. Innumerable hamlets, villages, and towns, variegated with noble woods, ſtreams, and flocks grazing on meads beyond deſcription ſuperb and luxuriant. The whole country of French Flanders is now a mere noſegay. The wings of Zephyr continually emit perfume, embalming the ambient air with odours ſo fragrant, that the fanciful traveller almoſt perſuades himſelf he approaches the confines of Arabia the happy. I ſaw the ſweet Flemiſh maids with robes ſuccinct, fair, plump, and roſy; ſome toſſing the new-mown hay; ſome, with limbs half bare, lolling upon the cocks, their breaſts kiſſed by the ardent beams of the ſun, whoſe amorous rays half way met their boſoms, heaving with ſenſations excited by their innocent yet fanciful dreams, and I could not help repeating.

Oh had I been by fate decreed
Some humble cottage ſwain——

Ah me! did I but poſſeſs yon ſmiling mead, with the flocks feeding upon it; yon ſimple modeſt cottage, ſhaded from Boreas by the melancholy myrtle, ſacred to Venus, flanked on one ſide by a ſweet wood, on the other a brawling trout ſtream, and, might I perſuade my Julia to preſide over and give relief to the ſcene, wrapt

in

in the contemplation of my own riches, with what contempt, mingled with pity, ſhould I look down upon ſuch, comparatively, poor devils, as kings and princes.

ADIEU.

## LETTER IV.

LISLE, where we arrived to dinner, is a ſuperb populous city, the capital of French Flanders. It is ſituated in a country environed by a variety of little rivers, all of whom confluing, large batteaux are capable of paſſing from the river Lis to a ſuburb of the town, which is indeed now ſhut up within the town by the fortifications which Lewis the fourteenth had conſtructed by Marſhal Vauban. Theſe fortifications join to the citadelle, which is eſteemed one of the ſtrongeſt in Europe. It held out three months, after open trenches, in the year 1708, againſt the whole allied army, headed by two of the firſt generals of the age, Marlborough and Eugene—yet Lewis had taken it in ſeventeen days. This fact is of itſelf a ſufficient eulogium upon the abilities of the celebrated Vauban.

The grand ſquare is ſurrounded by handſome well-built houſes. There are in Liſle above fifty churches and a noble hoſpital. It has alſo a change, for the accommodation of its merchants, who traffic largely, particularly in camlets, for which this place is famous.

My

My fellow-traveller's route, who was bound to Italy, here deviated from mine. He is good-natured, and I agreed to accompany him in the Paris road as far as Lens, a ſmall town lying on the little river de Souchers. I recollect nothing for which this town is celebrated, unleſs it be for the antiquity of its collegiate church, founded about 700 years ago, and for the victory gained in the year 1648 by the Prince of Condé over the Archduke of Auſtria. The town remains to France from ceſſion at the Pyrenean treaty. In the morning we parted, and, as I had not French enough to venture alone in a poſt-chaiſe, the Italian put me in a diligence, which goes from Lens to Cambray. I thought I poſſeſſed enough of the language to ſerve me, with my purſe, by way of commentary, for my exigencies on the road from Calais to St Quentin; but I was egregiouſly miſtaken, my pronunciation was ſo vicious, that I was totally unintelligible; my ſituation became truly painful, and gladly would I have been again in London, but this retrogade motion was at once ſhameful, and more difficult than a forward movement. My companions in the diligence were a petit maitre from Liſle, two Abbés, and two of the ſofter ſex. Now and then I could catch a ſentence from my fellow travellers, from the two ladies eſpecially; for I was more attentive to them, while their expreſſive eyes tranſlated their words; but they could not underſtand a ſyllable I ſaid; the

petit-maitre wreathed himſelf into a thouſand attitudes to aſſiſt my comprehenſion, but in vain; this was the more mortifying, as I found he was very voluble, and full of ſome intereſting ſubject; before he had been half an hour in the coach, he had, as I underſtood afterwards, given the ladies a detail of his innumerable *bonnes fortunes*, from thirteen years of age, the period when he firſt entered his career of gallantry, until that day, when he was twenty ſeven years old; concluding that he was then on his way, by the command of his grandmother, *à s' etablir*, that is, marry himſelf to a lady of Cambray, who, indeed, he had never ſeen, *mais qu'il l'amoit à la folie*, for ſhe was *d'une famille diſtinguée*, was *puiſſament riche*, and, *ſur toutes choſes*, *ſon couſin*, *au troiſime degré*, *avoit une charge à la cour*. He was not a little anxious to make me his confident; from his geſtures, a ſtranger would have thought us intimate for years. The coach ſtopt about eight o'clock, the petit-maitre jumped out, and taking me in the moſt friendly manner by the arm, bowing, capering, and crying out, *Allons*, *avancez monſieur*, uſhered me into a room of the Auberge, where he ſwore all the French oaths at the waiter, and ſeemed as anxious to get me breakfaſt, as if my life depended upon it. At the ſame time that he was plying me with *jambon*, *ſauciſſon et du vin blanc*, he was recapitulating to me his love adventures, and his preſent matrimonial project; he ſeemed as earneſt and as

pleaſed

pleaſed as if I had underſtood him; he might have recollected that I comprehended not a ſyllable; but to recollect or combine is not the *forte* of a Frenchman. He peremptorily refuſed to let me pay for my breakfaſt; having done the honours of it, according to French etiquette, the right of payment was in him, and he was *au deſeſpoir* at every attempt I made to defraud him of this privilege. My new friend reconducted me, with the ſame ſedulous air, to the diligence, and, as if I could underſtand his flattery, told the ladies in a whiſper he took care I ſhould hear, *ma foi, monſieur, quoique reveur à l' Angloiſe, à infiniment d'eſprit!* the ladies reiterated their attempts to entertain the dumb ſtranger. Meſſrs. les Abbé's too joined their endeavours; they at length addreſſed me in Latin, and here, for the firſt time of my life, I found my ſmall knowledge of the Latin tongue of eſſential ſervice. I told them that I had been bred at———college, and had read the claſſics; they ſeemed pleaſed to hear this, and immediately began to quote upon me with true French volubility. I had been very little accuſtomed to ſpeak the language; they pronounced with foreign accent, and of courſe quite different from the Engliſh manner. I believe, after ſearching Europe, the beſt Latin ſcholars will be found in the Engliſh ſchools; but the Scotch, I believe, the Iriſh and all foreigners, pronounce it nearly alike; the Engliſh adopt a pronunciation ſimiliar to that of their own lan-

guage, which I think an abſurd method, becauſe it is different from the uſage of all other nations. Had not they better adopt a pronunciation common to other people; thus they will underſtand their neighbours, and this medium of learned commerce will become more generally beneficial. No living people, I verily believe, pronounce the Latin properly. I make no doubt but that an old Roman apple-woman, were ſhe now alive, would be competent to correct the pronunciation of the firſt Oxonian or Cantab. Pardon me, madam, if I approach a lady with an air ſo pedantic; I mean theſe en paſſant obſervations for your learned acquaintance. However, a pronunciation to which I had been unuſed, added to Gallic volubility, confuſed me not a little. I had juſt told Meſſrs. les Abbé's that I had read the claſſics, and I feared they might impute to me a ridiculous vanity. I recollected my lead pencil, by the medium of which we held a kind of disjointed converſation; in the courſe of it, they informed me of the contents of the petit-maitre's narrative, he being too fine a gentleman to underſtand a word of Latin. At night we arrived at Cambray, where by the aſſiſtance of the learned churchmen, I got proper accommodations; they begged I would allow them to introduce me to an Engliſh family then at Cambray, which I declining, they politely took their leave, and promiſing to breakfaſt with me in the morning. I then deſcended, with my

French

French grammar in one hand, dictionary in the other, to the kitchen; with their assistance, but chiefly by pointing to, or laying violent hands on what I chose, I got a comfortable supper.

The situation of Cambray, is, I think, more happy than that of Lisle; it is the capital of the Cambresis, a country situated between Picardy, Artois, and Hainault, abounding in fertile plains, watered by the river Escaut. This river also runs through the town, which, by the side of the river, is defended by a fort. The town being on this side rather low, the approaches to it may be laid under water; but the principal strength of Cambray results from the citadel, built by Charles the Fifth, at the expence of the inhabitants, lest, as he pretended, the French might take possession of the town. It is a regular pentagon, environed by ditches, cut out of the solid rock. So early as the year of Christ 445, the Emperor Clodion made himself master of Cambray; it was afterwards burnt by the Danes; it then became a free and imperial city: and was frequently the cause of war amongst the emperors, the kings of France, and the counts of Flanders. Francis the First granted it a neutrality during the war, which he waged against the Emperor Charles the Fifth; but the less generous Charles, refusing to accede to this neutrality, took possession of it in the year 1543; afterwards the

Duke of Alencon, brother to the third Harry of France, gave this city to John of Montluc, Lord of Balagry, whom Henry the Fourth firſt made Marſhal of France, and then created prince of Cambray. The cathedral church, dedicated to the Virgin, is among the fineſt in Europe; it is replete with rich chapels; the pillars are adorned with ſculpture——fine wrought marble tombs: there are many other churches of note in Cambray, many handſome monaſteries of either ſex. It is one of the moſt opulent and commercial towns of the Low Countries, and celebrated for the beauty of its cambrics, which derive their name from this town, though St. Quintin has ſtolen from Cambray the moſt ſkilful of cambric weavers, and is, at preſent, the firſt mart for this beautiful manufacture. In ſhort, Cambray, with its environs, is one of the ſweeteſt ſituations I ever ſaw. I promiſe myſelf again to viſit it during my reſidence of St. Quintin; I will make my viſit at the time of the grand proceſſion, performed annually on the day of the aſſumption of the Holy Virgin, which is celebrated with ſuch pomp, that it attracts to the exhibition at leaſt thirty thouſand ſtrangers; from deſcription it is a noble ſight, but I will give you a ſketch of it, when I ſee it with my own eyes. At preſent I fancy you will readily wave this detail, eſpecially, as my letter is already protracted to a moſt fatiguing length; of this I am the more aſhamed, as upon reading

it

it over, I find the real matter might be reduced to a very ſmall compaſs. I really have not the courage to attempt an abridgement of a letter, in itſelf, I fear, little intereſting. I will rely on your benevolence to pardon it. I flatter myſelf the charming town of St. Quintin, where I now live, may hold out ſome ſubject more worthy the pen of a traveller, and eye of a fine lady, and ſo I bid you good night.

ADIEU.

## LETTER V.

*St. Quintin.*

THE morning after my arrival, by the aſſiſtance of my interpreter, a fair pretty Engliſh lady, I announced my buſineſs at St. Quintin, and got myſelf introduced, with my credentials, to Monſieur de Breiſac, a French merchant of the town, who has, it ſeems, a valuable landed eſtate, independent of the great emoluments derived from his commerce in cambrics; happily he ſpeaks Engliſh; he made me dine with him, and treated with excellent champaign. Monſieur de Breiſac is a phænomenon, for to the thorough-bred merchant, he unites the urbanity of a courtier. At the age of fifty he poſſeſſes infinitely more vivacity than falls to the lot of an Engliſh youth of fifteen; between the firſt and ſecond courſe, while his daughter, the elegant Madame Nandine, paſſed round the long corked burgundy, he ſung *chanſons à boire*, *des chanſonettes tendres*, and danced round the room with all the agility of a Veſtris, all the *enjouëment* of an emancipated ſchool-boy. A genuine Engliſhman, who has never travelled beyond the limits of a fox-chace, were he to read this letter, would, without ceremony, ſet this picture down

*une*

*une caricature*, or the ſketch of a half madman; not ſo, Monſieur de Breiſac is a man of underſtanding, and of faſhion, but he is a Frenchman. Finding I intended to reſide ſome time at St. Quintin, to acquire the French language, which is here ſpoken, by the better ſort of people, with great purity, Monſieur de B——— exerted himſelf to eſtabliſh me in a reputable French family, and, by a pleaſant ſtratagem, ſucceeded; the family conſiſts of an elderly lady and three daughters—the mother being extremely ſhort ſighted, de Breiſac palmed me upon her for a gentleman of forty years of age; which manœuvre was to be countenanced by my preſenting myſelf next day unſhaven, duſty travelling dreſs, &c. the fatigue of a winter's campaign in London, added to the poignant anxiety reſulting from your abſence, throwing a gloom upon my viſage, highly favoured the deception. I had invited to dinner to-day my French maſter, Mr. Brown, an Iriſh gentleman, bred at St. Omer's. Mademoiſelle Henriette told me, by means of our interpreter, *elle etoit enchante de me trouver un cavalier jeune et infiniment aimable*, (ſweet creature!) *Car* Monſieur de Breiſac *faiſoit croire à ſa mere que Monſieur etoit d'un certain age.* The more I reflect upon my poſition, the more I feel myſelf obliged by the ſtratagem of de Breiſac. I have now ſo firmly eſtabliſhed myſelf with the old lady, that ſhe forgives me for my youth, calls me her ſon, deſires

fires me to honour her daughter with the appellation of ſiſter——ſays, ſhe has too high an opinion of the morality of Monſieur to conceive he would form a deſign upon his ſiſters; and ſometimes ſhe condeſcends to beg I would ſpare them. This with me is a more efficatious argument than the appeal to my morality——for when my power is even by implication acknowledged, I ſeldom abuſe it. The girls therefore ſhall be ſpared.

You will expect a ſketch of the amiable family with whom I now while away the weary hours of exile, and you ſhall not be diſappointed.

Madame Henry is the widow of a gentleman of the long robe, who lived at Perronne, and held there a place under the king of 10,000 livres a year; but, being addicted to hoſpitality and ſhow, died without having ſet apart any portion of his income for the maintenance of a widow and nine young children, who had been bred in habits of expence. In this untoward ſituation the widow took a reſolution which does her honour. Inſtead of, like moſt widows, exhibiting herſelf in all the pomp of woe, wailing, and leaning, like our mother earth in its fallen ſtate, aſkew upon her axis, immediately quitted Perronne and came to reſide here, a few leagues from her former abode——took a genteel houſe, ſet out a large elegant millener's ſhop, and a ſpecies

a ſpecies of general warehouſe for Pariſian perfumery, ribbons, gloves, ſword knots, &c. People of a liberal way of thinking pitied her, and admired the effort ſhe had made. She was countenanced by the rich Proteſtant merchants here, obtained a conſiderable credit at Paris, and ſucceeded in her ſcheme. By her induſtry, and by the talents of the three daughters who now live with her, ſhe has been enabled to ſettle in the matrimonial walk two others.—A fixth, conſulting her mirror, and having the ſingular humility to ſee herſelf leſs handſome than her ſiſters, and the candor to confeſs it, ſhe was adviſed to dedicate herſelf to the love of God—having the modeſty to think, *n'étant ni puiſſamment riche ni diablement riche ni diablement jolie*, ſhe had little likelihood of killing her man; ſhe embraced this as her *pis aller*——ſhe is now in a convent in the ſuburbs of this town. I ſometimes go to ſee my nun ſiſter, who ſeems to ſubmit to the cruel law of neceſſity with a tolerable grace The eldeſt ſon is happily married in Germany, to a Saxon lady, who, *a la Alamande*, loves good cheer, goes tame about her houſe, obeys her huſband, and is a fruitful vine, breeding like any German princeſs. The youngeſt ſon was born for and bred to the profeſſion of petit-maitre, in which he is at preſent eminent. He dreſſes, games, lies, and makes love *en honnette homme*: he has ſerved a few years in the army, partly by way of

ſatisfying

ſatisfying the martial ſentiment coeval with the birth of every Frenchman, and partly to guarantee his approaches to the ſofter ſex. A uniform, you know, is, with the ladies of all polite countries, *un paſſe par tout.* Theſe accompliſhments, added to his being handſome, and endowed with a modeſt aſſurance, renders him *comme de raiſon*, the favourite with the mother. The three youngeſt daughters inſinuate they might e'er this have had portions to buy them huſbands, but for the abſolute neceſſity of anſwering the large drafts of the young gentleman, to ſupply the neceſſary demands for *odeur de roſe et de jaſmin*, play money, polite forms for *billet-doux*, *Valencienne*, *Bruſſelle*, and *point ruffles*, requiſite to enable Monſieur de Henry to roll in the orb deſcribed by his brother petit-maitres. As the young gentleman is more of the coxcomb than the gambler, he is generally duped, and, *en dernier reſort*, has always recourſe to his fond mama. Mademoiſelle Henry is verging upon forty, *en bon point*, good teeth and eyes, replete with the milk of human kindneſs, and learned in the culinary ſcience.——By the bye, ſhe would ſuit admirably as a houſe-keeper to your couſin P——, who piques himſelf upon being an adept in the myſtery of ſauces, and, if I miſtake not, has lately been ballotted for and choſen a member of the calapaſh and calapee cognoſcenti——ſleek rogues, who delight to roll their white eyes, and ſhake their green

fat,

fat, waddling between the congenial regions of Temple-bar and Leadenhall! Mademoiſelle Collette, *la ſœur puiſnée*, appears to be about twenty five, of a ſlender but exquiſitely elegant form—height, nor tall nor ſhort—complexion, rather inclining to the pallid, but extremely fair and delicate, coral lips, ivory teeth, large black eyes, radiant with vivacity, long eye-laſhes, full eye brows, which give relief to her ſnowy forehead, terminated by a head of hair, though black, extremely fine in quality, and in quantity beautifully redundant! By turns ſhe is witty and ſentimental, and is ſaid to have happy writative talents—polite, genteel, glides a minuet with grace, hops a cotillon with vivacity, and touches a harpſichord with wonderful judgment and power.——She is, indeed, an elegant *echantillon* of Gallic beauty! Yet will I, if you can ſpare him, ſpare her to my rival, the gallant Col. G———.

Mademoiſelle Henriette, *la cadette*, appears to be about twenty-two. She is, I think, full as tall as you, conſequently the exact ſtandard height of a fine woman. Her air, her ſhape, her whole perſon, though bold in the contour, yet beyond conception eaſy, natural, and graceful: the French terms *l'eſte et delié* ſingularly apply to her: her features Roman: her hair a dark cheſnut, in huge ringlets ſporting on her neck, and ſhading a poliſhed forehead: her upper

per teeth a little uneven, but white as feathered ſnow; her under lip ſwelling, blub, and pulpy. When ſhe ſmiles, two dimples, viſible only to the eye of taſte, play on either ſide of her mouth, juſt where her lips terminate. I have not courage to attempt the drawing of her eyes: they muſt be ſeen, and, if ſeen by a man, they muſt alſo be felt: but, I'll anſwer for it, nor pen nor pencil can deſcribe them. They do not ſeem created by ſome godlike power merely to ſee, but to ſpeak, to ordain, to give law! The moment they ſtreamed celeſtial lightening upon your faithful chevalier, he recollected and thought no longer ridiculous thoſe lines of, I believe, Dryden:

"Then only hear her eyes!
Tho' they are mute they ſpeak, nay more command!
For beauteous eyes have arbitrary power!"—

You, who too well know, that the rays of a blue eye have already poiſoned my ſoul with the never-dying fever of tenderneſs, will not wonder that I dwell ſo long upon the beautiful though irregular eye-brow, the long ſilken eye-laſh, and the large ſunny full eye of Mademoiſelle Henriette. Undoubtedly they are the fineſt black eyes that ever blazed, languiſhed, and died away in the head of woman! I have now reconnoitered every oſtenſible part of her *tout enſemble*, except her neck. As my drawings are all from the life, I cannot delineate it: for I have

have ſworn by the boſom of the goddeſs of love, an oath with me moſt ſacred! never to touch, or, if I can help it, glance my eye upon a mortal neck until you again permit me to gaze! But I muſt not truſt myſelf with this idea.—Her complexion a clear brunette, animated by cheeks flushed with the downy red of ſouthern ſun-beams. She is more of the languiſhing than the ſprightly beauty: the venom of her charms is therefore leſs dreaded, though more deadly; leſs noxious to men of levity than of ſentiment. An air of ſimplicity, mildneſs, piety, and reſignation ſoften the majeſty of her countenance! You have, I dare ſay, ſeen in England, ſome ſpecimens of Guido's manner: her's is juſt ſuch a head as Guido Reni would like to paint, and juſt ſuch a ſtyle of beauty as a man of fine feeling would wiſh to inſpire with love! Figure to yourſelf, Madam, this gentle, elegant intereſting mortal ſitting at dinner *vis-a-vis* Monſieur le Chevalier: behold her anxiouſly attentive to his every movement, anticipating every wiſh, and, though we are mutually ignorant of each other's language, tranſlating into very good French each glance of his eye! See her, with the agility of a wood-nymph, the *empreſſement* of a courtier, and the grace of a maid of honour, ſpringing from her chair, and making the ſervant reſign to her the agreeable taſk of pouring *vin de champagne* or *de muſcat pour ſon aimable Anglois*. Behold this

real

real picture, and blame me, if you can, when I confeſs ſhe has awaked in my ſoul a tender friendſhip. that ſhall never die! If the national manners reſemble thoſe of this agreeable family, France is indeed a polite nation, and the moſt eligible country in the world for the abode of a ſtranger. The whole family diſtreſs me by their ſedulous, yet polite attention; their unremitting efforts to tranſlate my wiſhes; their anxiety leſt their ignorance of my language ſhould preclude them from any the moſt trivial occaſion of obliging me. My ſweet ſiſter Henriette, in the abſence of the French maſter, is the family interpreter. I do believe there is a congeniality, a ſympathy of ſouls. I have met with no other French perſon who can make me underſtand a ſentence, much leſs can they comprehend me, yet they perſecute me with an unceaſing babble. Henriette, on the contrary, ſpeaks much leſs, and with leſs eagerneſs, than her countrywomen in general; but when ſhe does ſpeak, heaven-born melody vibrates on my raviſhed ears! I may not underſtand the force of each particular word, but I comprehend the ſcope of each ſentence, and my French, though vicious, aided by my ſigns and expreſſive geſtures, enables her generally to comprehend me. While I ſpeak I watch attentively the motion of her eye-lids. If I find chagrin and diſappointment ſhading her countenance, I know I am not underſtood, and attempt

tempt ſome other turn; but the moment ſhe has me, celeſtial rays ſtream from her ſunny eyes, ſhe bows, ſmiles with the benignity of a ſeraph, and immediately tranſlates me to the whole circle. She has alſo undertaken to be my miſtreſs.——Do not hate her, Madam; I only mean my miſtreſs, in the native language of politeneſs. Whether it proceeds from her more happy manner, or my more fixed attention, I will not determine; but ſure I am, that I receive ten times more profit from her leſſons than from thoſe of my maſter. In the morning ſhe makes me read to her a ſtory from the ſimple, elegant Marmontel; in the afternoon ſhe fills out my tea, and at intervals reads to me a chapter of *l'Imitation de Jeſu Chriſt*; a book wrote in a ſtyle at once ſimple and ſublime, and, being calculated to pour the balm of conſolation into the hearts of devout Chriſtians of all denominations, when read and commented upon by this amiable mortal, what a noble effect it muſt produce in the ſoul of your friend, who, amidſt all his vagaries and back-ſlidings, happily never loſt his taſte for pure religion. This book is richly and modiſhly bound: ſhe has given it to me *comme un ſouvenir*; and if ever I alienate or loſe it, may my good angel loſe ſight of me!

The price I give for my lodging, and board, is called in France *une penſion chere*; and yet I have, for 100 livres a month, three rooms, two of

of which are very genteely furniſhed, and all of them look upon *la grande place*, one of the fineſt ſquares in France. I have tea or coffee for breakfaſt and afternoon. I have at dinner and ſupper two courſes and a deſert, red champagne, a pretty dry wine for ordinary drink, white champagne whenever I chuſe it, vin de muſcat and *liqueurs*, and all theſe handed to me by three nymphs who might well ſit for the picture of the Graces. Surely I ought to be happy; yet why is it that I ſo eagerly point to the northern hemiſphere? that I ſo frequently feel the big tear ſtarting from my aching eye, the involuntary ſigh heaving from my agonizing heart? Go to your mirror, and anſwer this problem.—You ſee the air of France begins to have its uſual effect. I begin to be a polite gentleman; for I do not quit you until I place you with the moſt charming company for a fine woman, her own image.

ADIEU.

LETTER

## LETTER VI.

*St. Quintin.*

YOU order me to communicate to you my obſervations upon the cuſtoms and manners of the French; though the ſhort time I have lived amongſt them can afford but ſuperficial views of a field ſo ſpacious, yet as the commands of a fine woman are to me among the moſt ſacred of all obligations, I haſten to obey you. To pay due deference to rank, I will firſt handle the ſofter ſex. Nature was ſurely in a playful mood when ſhe created a French woman. The Graces are conſtant attendants at the toilette of a fine French lady, and where the Graces loiter *en famille*, the Loves will not long be abſent. Conceive all that is gay, all that is witty, ſpritely, vivacious; give to this creature of your fancy a female form; though not abſolutely beautiful yet enchanting; though not perhaps of ſymmetry critically juſt, yet more *piquante*, more *intereſſante*, more *apetiſſante* than the moſt perfect *lifeleſs* harmony of proportion—a ſhape, though unconfined, eaſy and free, yet not inelegant; a complexion though ſeldom fair, yet free from a certain inſipidity which frequently foils the charms of the ſnowy beauties of northern climes——it is a clear animated

mated brunette; ivory teeth, hair dark, and beautifully redundant; eyes black, vivid, and expreſſive! When you have collected in your fancy theſe united *agrémens* you will have a faint idea of the *tout enſemble* of a fine French woman. Had not the Supreme already, by a decree unchanging, fixed my fate, had I yet a choice to make, I would wiſh for a nymph born and bred in England until eleven years of age. By this time ſhe would probably be grounded in that true genuine neatneſs and purity, both of perſon and mind, peculiar to the girls of the Thames and their American deſcendants; I would then tranſport her to France, to imbibe, with the language, that chaſtened frankneſs of manner, eaſe, elegance, and politeneſs endemial in the air of this country. With this finiſhing ſhe would ſurely be the *ne plus ultra* of feminine perfection! Could I then, as peradventure I might, for French women too have their caprices, could I but infuſe into her a predilection for ſuch an oddity as myſelf, I ſhould certainly be a thrice happy mortal, unenvied only by angels! Indeed the French language, which is in a great meaſure made up of phraſes, and is, beyond a doubt, the beſt converſation language now living, is a happier medium of urbanity than our downright Engliſh. This, and a ſlight tincture of the Italian, are the only advantages I recollect a French girl of faſhion can boaſt over our Britiſh ladies. They are each educated, what a pity! far from

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the parental eye, in ſeminaries different in name, but nearly ſimilar in their objects—Miſs in a boarding ſchool, Mademoiſelle in a convent. Of the two, I think, and I could ſupport my opinion with many plauſible reaſons, the latter infinately the leaſt liable to exception. To be ſure there are many Engliſh ladies educated, in boarding-ſchools whoſe virtues adorn human nature; but theſe exceptions prove not the advantage of a boarding-ſchool, they only prove that there are ſome feminine natures ſo intrinſically pure, that neither the contagion of precept or example can adulterate them. Be this as it may, the young lady in a cloiſter converſes only with her own ſex. This is by no means calculated to inſpire thoſe ideas of civility, complaiſance, and attentive politeneſs which the ſexes, by a happy contagion, uſually imbibe from a chaſtened intercourſe with each other. I have ever thought, that what the poet ſays of learning is much more juſtly applied to the ſentiment which reſults from a ſocial mingling of the ſexes——

"*Æmollit mores nec ſinit eſſe feros!*"
"It ſoftens our manners, it will not permit
"us to be rude!"

"Woman

"Woman was certaintly made to temper man! "We had been brutes without them"——and, *vice versâ*, the maxim is equally appoſite—— Eve, the faireſt, the ſweeteſt of her daughters, was, I own, formed by the hands of the Supreme, mild and benign as the dew-drops trickling from the treſſes of Aurora! yet let it be remembered, with *gratitude*, that ſhe was built out of the ſide of man! Woman therefore muſt ever pant after, muſt ever ſigh for her natural, her original home—muſt ever be beſt pleaſed, and therefore moſt prone to give pleaſure when ſhe is or *vis-à-vis*, or *aupres* that noble whole of which ſhe is only a part. This certainly is the ſecret bias of female nature—ſome few half-witted prudes may affect to deny this; yet, allowing them to ſpeak their real ſentiments, they only prove, that they are unnatural, and of courſe vicious. If then the converſation of even the moſt amiable of their own ſex is not the happieſt ſchool of female politeneſs, much leſs can be expected from the ſociety of nuns—from a group of old maids, if maids indeed they be, from their ſituation without hope, and therefore in all probability leſs placid than their venerable body in general——This is a large body in all civilized countries——every paltry witling can break his jeſt upon them. God forbid that I ſhould inſult their diſtreſs!——if they have leſs of the milk of humanity flowing in their rigid veins than others of their ſex, the fault

fault is not in them but imputable to man, and his unnatural capricious inſtitutions. Time was, when they were ſuſceptible of and might communicate tender impreſſions——as a bow long unbent loſes its native elaſticity, ſo, by long diſuſe, the ſources of their fine feelings are dried up. Chaſte, love-lorn maids, ne'er will I obtrude upon your retirements but to adminiſter conſolation——if ye are leſs apt to inſpire love than young hoyden flirts, well I ween ye are more grateful for the love ye inſpire; more tender, more conſtant, more learned in the refinements and myſteries of that noble ſentiment! Would my *capability* but walk hand in hand with my *charity*, I would wipe the ſtreaming tear from off all thine eye-lids; I would ſmother with kiſſes thoſe ſighs, the ſad offspring of the hopeleſs wiſh, for you know not what——and I would wonderfully diminiſh the frightful number of forlorn tabbies foredoomed to lead apes in hell. Far from inſulting, could, I be the happy inſtrument of baniſhing malice, envy, and all uncharitableneſs for ever from thy lonely aſylums, my worſt ſin were done away!

ADIEU.

## LETTER VII.

*St. Quintin.*

BUT to return, a French girl thus educated, never ſees a male animal, her own relations excepted, until ſhe is taken from her aſylum to the arms of her huſband, who perhaps ſhe never ſaw! If mamma is diſpoſed to *outré* her tenderneſs and indulgence, ſhe will once or twice bring the cavalier to the grate with her; but what is a lover in the preſence of mamma? a mere ſhadow of himſelf. Mademoiſelle, however ſeldom proteſts againſt this arrangement—ſhe is glad, on any terms, to eſcape from iron bars, matins, nones, complies, fuſty abbeſſes, and tattling nuns—ſhe ſubmits to take a man from the hands of mamma rather than have no man at all. Now and then too, by the force of bribery, a modern French novel has made its way to the devouring eyes of monaſtic miſſes—the young lady ſucks in the eſſence of modern matrimonial morality—ſhe learns, that a huſband is an animal born at once to be an object of hatred and a cloak for love—Be this as it may, Mademoiſelle, the moment ſhe eſcapes from monaſtic gloom, as if by the power of enchantment, blazes out in all the effulgence

effulgence of courtly beauty—she is critically just in the complicated manœuvres of a drawing-room, exhibits her *petits riens*, her *petites attentions*, with due regard—paying minute deference to time, place, and rank, she knows as well as her mother, the exact moment when it is proper to flirt her fan against the brilliant epaulet of Monsieur le Marquis, while at the same time she darts a tender side glance at Monsieur le Chevalier de Malte, who tells of his hair-breadth 'scapes and wond'rous mischances by flood and field during his caravans; then dropping her glove she permits *Monsieur l' Abbé, qui fait le bel esprit auprès des dames, d'avoir la felicité et l'honneur de le ramasser, de le presenter jolliment, et de lui soupirer quelque chose de galland*; thus engaged, you would suppose that the lady's attention was absorbed—not so—Is a fashionable author announced; does a *petit-maitre habillé au dernier gout* glide into the room; the one she annoys with a fascinating bow, and an inimitable shrug of her shoulders; the other she annihilates by rising suddenly from her bow, endeavouring to suppress an involuntary sigh, and throwing herself upon the back of her *fauteuil*, which naturally produces a palpitation of her handkerchief that might rekindle the embers of desire in the bosom of a frozen hermit! Recovering from this manœuvre she calls the pretty thing to her, and charms him with the most bewitching *persiflage*. In a word, a French woman

man, like a true philoſopher, is at home in whatever ſituation her fortune ſhall place her—if bred in an Anchorite's cell, and waſted, at once, by the force of magic, to the gallery of Verſailles, ſhe breathes the air of that polite region with almoſt as little embarraſſment, as if ſhe had imbibed it with her nurſe's milk!

I know very well that in England there are perſons of birth and faſhion, as eaſy and as well bred as any people in the world; but commend me to untutored, innate urbanity, to a friſeur who is *au deſeſpoir* if you complain of a head-ach; to a *fille de chambre qui ſe trouve aneantie de chagrin ſi par une malheureux hazard, elle auroit oubliée dechauffer le lit de monſieur!* to a cobler who bows to you with the air of a gentleman uſher; to a milk-maid who preſents you curds and cream with the grace of a maid of honour! There is a young lady of ſome diſtinction, who frequently viſits les Meſdemoiſelles Henrys. By way of acquiring the faſhionable babble of the country, I ſometimes make love to this finiſhed coquette who is only nine years old. She comports herſelf in this emergency, as if ſhe had long expected the declaration. She ſports the ſide glance, the languid ſmile, the half ſuppreſſed ſigh, the affected reverie, the encouraging leer, gleaming through a look of anger and diſdain! and when catechiſed even in the more occult myſteries of the *belle paſſion*,

*paſſion*, ſhe ſeems wonderfully adroit, and ready in her reſponſes. Laſt night, upon my attempting to raviſh a kiſs before her aunt, ſhe flung from me with a well-diſſembled air of a little fury; waved her little arm, bidding me an eternal adieu! proteſting, ſince monſieur miſconſtrued mere civility, *ſans conſequence*, into predilection, ſhe would never more come here, or be at home to him when he called on her aunt and mamma! Looking juſt now out of my window, this being Sunday to reconnoitre the brigade of belles and petit-maitres, from ſix years old to ſixty aſſembled, *habillées en toutes pleines choſes*, to grin, ogle, ſigh, and caper in the beautiful ſquare, *vis-à vis* Madame H. I obſerve my little miſtreſs floating along, *en habit de fête*, a footman carrying her paraſol and lap-dog, a watch by her ſide, and cane in her hand; painted, patched, powdered *à la marechale*, and menacing annihilation to her love-ſick Anglois, who with his right hand, preſſed upon his left breaſt, profoundly bows, is diſregarded, he retires three paces and bows again, ſtill the lady affects not to ſee him; and when he deſcended, the ſly jade played off an air of high ſurpriſe, and vowed ſhe ſuppoſed monſieur had gone *à la campagne*, to ramble in the gardens of his friend Monſieur de Breiſac; for indeed ſhe would never have thought of *truſting* herſelf with him again, when he had ſo recently forgot himſelf, behaving *comme un Anglois*,

*c'eſt à dire, comme un veritable barbare!* While I coquette with this fine woman in miniature, a thought occurs to me, I could wiſh her juſt as ſhe is now dreſſed, *à ſe trouver*, to find herſelf, as the French idiom has it, in an elegant aſſembly in London. I ſtake my *bon ton* reputation, ſhe would be *chez elle*; ſhe would betray no affectation on the one hand, *mauvaiſe honte* or embarraſſment on the other. In her movement, air, and manner, ſhe would be upon a par with a young Engliſh lady of eighteen; in her *enjoüement*, her ſkill at repartee and raillery, ſhe would far exceed her; I will not anſwer for her ſuſtaining her character ſo well, after ſhe has fed for ſome time on the roaſt beef, and imbibed the thick ale and foggy air of your country. If this ſweet girl is ſo intereſting, when ſhe only ſimulates the paſſion, what muſt ſhe be after a trip to Paris, when, peradventure, ſome finiſhed petit-maitre, born to make woman frail, ſhall have realiſed her now imaginary feelings, and by his inconſtancy, blended an air of languiſhment and melancholy tenderneſs, with the natural vivacity of her countenance? Certainly ſhe will be irreſiſtible!

You are curious to know my progreſs in the world of gallantry, and thus the account ſtands. I have ſometimes the honour to give my arm to Mademoiſelle de H. the only daughter of the commandant, I am *en famille* with the Meſdemoiſelles Lancy, who ſing *les petites chanſonnettes amoureuſes*

*amoureuſes comme des Sirenes*; I am *enfant de lamaiſon* with Monſieur l'Abbé Benoit *et ſon agreable ſœur, gens d'une famille diſtinguée.* I make love to Madame L. *dame Suiſſe, belle, ſpirituelle, et fille unique de Monſieur R. un des profonds ſavants qui compiloit l'Encyclopedie.* I attend the toillette of the lovely Madame Nardine, and I once had the honour and felicity to tie the garter of the beautiful Madame de Pleſſon! unlearned in the etiquette of French toilettes, you will here tax my vanity with violating hiſtorical truth. You are to underſtand then, madam, that in the firſt place, the left leg of Madame de Pleſſon, the only one I had the honour to reconnoitre, is a luxury that might ſtimulate the guſto of the moſt refined connoiſſeur; and you are alſo to know that the tying on a lady's garter, which, in this country is generally *below* knee, with theſe degagée people, is not a favour ſo *deciſive* as you would naturally conceive; with you ſuſpicious Britiſh nymphs, who cautiouſly guard every out-poſt, it is preparatory to, and leads in a direct line to Elyſium! In France a ſimple kiſs of the cheek is a much higher favour, for to kiſs a French lady's lips, when ſhe is full dreſt, is high treaſon againſt the ſtatutes of the toilette! of this I had an inſtance a few nights ago. Monſieur l'Abbé B—— with my very good friend his agreeable ſiſter, ſupped at our houſe; as this lady has long loſt ſight of her teens, never was a prodigious beauty, and thoſe charms which na-

ture lent her, are now paſt their meridian luſtre, I did imagine a little decent impudence would not be diſreliſhed. I ſat next to her, had frequently drank *à ſes amitiés* in *vin muſcat*, and had I hoped, by my attentions and flattery, lulled to reſt every prudiſh idea, if any ſuch dwell in the boſom of a French-woman. Whilſt her brother the elegant churchman was gallanting the fan, and whiſpering tender things to Mademoiſelle Henriette, I adventured to kiſs his ſiſter: this attention ſhe was ungrateful enough to return with a few ſmart ſtrokes of her fan, which totally demoliſhed one of my ſide curls, and crippled the other; I was picqued and aſtoniſhed at this rebuff, the reaſon of which I could not conceive; for when *tête à tête* with her at her brother's far greater encroachments had been permitted with chriſtian reſignation. When I retired to bed, the ænigma was unravelled; I found my lips and one of my cheeks plentifully tinged with the die of the Iberian fleece! the next morning I conſulted my Apollo in etiquette le Marquis de Petit-rien, who, with our elegant friend le Comte de Tour de Pin, were of opinion that I had committed a great enormity;—they obſerved to me that there were only two kiſſable ſpots in a full dreſt French lady's face; they were very minute on each ſide of her face, between her cheeks and her lips; that there were French maſters who got a comfortable living by inſtructing foreigners in this

this art; and that these learned gentlemen were called *maitres de la geographie du visage des dames parées.* As I am determined to respect, not only the religion, but even *les petites morales* of every country in which I reside, I ordered a professor of this delicate art to attend me the next morning. I begin to make a progress, and that I may not forget what I have taken such pains to acquire, I shall be happy to practice with you, and will even assign to you my knowledge, gratis, if ever I return to England.

ADIEU.

## LETTER VIII.

*St. Quintin.*

THAT it may not be ſuppoſed I affect to deviate from the beaten path trod by the hoſt of travellers, of all ranks and denominations, who have, unluckily for my celebrity, preceded me in the tour of France, I will attempt a ſhort ſketch of the principal places through which I paſs. I ſhall thus elude the imputation of ſingularity; but as I feel, I ſhall be aukward in the execution, and as you may, at any time have recourſe to the elaborate manufacture, in this way, of a variety of mechanical authors already extant, I ſhall very much generaliſe my deſcriptions of ſtreets of towns, brooks and rivers, dales and hills, mountains and ſeas. A landſcape ſketched by the *pen*, even of genius, conveys but a vague and confuſed idea of a country unexplored by the eye of *ſenſe*. Indeed I confeſs I am too indolent to ſucceed in this walk, nor ſhall I ever envy thoſe who can. It has often been my misfortune to be taxed with a mechanical traveller, who, inſtead of relaxing himſelf from his fatigue, by exploring the new ſtyle of beauty and manners of the inhabitants of the

town;

town; inſtead of acquiring its origin and public hiſtory from the communicative Monſieur l'Abbé, or the ſecret hiſtory of the preſent inhabitants, by flattering into frankneſs the *naïve* and *degagée* millener, caſts a look of pity, blended with contempt, upon his fellow-travellers; exhibits an enormous common-place-book; draws out his ſcale and compaſſes; falls to meaſuring the length of an old church, or the height of a mutilated ſtatue, and ſcribbling alternately; all this he does with the moſt unrelaxed ſolemnity of phiz. He introduces his vade-mecum at his meals; he ſips his tea with a gravity quite edifying, then writes, looks wiſe, and writes and ſips, and ſips and writes by turns. In vain do we attempt, by the introduction of nonpareil burgundy to call him off; in vain does exhilarating champaigne mantle and ſparkle near his olfactory nerves! Hermitage, *côte rôti*, *vin de nuit* or *vin du pays*, are all one to him; he fills his glaſs, paſſes the bottle, drinks, is ſilent, and writes on. When he is diſpoſed to be what, in a ſtage-coach is called *pretty company*, he will read to us his travels. Here a town, there a village, here a poſt-houſe is accurately delineated; now we paſs a river, then we ford a brook, now we again paſs a river, and arrive at a valley refreſhed by a babbling ſtream. We are then informed that a certain number of trees which (oh, wonderous ſtrange!) ſhoot up ſpontaneous and ſuſpend-

ed,

ed, hang on the margin of the ſtream, produce a refreſhing ſhade! "If theſe trees were wanting, this retreat would be leſs commodious to the weary traveller! that in the fall, the leaves of theſe trees wither, fade, and die, leaving the branches and trunk without raiment, and of courſe wholly expoſed to the biting froſt, and nipping northern blaſts which are apt in *this valley*, to howl during the winter months," transforming the graſs which is naturally *green*, into a ruſſet brown——ſingular melancholy change! This gives him a happy occaſion to moraliſe; he tells his fair readers that roſes will fade, pinks will ſicken, lilies languiſh and hang their pallid heads: he prettily plays with this novel diſcovery during two or three pages——then he draws a corollary equally ſingular and ſtriking, to wit, that when ladies are old, they will be no longer young! he now thinks it high time to quit this delicious valley; we in conſequence, mount a hill; here a melancholy coup d'œil opens upon us! a wide extended barren plain; not a tree nor even a ſhrub on which to reſt our aching eyes! not one drop of water with which to allay our parching thirſt! here no flocks bleat! no wood-pidgeons coo! no cows bellow for their ſimple calves! Dreading to be overwhelmed in a whirlwind, which, peradventure, might ſpring up in this ſandy deſart, we daſh boldly on, and, at length we are relieved from our apprehenſions

by

by the unexpected apparition of a ſweet wood, which opens upon a pleaſant village, which again leads us to a waſte, prettily terminated by a pictureſque proſpect of a ſwamp, or a gallows, or an hermitage, or an abbey, or an old woman paying her vows to the goddeſs, or a gibbet, or ſome other object equally peculiar to foreign countries. We then fall foul of an ancient caſtle, which he accurately delineates, and leaves in our imagination a confuſed jumble of pillars, of cornices, of baſſo-relievo, of orders, Gothic, Doric, Ionic, but not one ſingle diſtinct idea.

If you wiſh for accurate deſcriptions of ſteeples, churches, columns, ſtreets, ſend over ſome ſuch elaborate fellow as I have deſcribed, whoſe head is equally hard with the ſtone he will have to work upon; for me, mine be the laudable ambition to ſoar at higher game, manners and mankind, that nobler part, eſpecially woman kind, are my darling objects! theſe I ſhall unceaſingly explore; theſe divine forms I ſhall, with philoſophic ardour, eagerly purſue even to their more hidden retreats; and though my feeble talents little befriend me in the curious inveſtigation, my zeal may enlighten my powers, or I may conſole myſelf in my defeat, *magnis tamen excidit auſus!* in great attempts 'tis glorious ev'n to fail!

St. Quin-

St. Quintin is a town in Picardy, hanging upon the confines of that part of French Flanders called the Cambresis; it has twelve parishes: the chanoines appertaining to the cathedral church have genteel and liberal stipends arising from wheat which is commuted for money. The town may contain about nine thousand souls; the principal of whom, with respect to riches, are French protestants, whose opulence results from a liberal and extensive traffic in the cambric manufacture, of which they have in some measure robbed Cambray. This town, I believe, was formerly more populous than it now is; it is famous for a great victory obtained here by the Spaniards, monuments of which yet remain in the town. In honour of this victory, and in consequence of a vow made to obtain it, the escurial at Madrid was built by Philip II. of Spain. St. Quintin stands upon a site very elevated, upon a hill rising on both sides gradually, from the adjacent plains. The air is consequently subtle and elastic. The ramparts, which in the provincial towns of this country generally form the Mall, are said to be the highest and most beautiful of any in France; they are about a mile and a half round, finely shaded on each side of the walk, by trees planted for that purpose, which here and there open to a country picturesque, and lovely beyond description. The height of the ramparts gives large scope to the

eye,

eye, which ranging over a ſweet and beautiful variety of hills, meadows, and water reſts upon woods, rich, tall, and luxuriant, riſing, in bold amphitheatre and ſweetly robing the ſides of the circumjacent mountains; the lowing of the kine, the bleating of the ſheep, who in one field crop the tender graſs; the blithe Picarde female peaſants, who with ſuccinct cotillons, bleach Cambric in the contiguous cloſes, form a happy contraſt. Here people of faſhion, of either ſex, aſſemble about five o'clock, after their dinner, which is at a very early hour in all provincial French towns; here they walk, chat, caper, make love, make parties at *vingt-un*, *brelan*, *reverſée*, or high-maſs, a religious ceremony, with theſe pleaſant people, being a party of pleaſure. In the morning here fat Abbés walk and get an appetite to to their vermiçelli ſoup, while they ponder upon divine things, ladies and lap-dogs; here ſtudents ambulate, ruminating the cud of ſcience; here too, in the evening, love-lorn ſwains and damſels, of all orders, arm in arm, or walk, or loll on the inviting benches; expreſſing the big wiſh, letting fall tears of ſentimental tenderneſs, and bartering ſighs, ſoft as the vernal breeze, which gently agitating the imminent branches, harmoniſes with their innocent feelings! Here too, at night-fall, the anti-platonic ſwain, ſtung with lawleſs love, urges to the unhallowed bower, the half-wiſſing, half-affrighted

frighted maid, while the conſcious ſtars and the pale moon bluſh and ſicken at the impious abuſe of that modeſt light they diſpenſe to frail mortals! Often alone in my robe *de chambre*, I ramble round theſe delightful ramparts, a philoſophic ſpectator of the motley exhibitions they afford; ſometimes I ſally forth in a ſtyle, gallanting my two younger ſiſters, *la petite Collette* on one ſide, *la belle Henriette* on the other, and mingle with the delighting and delighted throng! What a vain ſilly people, quoth the ſplenetic traveller! thrice happy country, ſay I! thrice happy pleaſant beings! who can extract felicity from ſources ſo trivial! to be contented with little, is ſaid to be wiſdom; not only to be contented, to be gay, blithſome, *debonnaire* with a little, often with nothing, this is the elegible *ſcavoir vivre*; this is true philoſophy.

FAREWELL.

LETTER

## LETTER IX.

*St. Quintin.*

THERE are twenty convents and churches at St. Quintin. One of the convents very liberally endowed, and ſo ſpacious, that it occupies almoſt one whole ſide of *la belle rue* St. Vincent.——It is appropriated to ladies of rank and fortune, nuns and penſioners; that is, in Engliſh, boarding-ſchool miſſes, who reſide here, learning to knot, make *filè, point, en attendant mari.* The abbeſs is nominated by the King. It is called Fervacque, or *le couvent de riches dames.* The richer ſort of people here are Proteſtants; but have no religious place of worſhip. They are, however, allowed a ſepulture, which is, I believe, a piece of ground belonging to Monſieur de Breiſac. The ſtreets are wide, the buildings of brick. There is, I think, no houſe of ſingular architecture, nor indeed any church of note, except *la grande Egliſe*, or Cathedral, which is certainly a noble pile of building, and, viewed from the ramparts, fills the eye moſt happily, exhibiting, in my poor opinion, very ſweet, juſt, elegant, and bold proportions. There is one of the

many

many ſacred paintings within worth regarding. The features of the Virgin give an idea of ſweetneſs, innocence, and majeſty, harmoniouſly blended. To this church I frequently attend Mademoiſelle H——. She ſometimes chants the hymns, and methinks I hear the choral ſymphony of angels!

Society is upon a liberal plan in this town. A gentleman who comes here for health, amuſement, or, as many do, to learn the language, is recommended to ſome merchant in the town, it being not a town of nobleſſe; nor have they the military amongſt them. This gentleman attends his friend to each particular houſe of the *quartier*, as they are called——that is, to the principal people of the place. Theſe viſits are ſure to be returned: and this is all the introduction requiſite.——You are, from this time, expected to preſent yourſelf at all their routes, concerts, &c. They, in turn, give aſſemblies frequently, and elegant aſſemblies too. They have, in winter, two concerts a week; performers gentlemen, and of courſe it is an amuſement you have *gratis*——there are many muſical *cognoſcenti* in this town. There is alſo a very elegant little theatre, which is frequently filled by good actors. At their routes, or card parties, they play for *bagatelles*, almoſt *pour paſſer le*

*le temps*—ſo far from your expecting a formal invitation to them, the lady thinks herſelf ill-uſed if you do not make your *entrée*, to fill up her room——and this is the leſs onerous, ſince if you juſt make your appearance it is ſufficient. You play or not, glide in or out, when and as often as you pleaſe——You have wine and cake and comfitures handed to you, or diſplayed on a ſide-board; and the lady, during the evening, engages as many as will fill her table to ſup with her. There is a route, or card-party, every night, at ſome one houſe or another. In fine weather you give your arm to the ladies, gallant them to the ramparts, and taſte as ſweet a landſcape as ever filled the raviſhed eye! Thus, if a ſtranger has a ſocial bias, his time will be eaſily killed at St. Quintin. We have frequently Engliſh families reſiding here. There is at preſent a lovely young Engliſh married lady, a Madame de C——, at St. Quintin—her huſband, though a German, in his ideas of domeſtic government is as liberal as a Frenchman——He has ſurely no acquaintance with the green-ey'd monſter, or he would not leave this lovely jewel at St. Quintin, while he trudges over Europe, chewing the cud of ſome half-digeſted mercantile project. Were ſhe mine, I would be the oak and ſhe the ivy. She is, indeed, a diamond of ſmall magnitude, but of a moſt exquiſite water! Of courſe ſhe is adored by

by every St. Quintin petit-maitre from fourteen to fourſcore. We have alſo a Mrs. Hunter, an Engliſh lady, who has for many years reſided here. She is is the widow of a general officer,——is a woman of birth and of finiſhed breeding, and highly reſpected at St. Quintin. She underſtands Italian; ſpeaks French equally well with a native, and pronounces with more grammatical purity than the French ladies in general——She contributes to render this town agreeable to her countrymen. There are four gentlemen with myſelf reſiding here, to learn the language;——a Mr. Fane, brother to Lord W————d, a very handſome faſhionable young man; a Mr. Chatham, eldeſt ſon of a gentleman of large fortune, a very good fellow; and the only ſon of a younger brother of the late Lord A——, who I call the Marquis de Petit-rien—as I love a finiſhed character, I cannot but be partial to him. The Marquis de Petit-rien is certainly *unique!* He whirls with ſplendid eccentricity from the brilliant orb of petit-maitres, and blazes a comet! I am delighted to ſee him carry the war into the enemy's country! to foil them at their own weapons! It is charming to ſee the deſcendant of the gallant Duke of O———— ſhine a coxcomb worthy the envy and admiration of a region which has, for ages, been ſuppoſed the European hot-bed for the growth, production, and manufacture of true genuine unadulterated coxcombs! He is, indeed, very young, a mere boy;

boy; has wit and talents——ſpeaks French prettily, hums an Italian air, dances divinely, plays upon the mandolin, knots *filé*, and makes ſweet-meats! When the levity of youth and the vagaries of ſelf-love recede; when years ſhall have mellowed his fancy, and matured his judgment, I hope and believe my amiable little friend, the Marquis de Petit-rien, will be a uſeful member of ſociety, and, ſhould iſſue of his couſin fail, an ornament to the Houſe of Peers. We countrymen mingle with each other as much as our attention to the object for which we reſide here will permit.——Sometimes we dine with each other; ſometimes we give little *fêtes*, to which we invite the faſhionable young people of St. Quintin. I, once a fortnight, exhibit a public breakfaſt, with a little concert in my way: the Marquis de Petit-rien touches his mandolin, the honourable Mr. F— the German flute, the Count de Chamble the violoncello; the two Meſdemoiſelles Lancy, *mes bonnes amies*, ſing *des petites chanſonnettes tendres*. Mr. Chatham and I talk nonſenſe to the ladies. My breakfaſt conſiſts of tea, coffee, *de petits ſauciſſons, du jambon, du vin blanc, et des confitures*.——The whole, together with my concert *des amateurs*, coſt me about a quarter of a guinea. When the concert is over, Petit rien teaches, by example, his *petite chienne* to make *entre chats!* Madame Nardine ſwims a minuet

with

with M. le Count de Tour de Pin; Monſ. C—m drinks *du vin muſcat comme un poſſedé*; the bewitching Mademoiſelle Montpeſſan, ſnatching the hand of Monſ. le Chevalier, whiſks him two or three mazes of an allemande, and moſt cruelly, at the very critical part of the tune, where the gentleman is obliged to dwell 1 minute 45 ſeconds upon the lips of the lady to fill up the time, ſhe ſkips like a fawn out of the ſaloon, bounding acroſs the ſquare to the *boulvard*, leaving her leſs mercurial partner to ſail after her with his invaluable freight—the ladies *paraſol* in one arm, his ſhaggy rival Monſieur *Jou-Jou* in the other.—The whole party file off in pairs, and either lounge on the ramparts, or ſtroll to the beautiful wood la Fayette, about a mile from the town, in whoſe lovely lawns, copſes, and groves we ramble, or loll on the moſſy graſs, crown our miſtreſſes with young honey-ſuckle, interwoven with woodbine and wild roſes.—Thus we *folatre* until the hour of dinner approaches; the whole party unceaſingly capering, gambolling, and laughing with or at each other, God knows which. This wood with the adjoining villa is, I think, at preſent poſſeſſed by a dowager of the Noaille family. It is thrown open to the people of St. Quintin, and highly contributes to the recreation and health of the inhabitants.—Art with nature conſpires to render it a delicious retreat, a happy aſylum from the noiſe and hurry

of

of the town. Once a year, in September, there is a *fête champetre* exhibited at Fayette. It is compoſed of the beau monde of St. Quintin, and the ſwains and nymphs of the adjacent villages. It continues three days, and is an uninterrupted ſcene of feaſting and hilarity—little bands of muſick are aſſembled in the various bowers, where cotillon parties are formed, coquetting parties arranged, and love-matches adjuſted—good humour and glee pervade the whole foreſt. In a word, the *fête of la Fayette*, though leſs georgeous, leſs brilliant, yet, well I ween a happineſs more unmixed, more pure, and exalted, did not inſpire the Britiſh youth, who adorned the *fête champetre* in honor of the lovely maid of the oaks!

ADIEU.

LETTER

## LETTER X.

*St. Quintin.*

PARDON a profound ſilence during an interval of two months. Your menacing letter lies before me, and I kiſs the rod which chaſtiſes me. Altho' your approbation is ever the utmoſt boundary of my ambition, yet, believe me, I admire you in your reproofs. I feel that I muſt be culpable, ſince I have offended you, and I proſtrate myſelf, with all becoming humility, at your feet a ſuppliant for mercy.

Thought and recollection are no friends to a man in my unpleaſant predicament. I have therefore endeavoured to ſhun ſuch uncivil intruders: lulled in the oblivious lap of careleſs philoſopic French indolence, I have been whiling away my time, the world forgetting by the world forgot. I thus endeavour to elude the agonizing remembrance of the anarchy which pervades my country; the misfortunes of my family; the diſperſion of my friends, and the wreck of my own private fortune. I was taking leſſons of this merry people in the happy ſcience of frivolity; I was beginning to make a progreſs in my ſtu-

dies;

dies; I was indeed reducing my ſcience to practice, while in my Indian night-gown and African ſlippers I ſauntered with my profeſſor, an honeſt roſy-cheeked friar of the ſleek order of St. Bernard, when I was aroufed from my Lethean ſtupor by your epiſtle. As darkneſs vaniſhes at the approach of Aurora, ſo at thy e'en ideal preſence I awake to ſenſibility! the big wiſh ſwells my heart, the tear of ſentiment ſuffuſes my eye at the poignant reflection that yet, oh yet! the ſea roars between heaven and me!

Yet, truſt me, it was mere terreſtial ideas of which I ſought an oblation. I felt I could not ſucceed in the attempt; nor indeed did I wiſh to forget things divine! the lock of hair which you deigned to tie about my neck yet vibrates on my palpitating boſom! there it ſhall ever reſt, a ſacred taliſman, protecting its faithful owner 'gainſt the numerous miſchances by flood or field which await him in his weary journey, in his hopeleſs attempt to flee from the voice of the charmer!

Forgive me if an air of melancholy pervades this letter. I cannot avoid it juſt now—if I wouldwrite cordially—It is really a faithful tranſcript of my preſent feelings; for I am upon the point of quitting, perhaps for ever, St. Quintin, and its amiable inhabitants. The day after tomorrow I ſet out for Paris. I dread it is my lot

perpetually to wander; yet a heart, too ſuſceptible of the contagion of friendſhip, tells me nature formed me not for a traveller—never yet did I ſtray one four-and twenty hours in the moſt homely modeſt village without feeling my ſocial affections ſpringing forth, and attaching themſelves to ſome particle of organized matter! Never did I ſay to myſelf, I ſee this ſweet village maid, who with the bluſhing innocence of a Hebe preſents me, for the *laſt* time, a cup of milk; or this mutilated ſoldier who, for the *laſt time*, boaſts of his feats; for the *laſt time* bares his head, embroidered by the ſabres of the enemy; for the *laſt time* with his cicatrized arm waves to me a cordial farewell, without breathing an unbidden ſigh, without feeling an involuntary pang! nay I never, for the *laſt time*, behold the purring of a village cat, receive the blandiſhments of an old houſe-dog, or e'en the *laſt* adieu of an honeſt jack-aſs, without exclaiming in the bitterneſs of my grief, mine honeſt friend, ere we both return to duſt, I will again, if it be within the laws of poſſibility, return to thee! again I will liſten, high pleaſed, to thy indignant brayings againſt the ingratitude of mankind! again I will ſolace mine eyes with contemplating, wiſtfully, thy ſincere, artleſs, ſimple, philoſophic phiz! If then I do, as indeed I do, reſpire the ſigh of regret at the idea of breaking off theſe the leſs ſhining part of acquaintance, how muſt my heart

heart bleed to be torn from the ſocial elegantly learned converſe of the lettered churchman; the brilliant ebullitions of the gay accompliſhed petit-maitre; the feaſt of ſentiment and flow of ſoul, with my heaven-born Picard Madoha! Dear, angelic, long ſuffering maid, who with the perſon of a Venus, and the ſoul of a dying ſaint, is yet doomed to a precarious dependance upon the capricious and the vain,——'tis not a paſſing hour ſince thou didſt preſent me with thy purſe, the work of thine hands, with the night ribband, wherewith to bind my weary temples; thy ſunny eyes were humid with tears, through which thou ſmiledſt more beautiful than a Hourie;—— thou ſaidſt, *mon chevalier, ſouvenez-vous de nos amitiés! ſouvenez-vous quelquefois de la malheureuſe Henriette et de ſa triſte hiſtoire!* Remember the hapleſs Henrietta and her ſad ſtory! her ſtory, which not till now, wouldſt thou ever tell him; it is indeed a tale of woe,——you muſt not hear it; it would be too much for your gentle heart; it would extract ſympathetic tears from the eyes of apathy! mild, lovely, faſcinating maid! ſo may the god of ſentiment deal with me, as I remember, gratefully remember thee! and if ever *war*, the plague moſt dreadful which God in his wrath has permitted to viſit the unhappy children of men, if horrid war ſhall ceaſe to rage in my native country, I will ſpeak peace to thy wounded ſpirit! or if this beatitude is denied me at

leaſt, I may open an aſylum to perſecuted beauty! thou mayſt ſeek ſhelter under my vine, and repoſe under my fig tree: and my houſehold gods, proud of ſuch a gueſt, ſhall protect thee with their divine influence.

Gentle *petit-maitres* of St. Quintin! *debonnaire*, blithe Picard maids, coquettiſh, faſcinating nymphs, fain would your *pauvre Anglois* expreſs to you his never-dying thanks for the ſweet emotions, your brilliant wit, your ſtill more brilliant eyes, have impreſſed on his ſuſceptible ſoul! But here expreſſion fails! fain would he, while his hand preſſes his beating breaſt, breathe out the word adieu! but his grateful heart ſwells too big for utterance, and the fatal word, loſt in an agonizing ſigh, dies upon his trembling lips!

And thou finiſhed model, deſigned by fairy hands, elegant *Petit-rien*, though laſt, not leaſt in love! farewell! Whenever the thorns which ſo plentifully ſpring under the feet of an hapleſs wanderer, ſhall be contraſted by a bed of roſes; whenever I ſhall behold a lily of the valley, or an iris-robed tulip, or a pink flaunting in all the pride of its birth-day ſuit, then will a caſual aſſociation of ideas recal thy fairy form to my view! then will I recollect thy delicacy of ſoul harmonizing with thy ſtill more delicate frame! I have made a vow, and I will, at Paris cull for thee, the quinteſſence of choice bouquets, and waſted on

the

the wings of love, it ſhall be conveyed to thy boſom!

Pity me, and do not laugh at this rhapſody, for indeed, fair lady, I am at preſent in what the French call a *mood-larmoyante!* I feel that a wandering life, to which it ſeems you and fate condemn me, cannot lead to a happy end! I am going yet farther from you, and that idea would ſhed gall and wormwood in my path, did the journey lead me, not to Paris, the *Utopia of coxcombs*, but e'en to the paradiſe of Mahomet, where Ganymedes would pour out nectar to the weary traveller, and all lovely, half-willing, bluſhing Houries ſmooth his pillow.

FAREWELL.

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FAREWELL.

## LETTER XI.

*Paris.*

TAKING a French leave of my *Madona*, and the fair town where she deigns to abide, I arrived here ten days ago, accompanied by Mr. Chatham, an English gentleman residing at St. Quintin, whose partiality to me, induced him to take a trip in my company to the capital. We passed through Compeigne, a royal residence, and its princely forest, but met with no incident in our flying journey, worthy your attention. The morning after our arrival, we hired a *carosse de remise*, and with our *valet de place* behind, sallied out to reconnoitre the town. This capital has been so minutely described by a variety of travellers, whose talents and opportunities far exceeded mine, that an elaborate detail would be superfluous and presumptuous. There are, I am informed, many diffusive writers upon this subject, yet, Smollet excepted, I do not recollect I have read any of them; the few remarks, therefore, which I will venture to make to you, if not interesting, will at least have the merit of being original.

original. It is my way to delineate my ideas ſimply as they ariſe upon the ſubject before me. I have too much indolence to beat my noddle for a brighter thought, or a more brilliant dreſs in which to robe it; and I have too much pride to copy; if then my obſervations are trivial or ridiculous, I frankly confeſs the folly is my own; yet, in my curſory remarks upon this place, my fellow traveller, while he continues with me, ſhall ſhare the ridicule. You have long ago, I dare ſay, ſet me down, if biaſſed at all, guilty of a ſingular prejudice for an Engliſhman, a predilection for the French nation. Mr. Chatham is as oppoſite to me in this, as Indus to the Pole; this gave me a ſingular ſatisfaction in his company. A different ſtyle of thinking, upon points not eſſential to morals, or honour, when ſoftened by philanthropy and breeding, in my opinion, forms the baſis of the agreeable in a fellow traveller. An inſipid ſameneſs of conception, a monotony, if I may be indulged the expreſſion, of thought, renders two travellers like two paralſel lines; they glide on ſide by ſide to eternity! no hopes of touching, no hopes therefore of combining in ſocial friendſhip, harmony, and love; in ſhort, a voyage even through the Elyſian Fields, with ſuch a chalk and cream ſouled wight, would to me be as dull and melancholy as "a lo-"ver's lute," or the drone of a Highland bagpipe, or that conſummation of dulneſs, a city

feaſt! Conceive not from what I have juſt ſaid, that I would ſubmit to loll in the ſame poſt chaiſe with that noxious animal, a profeſſional diſputant. No, I would chuſe a companion who would keep attention awake by ſeeing really, not affecting to ſee, the ſame object in a different point of view from mine; this would mutually excite emulation; we ſhould adduce various reaſons in ſupport of our different opinions; and thus the ſubject, whether vegetable or animal, primroſe, petit-maitre or coquette, would be turned topſy-turvy, and accurately handled; and thus the miſts of error receding before the rays of truth, our mutual prejudices, claſhing againſt each other, might be diſſipated. Now my friend C————m, is as thorough bred an Engliſhman as ever hanged himſelf in a November fog; he carries the war into the enemies country, *fronding* moſt unmercifully, man, woman and child, all the animal, all the vegetable kingdom, which has the misfortune to be of French origin; —not a blade of graſs eſcapes him. He is as robuſt, hearty, handſome, roſy-cheeked an Engliſhman as you ſhall wiſh to ſee. He has a remarkable fine head of hair, yet, upon our firſt acquaintance at St. Quintin, he lamented, with tearful eye, that his father confined him in this noxious climate. I think it my duty, Sir, ſaid he, to inform you, that the men are all ſcoundrels, the women all w——s. There is no flavour or

nutri-

nutriment in their beef or mutton; inſomuch that my hair has fallen off through deprivation of radical moiſture. If I ſtay here another twelvemonth, I expect to become quite bald! We happened at the time to be walking through the market, which, adapted to the ſize of the town, is as good a one, with reſpect to meat, vegetables, and butter, as I ever ſaw. Upon my word, Sir, thoſe cabbages have the ſemblance of being good cabbages; ſuch large ones I never before beheld! I grant you, the cabbages are large, firm, and white, yet, upon honour, Sir, I know by experience there is no nutriment in them, they are not Engliſh cabbages. This being a truiſm, I had no more to ſay: though naturally a good-natured, and really a ſenſible fellow, never did I find my friend looking at the bright ſide of a French proſpect until we came to Paris. As we drove up the ſtreet St. Honoré, his muſcles began to dilate to a ſmile; but, when turning to the left, our coach ſtopped upon the Pont-neuf, where the eye takes in a prodigious ſcope of building, on every ſide, upon a ſcale bold, grand, and ſuperb in the extreme! While I was loſt in ſpeechleſs admiration, my friend exclaimed, with an air of high ſatisfaction, blended with ſtrong marks of ſurprize and aſtoniſhment, Good God! I muſt allow Paris to be a noble town! Never before, not even in London, did I behold

ſuch a grand *coup d'œil!* Certainly Paris, however it may be ſmaller, have leſs beautiful ſquares, be leſs commodious and comfortable, is upon a more ſublime ſcale of beauty than London. The grand range of fine ſtone houſes on each ſide of the Seine; the princely building called the Louvre, one ſide of which opens to a view of the Tuilerie, create a high idea of the riches, power, and magnificence of the Bourbon family. The ſtreets of Paris are in general narrow, deſtitute of foot-paths or trotoirs, conſequently by no means ſo commodious as thoſe of London. Indeed of all the cities I ever ſaw, Paris is the leaſt eligible for peripatetics of all denominations, whether the habit ariſes from poverty, or her ſiſter philoſophy. If you are abſtracted for a moment, you will be brought to yourſelf by a broken leg. Reveries in the ſtreets of Paris are extremely mal-à-propos, *tout à fait hors de ſaiſon.* From the incommodity of the ſtreets, the hackney coachmen are more numerous, the drivers, if poſſible, leſs civil than their brethren of London. You have only a choice of difficulties and diſgraces: you muſt either let a fiacre drive againſt you, to the danger of your limbs, or you muſt plunge into a heap of mud, to the danger of you muff, *chapeau bras*, and all your Pariſian parapharnalia. It muſt be confeſſed theſe *bout de Paris* aſylums are very plentifully diſtributed on each

ſide

ſide of the ſtreets, and are the *dernier reſorte* of the walking inhabitants. Wonderful is the ſkill derived from cuſtom, and from a deſire to enjoy the ruling paſſion. Looking out of the window of my hotel, this morning, I obſerved a *petit-maitre* about five feet ſix inches high; he had on a coat *velour de printems*, a rich Lyons waiſt-coat, *gre de lind* ſmall cloaths, *chapeau bras*, cane, *parapluie*, and a huge muff. You would apprehend ſuch a cargo was enough to overſet the poor little gentleman. I admired his addreſs in the emergency. No general ever reconnoitred with more eager eye, or choſe his ground with more ſedulous and anxious attention previous to a battle that might decide the fate of kingdoms! I felt for him: it was the Rue St. Honore, the moſt frequented in Paris. Every rude charioteer who darted by my little friend, made me tremble with him and for him. While he glided on tip-toe, I followed him with my aching eye, near a quarter of a mile; and I had the happineſs to find that he ſurmounted all his difficulties, without the leaſt ſpeck on his ſilk ſtocking, or the leaſt ſtain upon his embroidered veſt. Gentle fluttering, flitting thing! from my ſoul I congratulate your victory, and I honour you for your maſterly manœuvres! So may you elude the dire miſhaps which await your profeſſion! So may *Bon Jon*, the favourite lap-dog of your miſtreſs, forego his hold, and

ſpare

ſpare your *chapeau bras!* So may her peroquet forbear to conſecrate to the goddeſs, your ſwan-like muff! Foreigners are not ſo adroit. We had a rich citizen of Rotterdam, with his only daughter, who took a ſuite of apartments in our hotel, arriving in Paris, with a view of reſiding three months, to ſhew Miſs the capital, and its environs. The morning after his arrival, the Dutchman ſallied out, to take a comfortable walk, ſee ſights, and get an appetite to his dinner. The day before I had offered myſelf, and had been accepted, as *chaperon* to the young lady. In a few minutes papa returned, and never did I before ſee phlegmatic Dutchman in ſuch an immortal rage! He ſwore that, of all places in the world, Paris was the moſt barbarous; its inhabitants were as booriſh as Tramontanes, were totally deſtitute of breeding! A Dutchman criticiſing upon Pariſian incivility, was a novelty that excited our attention. He ſaid, he had been trudging quietly along, ruminating upon a purchaſe in the Engliſh ſtocks, when he was alarmed by a ſplaſh of mud plump in his face, ſucceeded by a cry of, *Gare, Mynheer, gare! gare!* Endeavouring to make way, he ſtumbled into a d——d quagmire; recovering, ſhaking, and adjuſting himſelf, he advanced, ſtinking along, ſtunned and abaſhed all the way by the hues of *garſons peruquiers*, the tittering of griſſetts, and the chattering and grinning of *Marquis*,

*Marquis*, he believed they called them: he, however, arrived as far as the barrier, when he was induced to halt, by a file of bayonets, pointed at his breaſt, and glittering in his eyes, which it ſeems was, leſt he ſhould be in the way of the running footman, preceding the chaiſe of Madame la Ducheſſe de Chartres. Finding the military law beginning to prevail over the civil, he wheeled to the right about, with a determination to quit this execrable town immediately; declaring that he thought a Dutch hogſty an abode much more neat and comfortable than the capital of France. Immediately after dinner he hoiſted his fat-ſided, though comely daughter, into a *chaiſe de poſte*, and drove off with precipitation ſingular indeed for a Dutchman! hurrying back Miſs, *bien à contre cœur*, to dabble in her native dykes, far from brutality and Frenchmen! to acquire, far from Verſailles and Marli, the laſt refinements of politeſſe, by frequenting the *beau monde* of Rotterdam!!! I thought myſelf the principal ſufferer, by the retreat of the indignant Dutchman; for I had finiſhed, with incredible diſpatch, and in the preceding evening had opened a battery of my French artillery againſt the Dutch hulk of a daughter, which ſeemed to make practicable breaches through the clumſy timbers of her left ſide. I had alſo poured in upon her a ſhower *des petites*

*petites louanges, des petites attentions, et des petits riens tous nœufs de l'arsenal de Versailles!* In short, I had so egregiously flattered Miss, that I began to flatter myself Miss was upon the point of beating the chamade with an offer of *carte blanche*, when this wily Dutchman thus raised the siege, wresting from me my prey in the very moment of victory, and with dutchified unhallowed hand, tearing away the laurels which were beginning to wreathe themselves around my glorious brows!

FAREWELL.

LETTER

## LETTER XII.

*Paris.*

IF the ſtreets are incommodious for the walker, the noble and pleaſant gardens, to which he may at all times have recourſe, make him ample amends. Sauntering in public walks and gardens is an innocent and ſalutary amuſement, of which the French are much enamoured. The gardens of London, I think, are not comparable to thoſe of Paris, either for the elegant deſign of the gardens themſelves, or the brilliant dreſs of thoſe who frequent them. The Tuileries, Palais Royal, Luxemburgh, Elyſian Fields, and Bois de Boulogne, as efforts of art, are undoubtedly ſuperior to St. James's, the Green Park, and Kenſington——altho', for myſelf, I think Kenſington and St. James's Park more prodigal of natural beauty than any of the Pariſian gardens———Undoubtedly the ſudden burſt of the Tuileries, from the grand entrance of the Louvre, ſtrikes the ſpectator with an idea of the grand and beautiful, blended with the picturesque and romantic, which enchants the ſoul,

and hurries him in imagination to thoſe gardens of Elyſium ſo ſweetly ſung by ancient bards, a faint ſemblance of which he ſees terminating the view of the Tuileries, and like them, called Champs Eliſées. Yet, methinks the hand of art is not enough concealed; the eye of taſte is ſoon ſated, and wiſhes to range over the leſs gorgeous, but more natural, more ſweet, more lovely Mall of St. James's! Your fair country-women too, more artleſs, leſs gaudy, more innocent, more natural, harmonize with the ſimple elegant ſtyle of beauty predominant in St. James's Park; exalting the ſoul of the enamoured gazer from thoſe lovely types of divine power to the Supreme Architect himſelf: thus, a walk in St. James's-Park, to a man of a right turn of thinking, is not only benign and ſalutary; it is alſo a religious and truly orthodox exerciſe——wherefore I generally prefer this *ſub dio* worſhip to going to church. A fine woman, I have ever been of opinion, exhibits a moſt perſuaſive *à poſteriori* argument in favour of a firſt cauſe. I own indeed one painful idea occurs to me upon the occaſion: I ſee in St James's Park many ſhining female conſtellations gliding in a ſphere ſo far above me, that it pains mine eyes to look up to them——eſpecially when I look up to them with little hope of their coming within my ſphere of attraction; ſo little hope, indeed, that I am fain to gaze upon them as ſo many

many Virgin Marys——Now this is an idea that never ſtrikes you in your ramble through the Tuileries; a French woman's air and manner is by no means calculated to preclude hope——however a French lady may be determined to diſpute every inch of ground, to make a *belle defenſe*, yet is the imagination of her admirer alalways tickled with the ecſtatic proſpect of being ſoon uſhered to the *ſanctum ſanctorum* of the Cyprian temple! I do not inſinuate, that chaſtity is a flower peculiar to Britiſh ſoil——Genius may hereafter ariſe in Holland, humility in Scotland, modeſty in Ireland, and pure patriotiſm in England——and I do believe that chaſtity, though a northern plant, will ſometimes live in a ſouthern hot-bed——yet certain it is, a French woman totally *degagée* and *delitе* in her air, is alſo in her manners more philoſophical, leſs confined, leſs ſtrait-laced than the ladies of your humid hemiſphere.

The Palais Royal is a pretty garden; the grand alley or mall in the ſpring and ſummer ſeaſon is enchanting. The tops of the noble trees on each ſide mutually incline, entwine their amourous branches, and embrace each other with expreſſive tenderneſs, exhibiting a natural and very inſtructive leſſon to the brilliant animals of either ſex that ſit, or loll in chairs, or play around the margin of the ſheet of water, or walk

walk in the ſhady alley below; flaunting in all the elegance of faſhion, dazzling each other by the brilliancy of their wit, and the ſtill more brilliant hue of their dreſs; diſplaying the moſt attractive aſſemblage of the beauties of art and nature that ever feaſted the eye of a contemplative traveller. Paris ſurely is the native region of wit, politeneſs, *enjoüment*, vivacity, and total exemption from ſerious thought and corroding care——gay, engaging, happy people, you ſay to yourſelf every ſtep you take in the Tuileries——upon my honour they appear to me a ſociety of itſelf, who had entered into a compact to forget or laugh at every care, every ill, every anxiety of life!——the whole group ſeemed animated by this one ſingle idea——never could I trace a gloomy thought in the face of a *full-dreſſed* French man or woman parading the mazes of the Tuileries!——the lady is eternally bowing, fidgeting, ſmiling, languiſhing, or ſhrugging her ſhoulders: the petit-maitre flattering, chattering, laughing, cringing, hopping, ſkipping, making *entre chats*, and buffeting the ambient air with his red heels! This air is certainly contagious. Falſtaff ſays, that he "is "not only witty himſelf, but the cauſe of wit "in others:" ſo may a Pariſian petit-maitre boaſt, that he is not only a cox-comb himſelf, but he inſpires ſtrangers with his native puppyiſm. Would you think it? I too have my red heels! and, ſince I have arrived at Paris, I find

find I have taken wonderful pains to render myſelf completely ridiculous, if ever I return to London. With reſpect to my Pariſian metamorphoſe in general, it proceeds from ſheer vanity, which you will ſuppoſe not a little gratified whenever I hear, as I flit along the Mall, in anſwer to an audible whiſper, *Voilà un homme de condition n'eſt il pas?——C'eſt monſieur un tel, voyageur Anglais——Mon Dieu! Je l'aurai crû veritable Cavalier Francois! il ſe forme rapidement! il attrape la maniere de nous autres! apparament il a d'eſprit!* I take ſhame to myſelf, and acknowledge this may be my general motive; but my order to my ſhoe-maker for a crimſon heel was rather a political than a vain manœuvre. The *argumentum ad hominem*, in plain Engliſh, the driving the nail that will go, is a ſpecies of reaſoning to which I frequently have recourſe: now you muſt know, that a crimſon heel is a *paſſe-par-tout* into many places here worthy of being explored by a curious traveller. It amazingly ſmoothes and facilitates an introduction to the ſofter ſex. I love to dreſs as a man of faſhion, calculated to the meridian of the ſpot where I reſide——not that I affect dreſs myſelf——far from it——I put it on or off as a medium or engine of approach to the confines of ſublunary bliſs——I will therefore, governed by this principle, without a bluſh buckle on my crimſon-heel'd pump, ſtand upon one leg or both, walk

or hop, according to the reigning mode of the court at which I happen to figure. Nay, I would go naked were I to meet with fine women philoſophical enough to delight in the contemplation of the wonderful works of nature!

The *boulevards* or ramparts around Paris is a very faſhionable reſort. They exhibit a beautiful proſpect, and may be very well in the ſpring and fall, but in the ſummer and winter months they would ſeem to be rather incommodious. However in this, as in any thing elſe, at Paris, faſhion predominates over every other conſideration. She gives laws from which there lies no appeal. In obedience to her mandate thouſands in chariots, on horſeback, and on foot, run with eagerneſs from the ſweeteſt gardens in France, in their own neighbourhood too, to joſtle, crowd, and duſt each other upon the *boulevard!* ſome kick up the duſt and mud, which others ſnuff up, with exquiſite delight and ſatisfaction—— all return charmed, enchanted, fatigued, and dirty!

The garden of Luxembourg, ſo called from the palace of that name, which looks upon it, though leſs flaunting, leſs gaudy, leſs gorgeous in her appearance than the Tuileries, ſmiles in the modeſt garb of nature with a wild luxuriance, highly pleaſing to a penſive mind. The Tuileries,

Tuileries, the Palais Royal, the Luxembourg, are filled with a ſtyle of company peculiar to each. The Luxembourg is the reſort of the church, the robe, the faculty, politicians, and the learned in general——Here friars lounge; here ſtudents ruminate; here ill-fated lovers haunt: here too, leaving my gay travelling companion, enveloped by the brilliant circle of belles and beaux, at the Palais Royal, I delight to retire—there is a certain melancholy ſilence, a monaſtic gloom, which reigns over the Luxembourgh gardens that harmonizes with my preſent feelings——here too I can indulge that air *diſtrait*, very unfaſhionable in a Frenchman, but extremely natural to any man of taſte and ſentiment who knows and is abſent from you.

I fancy you are heartily tired with the long walk I have led you in the gardens of Paris. As they ſtrike me to be one of the firſt *agrémens* of the capital, I have detained you the longer in them——not that they, with all their natural and acquired charms, can fill my ſoul ——*Abſent* from *you* the celebrated hanging gardens of Semiramis would, to me, be a wilderneſs ——*with you* the moſt craggy rock in the moſt barren iſland of Scotland would ſeem a revived Eden! Scotland would be a fairy-land, the rock an enchanted palace, and the cataract daſhing from the rock would, to my glowing imagina-

imagination, ſeem the chiming of the ſpheres! The Highland hind's cottage would be a nuptial bower; and the nuptial bower would be ——oh heaven!——here deſcription fails! here too let me pauſe——leſt the mere idea of my immortal bliſs excite the envy of demi-gods!

ADIEU.

LETTER

## LETTER XIII.

*Paris.*

WE are juſt returned from a walk in the famous gallery of Rubens. The preceding morning we had paſſed in contemplating, with infinite delight, the collection of paintings in the Palais Royal, belonging to the Duke of Orleans. I wiſh with all my heart you had been with us, becauſe I am ſure you would have been enchanted by viewing with your own eyes ſuch maſterly efforts of genius in this ſweet imitative art. I am ſure too that a deſcription of them, however ſtudied, would fatigue your mind, and leave upon it no adequate idea of objects not to be equaled by modern pencils, far leſs deſcribed by the pen of a novice. I could indeed take this occaſion to write a very curious epiſtle; I could make a parade of great reading and learning; I could ring the changes upon the technical terms *want of keeping*, *boldneſs of contour*, *harmony of deſign*—Corregio's tenderneſs of colouring; Le Brun's fluttering of drapery; the glowing tints of Titiano! the beautiful heads of Raphael! the rich

flower-

flower-pots of Wanuzzen! the masterly execution of Michael Angelo! the inimitable clear obscure of Caravagio! the horrible sublime of Ribera, and the wild majesty of Salvator Rosa; and I should make you just as wise after *reading*, as I was when I *wrote* a letter so affected, so trite, so ridiculously pompous. I frankly confess, that, though I feel exquisite sensations when I gaze on some *very few* of the great number of paintings adored by the initiated, I pretend to no critical skill in the art. Of painting, as of music, I am an *amateur*, but by no means a *connoisseur*. Admitting that I was, still I think a laboured description of things, which to be *felt* must be *seen*, a kind of paper-scratching very idle, useless, and reprehensible. Unread as I own myself to be in the refined mysteries of this blushing sister of poetry, suffice it for me to say, that the gallery of Rubens did not meet the exalted ideas I had formed of it. His conception is bold and daring, his execution always strong, sometimes masterly; yet methinks in the style of Rubens, a grace, an ease, a delicacy is wanting; there is a roughness, a want of finishing in many of his pieces. I know what I hazard by this criticism; but to *you* I have ever been accustomed to speak the real sentiments of my heart: no doubt I am wrong, and must lament my want of taste, for Paul Rubens is established by the *Cognoscenti* as a very celebrated painter——Remember that I except the land-

ſcapes of Rubens from this criticiſm. I have ſeen many of them in a ſweet and pictureſque ſtyle.

With the paintings at the Palais Royal I was highly delighted——particularly ſo with thoſe of divine Raphael, and a Venus ariſing from the ſea of Titiano: to be candid, I confeſs that the pleaſure I felt in gazing upon this Titian Venus might ariſe (notwithſtanding the colours are certainly moſt ſweet, tender, and glowing) more from the ſtriking likeneſs the face had to that of a lady whoſe acquaintance is my higheſt honour, than from my power of diſcriminating and taſting the leading beauties of the piece. I continued in the Palais Royal all that morning, and I am ſure I could paſs two hours in the day there for ſix months, and the longer I gazed the more exquiſite pleaſure I ſhould feel. I flatter myſelf, could I dedicate ſuch a portion of time to this ſtudy, in ſuch a theatre, it would in ſome degree form my taſte. I am apt to believe that a taſte in painting and muſic is leſs innate and more within the power of application than is generally ſuppoſed. I have been told by an eminent maſter here, that he has known many people by application and attention, dance very well to time, who when he firſt took them in hand, could not diſtinguiſh Handel's *water-piece* from the *black joke*. In London I always

felt myſelf little at the exhibition of painting, or at the opera. I confeſs I was afraid and aſhamed to praiſe a painting, however it might pleaſe me, without looking at the book, leſt I ſhould take the rude daubing of———for the maſterly touches of a Weſt, a Gainſborough, or a Reynolds. At the opera I was ſtill more out of my element. I loſt all patience, when I ſaw a great fat-headed fellow wreathing himſelf into a thouſand groteſque, painful, and laughable attitudes, to expreſs what I ſuſpected he never felt. I flattered myſelf it was all ridiculous grimmace and affectation, and I wiſhed him and the performers at the devil. I ſighed after plaintive Caledonian melody; after a ſimplicity of harmony that I could follow with my ear, while I execrated the quick, and, as I thought, unnatural vibrations of the Italian ſchool: but, when I return, I promiſe you I ſhall be a better judge of the buſineſs —I'll boldly ſhut my book and bet the odds, that I lay my finger on the delicate delicious ſwellings, and point to the graceful attitudes of Reynolds —and at the opera, I ſhall know when to exclaim, with half-ſuppreſſed ſighs, *Ah ciel! ancora! ancora!*

Be this as it may, with reſpect to muſic and painting, I prefer tenderneſs and ſimplicity to boldneſs of deſign or maſterly execution. I ſtill think Italian muſic would make more laſting impreſſions,

preſſions, even upon the moſt chaſtened, refined ear, were it leſs intricate, leſs violent and ſurprizing in its changes: it would melt more though it aſtoniſhed leſs. In painting, while I turn away my eye ſated with the gaudy colouring of Le Brun and the Flemiſh ſchool in general—I am never tired with the modeſt demeanor, the mellow colouring, the air of mildneſs, delicacy, and divine ſimplicity, the characteriſtics of my beloved Guido.

The opera at Paris, you will readily ſuppoſe, excels every other theatre in the world for the elegance of its dancers. This is, I own, the part of the theatrical fare moſt to my palate; their ballets are inimitable; my eye is highly delighted, and my imagination fired, while I gaze upon a delicious exquiſitely-formed female, ſwimming, volting in the air, and exhibiting limbs that would force a dying ſaint to recollect he was a man. The powers of the high dancers are indeſcribable; they really recalled to my mind the hyperbole of the Gaſcon, who, obſerving that he had been a ſhining character at the late maſquerade, was aſked what part he played—— he anſwered, *à la Gaſonne, je faiſois des entrechats —et que je m'ennuis dans l'air!*

I often frequent the French and Italian comedy. They are good ſchools to learn the French pronunciation. I am not yet reconciled to the

violent action of the players—to me it ſeems *outrè* and ridiculous: I therefore give the preference to the Italian comedy, where laughter and grimmace are ſo *à propos*. It muſt be confeſſed however, that Le Kain is a maſterly player in the tragic walk——His manner is equally majeſtic and pathetic. I never ſaw Garrick in Luſignan; but I have been ſo charmed with Le Kain's acting in that character, that I have little regret on the account. The accompliſhed comedian Preville mentions an anecdote highly expreſſive of Garrick's command of muſcle. When Garrick was laſt at Paris Preville invited him to his villa—Our Roſcius, being in a gay humour, propoſed to go in one of the hired coaches that go to Verſailles, on which road the villa of Preville lies. When they got in he ordered the coachman to drive off——who anſwered, that he would do ſo as ſoon as he got his complement of four paſſengers. A caprice immediately ſeized him; he determined to give his brother player a ſpecimen of his art. While the coachman was attentively plying for paſſengers Garrick ſlipped out of the door, went round the coach, and by his wonderful command of countenance, a power which he ſo happily diſplays in Abel Drugger, palmed himſelf upon the coachman for a ſtranger. This he did twice, and was admitted each time into the coach as a freſh paſſenger, to the aſtoniſhment and admiration of Preville! He whipped out a third

third time, and addreſſing himſelf to the coachman, he was anſwered, in a ſurly tone, that he had already got his complement, and would have drove off without him had not Preville called out, that as the ſtranger appeared to be a very little man, they would, to accomodate the gentleman, contrive to make room.

The Hotel des Invalids creates a very grand idea of the magnificence of the reign of Lewis the Fourteenth. The dome is highly and juſtly admired. It is in a bold, lofty, ſublime ſtyle, and richly ornamented with marble. An aſylum for maimed ſoldiers was, in a great meaſure, a debt Lewis owed to his people, as a propitiation for his unbounded ambition——yet I ſhould conceive, that a walk in the Invalids was calculated to fill the mind of that prince with pain and humility, rather than pride: ſo many horridly mutilated human remains of his ambition muſt have exhibited to him the dark ſide of his character. A point of light in which we neither wiſh to ſee ourſelves or to be viewed by others.

L'Ecole Militare was built towards the cloſe of the late reign. It is a noble pile of building, and well adapted to its deſign. At preſent it is ſhut up, I am told, from motives of œconomy, as well as from an idea of its being unneceſſary. Count Saxe ſaid, when this building was ſuggeſted, that France rather wanted a ſchool for miniſ-

ters than a military ſchool, for every Frenchman was born a ſoldier. The total diſuſe of this grand and commodious building ſeems a fine comment upon the idea of that conſummate captain.

We have taken an *en paſſant* view of the churches. Notre Dame is a fine Gothic building, a good deal like Weſtminſter Abbey; near the high altar, which is compoſed of rich Egyptian marble, is an image of the Virgin, with a dead Saviour upon her knees, an admirable work! On one ſide of this image is a ſtatue of Louis XIII. on the other, that of his ſon Louis XIV. both in poſtures of adoration. The high altar of the church, St. Sulpice, is richly decorated with precious ſtones; near it is an image of the Virgin of ſilver, as large as life. The windows of this church are curiouſly painted. In the church of the Celeſtines you ſee two moſt beautiful marble ſtatues of angels; their legs and feet are ſo delicate, ſo harmoniouſly proportioned, ſo exquiſitely faſhioned, that the eye is never tired with gazing upon them. If a Frenchman were the ſtatuary, I preſume he worked from imagination, for the French ladies are not famous for pretty legs and feet; their legs, at leaſt thoſe, with very few exceptions, which I have had the honour of reconnoitring, are enormouſly thick. *Un pié mignon*, a delicate little foot, in France is a phænomenon.

While

While I contemplate the beautiful feet of the angels in the St. Celeſtine, I recollect the bare-footed Carmelites, I recollect the hiſtory, the ſorrows, and magnanimity of Madame de la Valiere. What a pathetic example of human viciſſitude! This lady, born of a noble houſe, was, many years, favourite miſtreſs to Louis the Fourteenth; of courſe had been long habituated, in the court of that polite monarch, to ſee herſelf at the head of the ſplendid, the luxurious, the elegant, and the gay; the object of the envy of her own ſex, the admiration of ours; environed and dazzled by every allure that is wont to faſcinate the human heart! And yet Madame de la Valiere *voluntarily* deſcended from the effulgent throne of vanity, ſpurned from her the rattle of ambition, which has ſo often lulled the underſtanding of the good and the wiſe; with alacrity robed her delicate body in the ſimple attire of a *Carme dechauſſée*; with perſeverance adhered to the privations of a moſt rigid order, and, in her laſt hour, declared ſhe had taſted pure happineſs, not under the canopy of a royal *penetralia*, not in the arms of a grand monarque, but in the lonely haunts of a cloiſter, in the adoration of a Supreme! Bluſh, ye haughty lords of the creation! Tell it not in Gath, no longer proclaim it in the ſtreets of Aſcalon! that ambition and levity are cha-

racteriſtics of the ſex; for hiſtorians tell us, that this exalted being did not deſcend immediately from heaven, but was really, and *bona fide*, born of a woman!!!

Surely ambition petrifies the heart!——— Much I fear that ſome royal ſlight from the fickle Louis, firſt induced this unfortunate lady to ſicken at her ſituation. Conſcious that ſhe loved not the *monarch*, but the *man*, her delicate ſoul could not tolerate a rivalry dictated by ſordid motives. Had I been Louis, I *feel* that I ſhould have ſhrunk with horror from a throne braided with the thorns of ingratitude! I ſhould have fallen at the feet of the woman who loved me, and, if it were not given me to ſoothe her generous ſoul into an act of oblivion and reunion, quitting with diſdain the antiquated widow of Scaron, tearing with indignation the crown from my brows, I would have exchanged it for a tonſured head; and, a monk, I would have *confeſſed la charmante de la Valiere!* A fine picture of her, as large as life, in an inclining poſture, is now placed in the church of their convent. I beheld it not with the cold, ſcientific, hypercritic eye of a mere connoiſſeur. I ſaw, or thought I ſaw, the noble ſoul of the fair Carmelite irradiate her features, and dart a gleam of light around the whole dome! I gazed at her with the ineffable luxury of a congenial

congenial mind! I kiſſed her bare *feet*, thoſe bleeding feet, ſo often lacerated by the ruthleſs ſtones, with rapturous ecſtaſies, emulating the burning kiſſes that a fond lover imprints upon the *hand* of his darling miſtreſs, in the moment ſhe *ſtammers* or *looks* the celeſtial *yes*; and might my eager eyes, reſponſive to the feelings of a glowing heart, have been permitted to flaſh *Promethean* fire, and animate the picture, not Venus herſelf, a candidate for my choice, in the delightful *undreſs* in which ſhe won the apple, would have challenged competition! The mortal would have beat her hollow!——Let who would arrange with the goddeſs, I am not proud: I pant after humble, but real happineſs. The wife of ——'s boſom ſhould have been the *charming de la Valiere!*

Not far from the church of Notre Dame ſtands the celebrated hoſpital Hotel Dieu. This charity is upon a moſt extenſive and liberal ſcale. Individuals of all ages, religions, and countries, are admitted; nor are incurables turned out, as I believe they are, in all the hoſpitals of London, where they are diſmiſſed, to periſh in the ſtreets, for the very reaſon that ſhould heighten commiſeration,—that they are incurable. The wards of the Hotel Dieu are neat and decent; the patients are attended with the utmoſt aſſiduity and tenderneſs, by nuns,

whoſe vocation is to act as nurſes in this hoſpital. The Engliſh are highly celebrated for their charity.——As far as parting with your money deſerves the name, you certainly are charitable; but contenting yourſelves with this effort, which is indeed highly meritorious, you take little care that your donations are properly applied. The French give not ſo much money, but they are watchful that all the little offices and attentions which ſmooth the ſick man's pillow, ſhould be never wanting. It is not uncommon to ſee ladies of the firſt rank performing the tender office of nurſe to patients in the Hotel Dieu, whoſe ſole merit is derived from their miſery. Perhaps the waſhing the feet of the twelve beggars, in imitation of our Saviour's waſhing the feet of the Apoſtles, which every Eaſter week is performed by the King of France, is the precedent from whence this faſhion originates. Whatever may be its origin, the performance muſt certainly be attended with ſalutary conſequences.——Such is the conſtitution of man, that even upon the bed of ſickneſs, where other paſſions are dead, he is all alive to vanity. You remember, while the fair Beguine rubbed the limbs of Corporal Trim, what tender ſenſations ſhe excited in the breaſt of that honeſt fellow! Notwithſtanding all her charities, had the *Saint Sœur* omitted this ceremony, the corporal had never loved. Now, though the paſ-

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ſion of love may not be neceſſary to the completion of the cure of corporeal malady, yet it is allowed that pleaſurable ideas wonderfully conduce to that end. Let us ſuppoſe the Ducheſſe of D—— ſtooping to the office of the fair Beguine; how vivifying the conſequence! If the patient were not yet dead, every torpid limb would inſtantaneouſly palpitate with new life! and nature be regenerated by the magic touch of a hand divine!

ADIEU.

LETTER

## LETTER XIV.

PARIS abounds in ſuperb palaces for the nobility; they cover a great deal of ground, are elegantly and gorgeouſly furniſhed, and, being built of fine white ſtone, form, I think, one of the principal beauties of Paris. The palace of Bourbon, belonging to the Prince of Condé, hanging upon the Seine, would be thought a princely reſidence for any crowned head in Europe. The reaſon is obvious why the town houſes of the French nobility are, in general, upon a larger ſcale than thoſe of the like deſcription in England. It is the faſhion for the nobility of England to ſpend a certain portion of the year upon their domains in the country, where they enjoy their freedom and rank in a higher degree than at court. On the contrary, the French noblemen, and men of fortune, live the year round at Paris, where they deem themſelves *à portée* to Verſailles, having little villas contiguous to the capital, where they ſometimes dine, or give a *petit ſoupé* to a few choice friends, and generally return to town the ſame evening. A Frenchman is never truly happy out of the court atmoſphere; the air inhaled

haled by the lips of majeſty is his congenial clime; this is an axiom ſo invariable, that they have here a puniſhment, which is termed a baniſhment to your own eſtate. And a grievous puniſhment it is; although called *Monſeigneur*, although looked up to, by the hinds around his *chateau*, with an air of adoration, your true Frenchman can *taſte* no power, no diſtinction, unleſs reflected from the royal ſmile, beaming upon his delighted countenance! Although, when exiled to his houſhold gods, he is himſelf a little god below, the roſes retire from his cheek! he loſes every French vivacity, he ſickens——and, if the *agrémens* of his wife, his daughter, his mother, or the irriſiſtible charms of his grand-mother*, cannot ſoften the prince, or the miniſter cannot procure him a recal to Verſailles, the ſick Frenchman's true Montpelier, he ſhrugs his ſhoulder's, cries out, *ſacre Dieu! peſte!* wiſhes that a hundred thouſand devils may fly away with the reigning Madame Pompadour! damns the miniſter, bleſſes his king! drops a tear of reſpectful love as he pronounces the ſacred word *le Roy*! and, giving about three half ſeconds to recollection and meditation, he exclaims,

* Alluſion to the predilection of ſeveral French monarchs for old women.

*c'en eſt fait! il n'y a q'un parti à prendre*——he ſends for his prieſt, confeſſes and dies!

Thoſe little elegant villas of the nobility, gentry, and richer citizens hanging round the town, render the environs of Paris ſingularly enchanting; they have more the air of elegant cottages than country houſes; are all white on the outſide, which contraſts happily with the verdant waving hills on which they ſtand. Within they are the ſanctuaries of conviviality, governed by taſte; where genuine burgundy elicits pure genius; where ſparkling champaigne, fermenting in the imagination, produces brilliant ideas; where the wit of the men is only equalled by the graces of the women! That converſation at Paris generally takes a more refined turn than at London, I believe, will not be diſputed by any man who has had an opportunity of taſting the ſelect ſocieties of each——this is allowed; but I do not think the real cauſe has hitherto been aſſigned. It appears to me to reſult from the cuſtom, prevalent at Paris, of not only admitting, but courting the literati to adventure into the *beau-monde*——in London learned men are ſeldom to be met with, unleſs you trace them to their own cells, break in upon them in their night-gown and ſlippers, or view them in ſheets at their bookſellers——here you behold them, *habillé au dernier gout*, blended with red coats

coats and ſhoulder-knots, giving zeſt to *petits ſoupés*, figuring at court, or adapting Ovid's art of Love to the genius of modern toilets! With all the levity aſcribed to this people, they certainly exceed their more grave northern neighbours in a taſte for, or at leaſt, in the encouragement they give to the ſciences. I grant ſome few literary Comets have made their fortune, and arrived at the pinnacle of fame in England; but very few there are whoſe modeſty or *mauvaiſe honte*, if you will, too often the concomitant of genius, has not excluded from the haunts of the polite world, and the ſmiles of their ſuperiors in riches, birth, and rank——rewards infinitely more pleaſing to a liberal mind, than the mere accumulation of money, a ſordid idea to which men of learning are ſuperior. Beſides, in Paris, a man of letters may look up to a genteel annual income, as well as to literary honours during his life; with you it depends a good deal upon caprice and the chapter of accidents, if they live comfortably; honour attends them not till they are dead, when peradventure their bodies neglected, if not contemned while living, may have the glory to rot with thoſe of kings and princes. At Paris, the ſex hold out a reward to learning, which, with a man of ſentiment, is beyond all price. I believe moſt women of birth and breeding at Paris or Verſailles would prefer the approbation and attentions of Voltaire, Rouſſeau,

Rouſſeau, or de Bernis, to the frothy adoration of a court meteor. Should ſuch figures preſume to knock at the door of a mere rich citizen of London, Voltaire would be thought a pleaſant ſort of buffoon, and might be admitted occaſionally to a Sunday's pudding and a glaſs of port, which he was to pay for, by making jokes for the children; the elegant de Bernis would be taken for a preſbyterian parſon, and as for that aukward baſhful dog, Rouſſeau, he might be ſent to the round-houſe as a thief, or admitted to a glaſs of two-penny, with the butler, juſt as the citizen ſhould have had a good or bad digeſtion the preceding evening, or as he had got a good portion of ſcrip, or as omnium was high or low.

Paris certainly is the true Utopia for literary men. But whither am I wandering? I am chattering about learning, and learned men, to a fine Engliſh lady! a ſymptom ſo characteriſtic of a fit of dulneſs, indicates an approaching criſis to my letter; I dread to be branded with the name of pedant, and I bid you,

FAREWELL.

LETTER

## LETTER XV.

*Paris.*

TWO days ago Mr. C———m and I drove to the ſtand of coaches, called *Les Caroſſes de la Cour*, with an intention of going to Verſailles. We jumped into a coach in which a Frenchman genteely dreſſed, had already entered. Upon our appearance he began to exhibit a Frenchman's natural *penchant à ſe faire valoir*. He ordered the coachman, with an air of conſequence, to drive off inſtantly; who replied, that he would not until his vehicle was full, unleſs he would pay the fourth place. *Cent mille diables t'emporte*, cries the indignant Frenchman, *dépeche-toi, vous me ferez manqué des affaires! vous me perdre à la cour; montez, allez vite——eſt pour moi d'entendre raiſon dans un tel cas! eſt pour toi, malotru, de contrarier un homme tel que moi!* He then ſhook his cane at the coachman, and raved and ſwore as if he had been poſſeſſed by the devil——He could not impreſs an idea of his conſequence upon the coachman——he could neither move him or his horſes——he however had gain-

gained his point by ſhewing away before *Meſſieurs les Anglois*. We promiſed the coachman to pay the vacant place, and he drove off. Our companion, after offering the above ſacrifice to vanity, deſcended from the ſtilts of tragic rage, relaxing to the good nature and hilarity congenial to his real diſpoſition.

The road from Paris to Verſailles is ſtrewed with beautiful villas on each ſide of the river. Six miles from Paris and half-way from thence to Verſailes you behold, on your right, St. Cloud, an elegant, delightful village, hanging upon the declivity of a boldly riſing hill, which giving the houſes the form of an amphitheatre, exhibits the town in a full point of view, and holds out a ſtriking object to the numerous cavalcades which are continually going to Verſailes. It was Sunday, always a court-day, and more crouded than any other. I was aſtoniſhed at the prodigious number of people whom we overtook and who overtook us. Ninety-nine out of a hundred had frequently ſeen the pageantry, to arrive at which they now ſo eagerly joſtled and duſted each other——but their avidity was yet unſated——to ſee again and again, to ſee *le Roy* is the firſt object of a Frenchman's ambition——In a circle of fifty people you will readily diſcover the happy man who has recently been at Verſailes——his impoſing air, his conſequential look, the air of deference, if not of envy,

vy, with which he is regarded by the company, ſo ſtrongly mark him, that you cannot miſtake your man.

At about half a league's diſtance from Verſailles you arrive at a noble avenue, conſiſting of three rows of trees, extending quite up to the palace——the middle avenue is very ſpacious; through this viſta you have the firſt *coup d'œil* of the palace, which at a diſtance makes a ſuperb appearance. At the extremity of this viſta is a grand parade. The King's ſtables are on the right and left——they are princely, but not ſo grand as thoſe of the Prince of Condé at Chantilly. From the ſtables, having paſſed the parade, you enter through the gate of the iron palliſade into the firſt court, flanked with four pavilions. From this you paſs the gate of another iron palliſade, and enter the ſecond court. This, tho' not ſo large as the firſt, is built in a more magnificent ſtyle of beauty, and prepares the mind of the ſpectator to taſte the third court, which is terminated by a grand pile of buildings. Here is a noble portico, with three large doors, elegantly gilt, through which you enter the hall. The grand ſtair-caſe is extremely wide, and compoſed of marble exquiſitely beautiful. Againſt the wings and front of this court there are ſeveral buſts, and in the centre of it a fountain, adorned with gilt ſtatues. The

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ſide of the palace which fronts the garden is far the moſt beautiful; and, take it for all in all, Verſailles though of made ground, and by no means eminent for that natural beauty of which St. Germains and Fontainbleau are prodigal, is replete with right royal magnificence. Many of the apartments are, however, too ſmall for the grand ideas excited by viewing the external edifice. The Hall of Mercy is painted principally by Titiano; a ſufficient eulogium. In the Hall of Mars there is an excellent painting of the family of Darius, ſupplicant at the feet of Alexander the Great, by Le Brun——an air of tenderneſs ſoftens the majeſty of the hero——while he gazes upon his weeping *Statira*, the conqueror of the world ſeems to have a preſentiment of his approaching thraldom.

The Gallery of Verſailles is in a bold majeſtic ſtyle. It is of a prodigious length, and wide in proportion. The ceiling, painted by Le Brun, repreſents the victories of Lewis the Fourteenth. On the ſide of this gallery, which looks upon the garden, are ſeventeen lofty windows—the oppoſite ſide is wainſcotted with looking-glaſs—this has a happy effect, and muſt be ſingularly congenial to the taſte of French petits-maitres, who may reconnoitre their ſweet perſons as they trip after their royal maſter. Moſt of the apartments are gilt. The noble front which looks upon

on the gardens is of beautiful ſtone. The vaſt length of the Palace of Verſailles, diſproportioned to its height, at a diſtance, gives it a heavy look.

I have now introduced you to the gardens of Verſailles, and were I to inſiſt upon your parading quite through them, I ſhould fatigue you exceedingly. They are immenſely ſpacious—are ornamented with a profuſion of ſtatues by maſterly hands—it would be endleſs to particularize. A ſtatue of Venus muſt not be paſſed unheeded. Several young noblemen, pages of Louis Quinze, are ſaid to have died for love of this marble goddeſs. The ſtatue certainly conveys the idea of a moſt luſcious perſon. Had I not myſelf been pre-engaged to an animated marble-hearted goddeſs, I might have met a ſimilar fate. At preſent a fig-leaf veils the beauty paramount to all beauties!——a manœuvre dictated by the humanity of that celebrated moraliſt and politician Madame Pompadour, to ſave the lives of his majeſty's pages.

In the firſt walk you behold ſeveral beautiful fountains, with dolphins and various figures of animals, out of whoſe mouths water guſhes to a great height and again deſcends, in imitation of refreſhing ſhowers. From this walk you view the famous fountain of Latona, around which are ſeveral

veral ſtatues, highly finiſhed, repreſenting Apollo, Diana, and Latona. As you deſcend you will have a proſpect of the rape of Proſerpine, admirably well done——you recollect how your favourite Milton happily touches it:

"Not that fair field
"Of Enna, where Proſerpine gathering flowers,
"Herſelf a fairer flow'r, by gloomy Dis
"Was gather'd,——Might with this Paradiſe
"Of Eden vie."——

At the corner of every turning you meet either a ſtatue or a fountain——indeed the marble ſtatues, the caſcades, the labyrinths, the groves are ſo various and ſo pleaſing; the babbling of the birds and the murmuring of diſtant waterfalls ſo delightful, that the fanciful traveller ſeems to wander o'er inchanted ground, feaſting his raviſhed eyes with gay ſcenes and luxuriant landſcapes which beggar deſcription.

The *Trianon*, or ſummer-houſe, is ſituated at the entrance of a wood, ornamented in front by a lovely periſtile, and ſupported by pillars. At the extremity of the wings of the *Trianon* are two pillars, and on the top a fine balluſtrade. From the noble gallery of this building you have a more happy proſpect of the gardens of Verſailles than even from the great gallery of the palace——You here ſee a maſterly painting of St. John the Evangeliſt, by Le Brun. The rape of Orithia, which

which you ſee in the great hall, is a delicious performance. You who are paſſionately fond of flowers would love to haunt the prettily diſpoſed parterres of the *Trianon* private gardens. They abound in the moſt choice flowers, as well exotics as natives. The baſons and fountains have marble borders, and are environed by beautiful groves.

We ſaw their majeſties at chapel as well as at the *grand couvert*. They ſeem very abſtemious——The Queen drank nothing but water; which, conſidering ſhe is a German lady, is rather ſingular. The King is of a ſickly habit ——Judging from the lines of his face, he will not be ſuppoſed a ſhining genius, but, what is preferable, a very good man——He poſſeſſes in a high degree the virtue of œconomy——a very great becauſe a uſeful virtue for a prince. He is free from ſtrong paſſions——no darling vice has yet appeared—— I am inclined to think he poſſeſſes in an eminent degree that milkineſs of ſoul, the characteriſtic of the Bourbon race.

I ſtood very near the Queen the whole time ſhe was at table. She ſeems extremely affable. When ſhe roſe from the table ſhe turned round and converſed ſome time with a lady exactly before me, ſo that I had a complete view of her majeſty.

majeſty. The Queen would have been called a very pretty girl had ſhe been born in the moſt humble ſphere; judge then how ſhe muſt be admired as Queen of the moſt polite, gallant, and loyal nation in the world! Her majeſty is fair and light haired; has not the thick lips ſo common to the Auſtrian family. In her countenance ſweetneſs with dignity are happily blended. She is much adicted to dreſs and public amuſements; frequently goes to the opera at Paris, and returns to Verſailles the ſame night, as the King never ſleeps in the capital. She ſometimes appears at a court-maſquerade, and affects to perſonate the moſt lowly characters. Her majeſtly lately exhibited in the character of a *boulangere*, or baker's girl, and diſtributed her *petits pains* with inexpreſſible grace——when ſhe ply'd the Duke de N——with her hot rolls, he addreſſed her in the happy extempore which you will ſee in the *recueil* of poetry for the laſt year I herewith ſend, beginning thus;

*Jante Boulangiere*, &c.

To the gayer accompliſhments of a pretty woman ſhe is ſaid to unite great ſweetneſs of diſpoſition——many acts of her charity evince, that ſhe follows (*baud paſſibus equis*) at an awful diſtance, the ſublime virtues of our auguſt Queen.

We

We ſtaid at Verſailles three days. On our return to Paris we viſited Marli, built by Lewis the XIV. It is a pretty ſummer-houſe. The gardens are elegant. The firſt curioſity, however, of Marli is the ſtupendous machine that forms the grand reſervoir, by which the waterworks of Verſailles and Marli are ſupplied. But as I have no mechanical head, and you, I fancy, ſtill leſs mechanical taſte, I ſhall wave the deſcription. From Marli we returned to Paris. The next morning we drove to the ſuburbs of St. Germains, to view the Gobelin manufacture. This I think the firſt curioſity in France. With reſpect to delicacy of colour, the French ſcarlet cloth, as well as their ſilks, far exceed thoſe of England. The Gobelin tapeſtry is exquiſitely beautiful! The vivid glow of its tints, and the happy diſpoſition of the lights and ſhades, are *unique*.

ADIEU.

## LETTER XVI.

*Boulogne ſur mer.*

AN unexpected and diſagreeable event, on your ſide of the water occaſioned this retrograde movement. I expected to be obliged to go to London; but a letter has met me here, adviſing me, that the buſineſs has been arranged. I had the honour of being franked from Paris to this place in the led carriage of a young Engliſh baronet, of great hopes, on his return from his travels, to whom I was introduced by his governor, in conſequence of an accidental acquaintance I made with him at the opera. This young gentleman is all over Engliſh—a high ſenſe of honour, naturally good-natured, generous, ſenſible, but impetuous, impatient of controul, replete with attachment to the cuſtoms of his country, and with ineffable contempt for the manners of all other nations. Sir Harry was a very happy man at the period when our acquaintance commenced. When

we

we are pleaſed with ourſelves, we are the leſs difficult to be pleaſed with others; which was, I preſume, the reaſon the Baronet took ſuch a fancy to me at the firſt interview. The cauſe of his happineſs was ſingular: he had betted ten thouſand pounds to perform the tour of Europe againſt *time*. In four months, upon three horſes of his own ſtud, he engaged to daſh through all the polite courts, ſee every thing in them worthy of being ſeen by an Engliſhman, take his travelling notes, anecdotes of great men, &c. &c. and, on his return, publiſh the travelling thoughts and opinions of Sir Harry Hand-in-hand. When I had the honour of firſt beholding him, he told me, "it was now a hollow thing—he had two weeks, one day, forty-five minutes, and ſome few ſeconds, to do his work:: he had ſet his ſtop-watch by the Horſe-Guards as he mounted, and, wind permitting, he could bring his horſes in at the poſt of ſtarting, within eight and forty hours; but that fearing accidents, he had made running through the courts of Italy and Germany; yet in Italy he had been a good deal impeded by the numerous religious proceſſions crowding the public roads——he was under the neceſſity of riding over ſeveral prieſts and devotees, whoſe *outré* garbs, and groteſque countenances, had well nigh made his hunting mare, though a ſteady

tit, run reſty. As for Spain, he had not lain upon a bed, or indeed ſeen a bed to lie upon: he was obliged to puſh through, whip and ſpur; for the whole kingdom of his moſt Catholic majeſty would not furniſh a fit bait to be ſet before an Engliſh horſe! He would, therefore, pull up in France; for he had really began to have a better opinion of the country, ſince horſe-racing had been introduced; this was, he conceived, the firſt ſtep to civilization in any country. He was making intereſt to get introduced to the Count d'Artois and the Duke de Chartres: he wiſhed nothing better than to make a match with them——they muſt be all dupes—— Far from being knowing, he verily believed they did not know how to make a horſe-ſhoe in any catholic country; for which reaſon he had taken the precaution to diſpatch, ere he would venture to ſtart upon the grand tour, a certain quantity of Engliſh horſe-ſhoes, to be depoſited, at certain diſtances, upon the great poſt-roads of Europe. Without this precaution, he was very ſure, he had never ſaved his diſtance. He then aſked me, if I would take a walk with him to ſee the Tuilleries——he had never yet ſeen them ——It will give us an appetite to dinner, ſays the honeſt baronet, when I'll treat you with a glaſs of port my banker has obliged me with at half a guinea a bottle; you muſt be ſatiated

with

with your d——d cholicky French wines—— Before I could bow a conſent to his propoſition, he ſaid, with my leave, having on his boots and ſpurs, he would gallop through the Bois de Boulogne, and meet us in the Elyſian Fields. He immediately mounted, while his bear-leader and myſelf ſtrolled through the Palace Royal, to the Tuilleries to meet him. However, before we could arive *aux champs Eliſés*, we deſcried Sir Harry on his return——he was on foot, examining with accurate attention, and high delight, the two beautiful equeſtrian ſtatues by Coyzevox, bearing *les deux Renommés*, ſtanding at the bottom of the Tuillerie garden. He aſked me if I knew from what Engliſh horſes thoſe ſtatues were deſigned; he could wiſh to have their pedigrees. I told him I believed the ſtatuary had never been on Engliſh ground; he ſhook his head, aſſuring me I muſt be miſinformed, that ſuch thorough bred horſes could be the production of Old England only; he was convinced that the ſtatues were alſo Engliſh; for no Frenchman could have had ſuch a taſte in horſe-fleſh, as to have executed them in a manner ſo maſterly. I ventured not to diſſent from ſo learned a judge as I verily believe him to be in equeſtrian ſtatues——We went on, and at the deſire of his governor, I had the good fortune to perſuade him to take a peep at the

Duke of Orleans's collection of paintings. However, his admiration and panegyric had been exhausted upon the eqeſtrian ſtatues——he glared around him with a look, in which contempt and apathy were blended, and then ſunk into Engliſh reverie ſighing bitterly——I feared he was ſick, but he relieved me, by exclaiming, with the moſt woe begone phiz—— "My dear Sir, what have I not loſt by my governor's d——d hankering after virtû! what a ſoft morning! how the ſcent would lie! had we not have been eating of frogs in this infernal town, we might have had a ſup of mild ale and cold cut this morning; I might have been in at the death! I hoped to call my friend off from his hounds, by introducing him to the Venus of Titiano; he gave a ſide leer at the lady——pronounced the model to have been a poor piece——he could have a finer wench at King's Place for a guinea; and wheeling round from the goddeſs, he gave a ſmack with his whip which ſtartled the Pariſian *petit-maitres*, and had nearly cut off one of the golden locks of Venus, that hung gliſtering with ſea drops, and luxuriantly floating upon her neck! then taking me by the arm, he quitted the Palace Royal, and hurried me away to dinner upon a round of beef, corned under his own direction, whiſtling as we retired, the techical terms, youks, forward,

forward, tally ho! wind him, &c. to the wonderful aſtoniſhment of my Lord Duke's ſervants, and the whole groupe of Pariſian cognoſcenti! they could not articulate a word, but contented themſelves with upliſted eyes and ſhrugs of admiration. In mutual ſeelings of contempt, my friend was at leaſt upon a par with them. Had the Venus of Medicis been there, or had the goddeſs herſelf deſcended from Mount Ida to faſcinate the baronet, he would not (unleſs her deitiſhip had put herſelf up to the higheſt bidder, and conſented to barter her perſon *pour des ſoupirs ſterling*) have ſtaid a ſecond to run the riſk of having the round over-done, eſpecially as that had been the caſe with ſome beef-ſtakes the preceding day, although he had in one day rode round Belvoir and Marli, and hurried through the Gallery of Verſailles in order to return to Paris to dine upon this Antigallican delicacy, to which he had beed invited by a countryman. The port wine again recalled Old England and a fox-chaſe to his imagination; he determined to ſet off that very night, leſt he ſhould loſe the whole hunting ſeaſon——So fond am I of every ſpecies of character, that I could not refuſe the reiterated invitation of travelling with him, or rather with his governor; for Sir Harry, to fulfil the terms of his bet, as well as through inclination, was to ride on horſeback;

at twelve o'clock at night preciſely, he mounted, and ſaying he would order us breakfaſt at Chantilly, rode off; his bear-leader and friend followed in his poſt-chaiſe. We ſlept moſt of the way to this place; we could only now and then have a view of our leader. Our motion was too rapid to ſee any thing on the road. I could have wiſhed to have had more of his company. I longed to get a view of his travels—— his impetuoſity gave little ſcope for my interrogations——his criticiſm upon one of the moſt intire remains of Roman grandeur now in the world, I ſhall never forget. I aſked him how he liked the amphitheatre at Niſmes. "He ſaid, whilſt his horſes took their feed, he had walked round it, and he thought if the huts within, and the rubbiſh about the Arene were removed, it might make an excellent pit for a main of cocks, or an out-riding houſe——If Aſtley had it, he would make a penny by it; but the d——d inhabitants of Niſmes knew how to make nothing but onion ſoup and ſilk ſtockings." This ſpecimen of Sir Harry's turn for obſervation, increaſed my longing after his *porte feuille*, but the ſhort time of our acquaintance countenanced me not in ſuch a requeſt ——we were obliged to part——He would have laughed me out of my ridiculous deſire to make the tour of Europe——ſaid nothing, but the

hopes of taking in *knowing ones*, would have ſupported him through the journey——He would be glad I would ſpend the winter with him in Nottinghamſhire. I ſhould have good dogs, his ſecond beſt hunting mare, mild October, and roſy cheeked farmer's daughters. He concluded with mentioning a reſolution, which, as it does honour to his underſtanding of heart, I will give you as the finiſhing to his picture——He ſaid, it was by no means a love of money, but through a laudable ambition to immortalize Engliſh hunters, that he had made this match, with the European map for his race ground——that he had two ſiſters, good Engliſh bonny fillies, full of hard meat, and ſtanding well upon their pins——that his mother had led them in hand through moſt of the watering places, and had ſtarted them laſt ſeaſon at Bath; but he was informed that they had not yet gone off, which he imputed to their having more blood than money.——His father's expences on the fineſt pack of hounds in all England, a great, but neceſſary expence for an Engliſh gentleman, had been a heavy weight upon the rent-roll, and prevented him from leaving his daughters more than five thouſand pieces each; but he would make it ten; and, if either of the girls took a capricio for me, and I for her, he would give her to me, for he thought me a very honeſt fellow,

only a little queer. Penetrated with admiration and gratitude for his unexpectedly generous offer, to a character so opposite to his own, my heart swelled too big for utterance; I could not articulate my unceasing remembrance of this affecting mark of his partiality, of which a stranger and a fugitive was so little worthy! but the tear of gratitude gushing from my eye spoke for me. I bowed, rung his hand, and rode off.

ADIEU.

LETTER

## LETTER XVII.

*Boulogne, Montreuil.*

BOULOGNE ſur mer appears to me a very agreeable retirement during the ſummer and ſpring ſeaſons. There are ſeveral Britiſh merchants ſettled in it; to one of them, a Mr. Ballyndine, I am indebted for many marks of eſteem and hoſpitality; he is a very ſenſible, amiable, intelligent man; and is I am convinced, the character ſo often talked of, and ſo ſeldom ſeen, a liberal merchant! I am proud of giving this teſtimony of his merit and my gratitude.——

I have the good fortune to have commended to me, by a friend in London, an Engliſh gentleman, a very different character from Sir Harry Hand-in-hand, a Captain Seymour, an officer of the Guards, a man of birth and breeding, a polite ſcholar, a man of nice honour, a very agreeable companion, and a gentleman in the moſt exalted ſenſe of the word——to

finiſh the character in the eyes of a lady, he is alſo a very handſome man. I have the leſs fear of mentioning this circumſtance, as I am told he is engaged to the moſt beautiful woman in England; you will ready conjecture that my informer had not the honour of your acquaintance. In company with this gentleman, behold me beginning my ſecond ſally in the wide world, in queſt of adventures. The day we ſet out, we had invited to dinner our amiable friend B———, who with a ſon of Admiral Taylor, had juſt arrived at Boulogne, in their way to Paris. I had the pleaſure of accommodating them with the lodgings we were about to leave, at the houſe of Monſieur l'Avocat Rutier and his lady, a family in a very genteel ſituation here, where they would live very well, and hear good French. Taking a few glaſſes of Burgundy with my countryman B———e, to the health of our friends in London, we ſet out on bidets——Arriving at Samers, inſtantaneouſly, and in the ſame moment of time, as if obeying a voice from heaven, we ſprung off our horſes, paid our poſt, and determined to make the tour of Europe on foot! Although this deciſion ſeemed merely the effect of enthuſiaſm, upon reflection, upon weighing the pro and con, we found that it was good; we recollected that we were both debtors to caſh; the officer of the guards had anticipated his pay, the American

can had neither pay or eſtate, the great men of his country having borrowed his fortune, with out intereſt, to amuſe themſelves by waging war againſt their king. Unincumbered with horſes, unembarraſſed with a load of equipage, or a numerous ſuite of ſervants, we ſhould be enabled at our eaſe, to reconnoitre each devious path, and every curious object, on, or near the great road——Knowledge too, which is purchaſed by the ſweat of man's brow, is indelible. From our infancy, even to our gaudy years, our diſpoſitions inclined us to a partiality for the Groves of Academus and the peripatetic ſect———leaving to your ſagacity, Madam, to determine which of theſe reaſons had the moſt weight with us——and deprecating the wit of thoſe travellers whom kinder ſtars permit to read men and manners, while they ſlumber through the courts of Europe in well-hung poſt-chaiſes———beſeeching them, that they would not laviſh their Attic ſalt upon beings ſo little worthy of their attention; that they would reſerve it to beſprinkle their own memoirs, which, haply, may ſave them from that ruſt and oblivion to which their inſipidity would ſeem to condemn them,——we took our reſolution with a good grace. Our legs being firm and our hearts contented, we marched on almoſt a French poſt every hour. It was as ſweet an afternoon as you ſhall ſee of a ſpring-tide. The

uneven

uneven but verdant country of the Boulonnois, finely waving in hill and dale, cloathed with wood and refreſhed by ſtreams, ſtretched, on every ſide a happy landſcape. The ſun, haſtening to hide himſelf in the arms of Thetis, illumined our faces with his oblique rays; our faces ſmiling with good-will to all our fellow-travellers by land and water, beaming philoſophic reſignation to the will of fate, and expreſſing, in each compoſed feature, a firm conviction of the maxim of Pope, "whatever is, is right"——and that an honeſt man may have a chance of walking as well as riding to heaven. We were congenial ſouls, yet, fearing ſatiety, ſometimes one or the other fell back, enjoying his own converſation, and inly muſing until he recovered the ſocial tone; for there are chords in harmonious converſe as well as in muſic——neither ſhould remain diſtended too long or too intenſely ſtretched, leſt they relax to the languid by one extreme, or from the other vibrate harſh diſcord. He who firſt felt him in colloquial tune would ſtay for or advance to his friend——we would then trudge ſide by ſide, chattering of philoſophy, of the *belles lettres*, of men, of things, of women, and of heaven! An odd idea came acroſs the powdered head of the captain of the Engliſh guards——he thought it was a pity, that an apple-tree had happened to be planted in the garden of Paradiſe, as it was but too probable that

our

our great grand-mother Eve, during a fit of the green-ſickneſs, would have a longing to nible at unripe fruit. The captain was going on to obſerve, that had not ſhe eaten of thoſe apples, two of her children would not be, now, forlorn wanderers, on foot, in ſearch of happineſs from Dan to Beerſheba——But your chevalier, not piquing himſelf upon being ſo very profound as his friend, and, learning from you to be very godly, to feel a high reſpect for the myſteries of holy writ, broke in upon the captain's theology, contenting himſelf with lamenting that there were many uſages in foreign countries not at all to his taſte ——He obſerved, that the Supreme took pleaſure in forming minds as well as bodies different in different climates——the halting captain—— and, according to cuſtom when any thing ſtrikes him, placing the fore finger of his left hand upon the left ſide of his noſe, his right hand preſſing the boſom of his friend, his look ſad and woe begone——he thus continued, deducing, philoſopher like, particular truiſms from general propoſitions——"What a pity, my dear friend, that, in the beſt of poſſible worlds, the ſouls as well as the bodies of the French ladies have a leſs delicate contexture than thoſe of your fair country women. I am more and more of opinion, that climate has an effect upon the animal as well as vegetable kingdoms; and, while each country has its peculiar productions, there

is

is in each an analogy between the productions of the earth and of human nature. In America, plants and trees grow elegantly tall and ſlender, ſo the men and women of the weſtern world are not ſtrongly but elegantly faſhioned; Flanders mares and Flanders women are the reverſe. In Holland, the very cabbages emulate their High Mightineſſes; they are ſquab, ſhort, and thick. In all other countries you will find this rule hold good."——But to the ſhade I was about to give to the picture of the French ladies——ſo long, my friend, as theſe *ſweet* creatures obſtinately perſiſt to entertain their company, men as well as women, with a detail of their maladies and their remedies; of the neceſſity under which they labour of exhibiting a p——e or a *lavement*, can one chace away the unhappy idea, that in ſpite of all their charms, in ſpite of the faſcination that accompanies all their footſteps, the dear creatures have!

——Ah Celia! Celia! Celia!

Cætera deſunt——D. Swift.

In vain do the admirers of this unſeemly yet philoſophic cuſtom contend, that, while the mind of the hearer is forced to dwell on this dark ſide of human nature, a caſual concatenation of ideas will relieve the fatigued imagination, by leading it to contemplate adjacent beauties! beauties

beauties which no pen can deſcribe, and none but an inſpired imagination trace! The contemplation of this lovely part of the perſpective is, I own, conſolatory——yet however conſoling, however relieving to the eye of fancy, when we are thus *obliged* to think of them together, it only occaſions an unhappy confuſion of ideas which ſhades and injures the more noble and divine parts of the proſpect! The French ladies pique themſelves upon being more polite than the fair ſex of any other country——generally ſpeaking they are right, but ſurely candour muſt allow this to be a ſoleciſm in their politeneſs——Let them but aboliſh this one cuſtom, and I will forget they are mere mortals; I will adore them as angels! But, to purſue the chain of reaſoning from which the French ladies have led me to deviate, according as you feel yourſelf born to taſte a particular ſtyle of beauty, you ſhould ſhape your courſe to that corner of the globe where ſuch beauty abounds——Does your heart beat high when your eye glances upon a little, delicate, finely turned foot (*un pié mignon*) a leg firm, taper, and ſwelling gradually as it riſes towards the knee, ſerving as an outward viſible ſign of delicious inviſible things! Are ye touched by delicate features, a complection where the lily predominates over the roſe! Travel to my country, to America——Love you the fair complection, a ſhape ſmall and elegant——cheeks where

the

the rogue Cupid tranquilly ſlumbers almoſt ſmothered in roſes! pouting mouth! lips moiſt, blub, and ſwelling! Do you wiſh to taſte ſuch cheeks! do you love to ſmack ſuch lips! Travel not at all——ſtay in England——Do you ſigh for a ſhape rather *degagée* than delicate, a luxuriant head of hair, which tickles the imagination with the ambition of touching "hairs leſs in ſight, or any other hairs!"——are you planet-ſtruck by eyes glowing with fire and vivacity! teeth white like feathered ſnow! prepoſſeſſing phiſiognomy——free, bold, eaſy perſon! ſtriking politeneſs! frank manners! little attentions, little nothings, as in French they are called, which, inſinuating themſelves inſenſibly, make way to the inmoſt receſſes of the human heart?——are theſe your objects, live in France——here you will find all or moſt of theſe accompliſhments even in a village maid! Do you pant after a fine neck, a boſom highly formed, delicate, yet ſwelling, reſiſting yet ſuing to be preſs'd! a perſon *en bon point*, full, luſcious, yet in ſymmetry harmonious as a model! hips which riſe and fall as the nymph like a goddeſs walks! do ſuch delicacies ſtimulate your palate, travel to the country famed for ancient virtue and modern muſic? ——Have you an Engliſh roaſt-beef appetite; that is, do you long for large joints of raw fat meat, ſucculent indeed, but diveſted of poignant high-ſeaſoning? puſh on to the Swiſs Cantons

tons, the Dutch States, or the German Courts ——you cannot be taken in when you cheapen beauty at theſe markets——Beauty and butter are there ſold by the ſame meaſure, by the pound. A happy expedient, by which German and Dutch petit-maitres elude thoſe frequent and ſanguinary duels, fought by impetuous lovers of ſouthern climes to aſcertain the ſpecific quantum of charms poſſeſſed by their reſpective miſtreſſes; when ſuch a diſpute ariſes between two nymphs, or two of their dying ſwains at Amſterdam, the ladies are immediately thrown into the ſcales, being previouſly ſtript, to the end that (their heads always excepted) the Dutch miſſes may carry no lead about them——In proportion as a lady riſes in the ſcale, her charms ſink in value; in theſe markets you may cheapen breaſts white indeed like ſnow, but in ſize rather too luxuriant; prodigious hips! and———but I have ventured on to the brink of my ruin! here let me halt!——you ſee, my friend, I have ſet before you all the diſhes in Europe, fall to, chuſe according to your palate; happily for you, you love ſimple meats, for me, partial as you know to ragouts, my delicacy is the ſource of my diſtreſs, and my travels in foreign countries, aggravates my misfortune——for accuſtomed to behold beauty array herſelf in a thouſand different forms, the charms of ſimple nature to me are inſipid. In vain does a lady dazzle me with

eyes

eyes black and ſtreaming meridian ſun-beams, if ſhe owns not a taper leg! in vain does ſhe ſhow me even a taper leg, if, as with enthuſiaſtic ardour I travel on, the adjacent limbs harmonize not with the ſymmetry of the leg and ancle! unhappy delicacy! for this I quit my darling country! for this, foregoing all hopes of ſhining, of ſoaring to immortality, as a general, or a conſul, I truſted myſelf to the horrid Atlantic, to waves, to winds, tempeſts, and ſtorms! for this I flee Albion, a country prodigal of ſimple beauty; for this, in coach, on horſeback, in chariot, or on foot, I have, and I will explore all the towns, villages, and hamlets in France, Switzerland, and Germany ——I will mount the frozen hills of Savoy—— The Alps and Pyreneans ſinking before me, I will make my court to the haughty Spaniſh Donnas, and I will attempt to ſoften the beauifully furious Italian Senoras——If it is not given me to ſatiate my capricious hunger, by taſting the charms peculiar to the fair ſex of Europe, I will chew opium and ſip coffee with the Cadi of Conſtantinople; and taking, *en paſſant*, a ſmack of Turkiſh beauty, I will travel to the polite court of Fez,——peradventure I may have the honour to be preſented to his fable majeſty, according to the etiquette of this auguſt court, riding in ſtate upon a jack-aſs——a courtier on each ſide of me, holding one of my feet, a privy counſellor mounted

ed behind me, to whiſper in my ear, as we move on, how I ſhall demean myſelf in the preſence——at this court I have a preſentiment, I ſhall ſucceed. I flatter myſelf I may, in time, aſpire to the honour of being diſtinguiſhed by the enviable dignity of the baſtinado; after which aggrandiſement her gracious majeſty of Morocco, purſuing the dictates of her partiality, may venture to celebrate the connubial rite between her favourite American, and the moſt amiable of her ſooty maids of honour!——but I muſt, however reluctantly, deſcend from the myſterious beatitude of my nuptial bed to make a little progreſs in my journey.

ADIEU.

LETTER

## LETTER XVIII.

*Montreuil.*

HAVING finiſhed this fine degreſſion, we quickened our pace, and, deſcending a hill, about night fall, we overtook a little monk, a poor Capuchin, riding upon an aſs. He was of the ſame order with Yorick's monk; but, after his pathetic chapter which I never read without weeping, who will dare deſcribe a monk? Not I. Beſides I cannot ſay this monk had a very prepoſſeſſing countenance. He was indeed no intereſting figure, yet his face expreſſed milkineſs of ſoul. He was rather old than young, little beard, leſs hair on his head, ſo that he had no need of the tonſure. His eyes little, but black and vivid. He might be verging towards fifty. His *manteau*, which ſeemed rudely attacked by the deleterious hand of time, and had been a long ſufferer from rain, ſnow, and hail, was about the length of the cloaks worn by the lower order of Engliſh women; no ſtockings, ſandals, much worn, ſupplied the place of ſhoes;——although the poor fellow was not above four feet five

five inches high, he held in his hand a Herculean club; his ſhort cloak, his ſandals, his club, his little eyes ſhining in a head large and fat as the noddle of a common-council man, rendered him rather a groteſque than an intereſting figure;—— he ceaſed to beat his aſs, who brayed horribly every ſtroke the little monk gave him, immediately as we came ſide by ſide, and looked at us with a ſmile. Tranſlate this ſmile into univerſal language, the conſtruction will run thus, Gentlemen, we are denizens of the world, we are ſociable animals, there is a decency, there is a propriety in our ſoftening the fatigues of travel by familiar converſe: in anſwer to this civil propoſition, we ſaluted him in good French; the little monk ſeemed agreeably ſurprized at this, for we had on Engliſh riding frocks; Seymour too, though a perfectly well-bred Engliſh gentleman, had not yet caught thoſe *petits-riens*, on which Frenchmen are too apt to pique themſelves—Gentlemen, we are only a ſhort league from Montreuil, we may goon at our leiſure, without fear of having the gates ſhut upon us; beſides I have intereſt enough, in the worſt event, to introduce us all, for I am fourth couſin to one of the Montreuil nobleſſe, whoſe power is aſtoniſhing. In his diſcourſe he, now and then, mingled a word of bad Engliſh, of which he ſeemed not a little proud; he told us he had the good fortune to learn Engliſh of an Iriſh foot-

man

man to an Engliſh Lord, with whom he had lived in habits of intimacy at Dunkirk; he aſked us whether the Engliſh Monks, Abbés, and Biſhops travelled on foot or upon aſſes; we informed him that we had neither Friars or Abbés in England, and that Engliſh Biſhops were too rich and too dignified to beſtride jack-aſſes; then, quoth the monk, they are prouder than their Lord and maſter, who rode poſt to Jeruſalem upon an aſs, perhaps not better than mine. This poor creature, miſerable in himſelf, derived conſequence from the number and influence of his order, "although his habit was coarſe, his purſe empty, and he rode upon a jack-aſs," yet, *Dieu ſoit loué*, he drank almoſt daily, very good wine, of which we might be convinced, would we honour his brethren with our company at dinner the next day. The recollection of this good wine dilating his muſcles, made him laugh ſo cordially, that he ſhewed every tooth in his head, and then he ſmacked his lips as if he had juſt imbibed a glaſs. Barring a little roguery, of which this poor fellow ſeemed deſtitute, this is the portrait of capuchins in general; few of them have I ſeen, whoſe looks and manner were not revolting; yet, how pathetic the deſcription of Sterne, how he makes you love the hapleſs Pere Lorenzo! à propos of Mr Sterne, ſince I have lived in France, I have learned to admire his genius ſtill more, if poſſible, but I am leſs affected at his intereſting

tereſting deſcriptions, becauſe I believe they were not taken from nature, but were the work of his own brain. I enquired particularly of Monſieur Deſſein about Pere Lorenzo, he aſſured me, that no monk any way anſwering that deſcription, ever in his time, lived at Calais; indeed, whoever has reſided much in catholic countries, will have his mind made up relative to the chapter of the monk; the diſciples of St. Francis, with a few illuſtrious exceptions, at the Head of which was *Ganganelli*, are little eſteemed either by the clergy or laity of catholic countries; they too often merit the appellation of ſturdy beggars; they are ſo importunate, that a modeſt ſtranger cannot elude their demands. I ſhall never forget an Iriſh Recollet, who had the urbanity to pay me a viſit during my reſidence at St. Quintin, in ſpite of the endeavours of my valet, who well knowing the object of his viſit, and, thinking that a fugitive could little bear fleecing from two rogues at once, told him that his maſter was that moment going to gallant ſome ladies to their villa; but capuchins are dull at taking hints, the brawny Hibernian monk bruſhed by my ſervant, and without knocking, ſtood confeſſed before me.

*Monk. Bon jour, Monſieur le Chevalier—— on m'a dit que vous etes * Boſtonien——*

*American.——Monſieur, mon ſaint pere, j'ai l'bonneur de vous ſaluer, ayez la bonté de prendre un fateuil——et faites moi la grace de me faire ſavoir à qui parle-je? à qui aurai-je l'bonneur de faire mes remercimens de l'bonnêtété de cette viſite? votre nom, Monſieur, s'il vous plait—*

*Monk.* I am called: I———I was born in Ireland——I had a brother in your very province——he was a celebrated phyſician, very rich, rode in his coach; without doubt he was known to you—

*American.* I have heard of him, my holy father; I have, indeed, ſeen him; but he was not then in a coach, he was upon a ſorry pony ——I am told he was happy in his manner of playing upon a fiddle and drawing of teeth ——he died about a year before I quitted my country——Your niece, a buxom young huſſy, very pretty, left her mother a little while after the death of her father, to throw herſelf into

* The common name at this time given in France to the North Americans.

the

the road of fortune, or perhaps to visit her rich Irish relations. The tea-tables of our parish hinted that our Governor had the benevolence to offer Miss a state room in the same ship, and adjacent to his own——but I will not vouch for this.

*Monk.* Very possible. The jade has her allurements, and I venture to assert, your Governor would have been content with her manner of comporting herself in such a *trying* situation. At present she starves, for the love of God, in a miserable convent in Flanders, far from the *douceurs* of Governors. What a pity she had the stupidity to decline an elegible arrangement with this gentleman; as you tell me he is a man of wit, of predilection for the sex, and has been an officer in the guards, she would have been happy in his society. Though a *capucin* myself, I am quite sensible that a decent arrangement with a governor is preferable to meagre fare in a convent——but the I——— family were ever mulish———she must suffer for her contumacy———

*American.* I am inclined to be of your opinion; but (looking on his watch) how chagrined I am, my dear Sir, to be unable longer to taste your society; an unlucky pre-engagement permits me not a continuation of my happiness. In France, you know, we are slaves to the

prince, ſlaves to the church, to the army, and, to complete our misfortune, we are ſlaves alſo to the ladies——

*Monk.* You are in the right, Sir; France is a villanous country——

*American.* Pardon me, my holy father, I was ſpeaking of their misfortunes, not of their crimes. France is, in itſelf, a happy country; the climate and the manners mild; the gentlemen, thoſe of the army particularyly, elegantly polite; the ladies have the moſt engaging addreſs and moſt brilliant eyes. I ſhall be ever indebted to the attentive civility of the men and the tender friendſhip of the women. I never countenance the leaſt reflection upon the French nation. Beſides, holy father, as you live by the bounty of the French people, the leaſt inſinuation againſt them is, in you, moſt unſeemly——

*Monk.* Keep yourſelf cool, Sir; you are born in a hot country: your zeal for the French has urged you to hazard a very odd argument. If the poor French people might reckon upon the protection of all the tonſured heads whom they ſupport, they would have for their friends a third of the kingdom: for that will be found the proportion of property in the hands of the church.

church. But we monks treat the people as the peaſant does his aſs. We ride them, male or female as it may happen; we goad them—— and, if they manœuvre badly, we reiterate the ſpur. But there is a diſtinction in favour of the honeſt aſs——when he is ſpurred, he is allowed to conſole himſelf by braying moſt heartily; but the poor of catholic countries muſt not indulge the luxury of ſighs and groans. This would be a crime inexpiable in the eyes of their proud maſters! What! perſuade a churchman to be grateful to thoſe who give him bread! You are diſpoſed to be pleaſant, Sir! Were Peter, James, or Paul, or our Bleſſed Maſter himſelf, with his old faſhioned habit, now upon earth, think you they would have a general invitation to dine at the houſe of Monſieur l'Abbé, who tops his part as a man of wit and fire in a Pariſian circle?

*American.* Upon my ſoul, father, I fear not. Perhaps indeed our Redeemer might now and then, for decency ſake, be invited, provided always that he came full dreſt——that is to ſay, that he put off his coat made without a ſeam, and conſented to give into the rage——to the end that Madame la Marquiſe might not bluſh to receive from his hand her fallen fan, nor Madame la Comteſſe the Brelan fiſh——

But how am I embarraſſed by this unlucky engagement——

*Monk.* *A propos*, Monſieur——you have juſt been writing——What letters are thoſe?

*American.* A modeſt queſtion!——Father, theſe are letters which I write to my relations and friends in America. It is true that war, that plague of human kind!——War, the viſcious hobby-horſe which my beloved countrymen are now riding through thick and thin, will prevent my tranſmitting them——But, in throwing my thoughts upon paper, I feel my mind relieved from a melancholy weight——It is a ſweet pleaſure to converſe, even ideally, with thoſe we love——

*Monk.* But it is poſſible you may have an occaſion of ſending your letters. I wiſh ſo with all my heart, becauſe, while you walk out, I will make uſe of your pen and ink, to write to my ſiſter and nieces——Poor things, they will be charmed with a letter from their uncle ——You will put theſe letters in your *envelope*; the charge will be ſmall.

*Amer-*

*American.* *Bagatelle, bagatelle!* don't mention it——you do me honour. But, my dear Sir, I muſt quit you. My valet will be flattered by your orders. He will ſerve you tea *à l'Angloiſe*, or *caffé*, *petit patés*, cream and ſtrawberries *à la Francoiſe*——You are in your own houſe, my father; think yourſelf ſo, and be at your eaſe——I leave you with regret, penetrated with your humility, modeſty, and urbanity, and have the honour to be, with my whole heart, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant——

*Monk.* Stop, Sir, pray ſtop——

*American.* Can I be uſeful to you, Sir? pray command me, ſpeak frankly.

*Monk.* Look at thoſe feet——behold that leg——

*American.* Hem——Sir——I do behold them; the feet as well as the leg ſeem to want ſoap——the foot has but half a ſhoe; but for the leg——

*Monk.* 'Tis lame, Sir——Well——It is a long and tireſome road from St. Quintin to Douay, the town where I live; the ſun is very hot, and, hard fortune, although my brother lolled in his coach, I have not a ſingle ſous! Without

out money there is no place for me in the diligence. You, Sir, have felt the frowns of Fortune: the ears of the unhappy are ever open to complaints of a fellow-sufferer. Madame H——, Monsieur P—— your acquaintance, have befriended me——

*American.* Madam H——— is the wife of a general, Mr. P——— the only son of a gentleman of two thousand a year——possibly he will be heir to the title and estate of Lord O—y—. I am a poor fugitive, I am almost a capuchin ——But here is two crowns. It is my wish I could do better, but I am not able——

*Monk.* I am much obliged to you, Sir——— Your address——I am not like my order in general; I am no beggar——I mean to repay you——

*American.* Sir, I wish no repayment, I am too well paid in having the honour to be useful to you. What little I have given, freely I give for the love of God——

*Monk.* Sir, you are a gallant gentleman.

*Ameri-*

*American.* Father, you are too partial; but I am beyond my hour——I muſt bid you adieu. I quit you, highly ſenſible of the politeneſs of your viſit.——I then broke away, and ordered my ſervant, after the friar had his tea, to get rid of him by ſome fineſſe——I went away, happy to get clear for two French crowns, and heartily praying, that the devil would have the benevolence to fly away with the whole capuchin tribe. My ſervant told him, that Mr. P—— had company with him; that there would be very good eating; that his maſter would be there, moſt of the Engliſh gentlemen——Paint to yourſelf an interview between this giant in ſable and little Petit-rein, who is by nature ſo delicate, that, even in France, it ſubjects him to the imputation of being ſuppoſed a beautiful Engliſh girl in boy's cloaths. Suppoſe you ſee this little Adonis ſitting of a ſummer's moon-ſhine night in his arm-chair; his face ſuffuſed with a languid ſmile; his night-gown of white muſlin, quilted and doubled with *gris de lind* taffeté; his green ſlippers, embroidered with ſilver and crimſon Cupids; his fine hair ſuſtained by a comb, mother-of-pearl ſtudded with emeralds; his little Italian bitch Cloe on one arm of his *fateuil*, his ſquirrel on the other; his chamber without lights, leſt the glare of the candle might injure his complexion; the moon ſhone upon him; and leaning at the window, he played upon his mandolin a tender

Italian air, accompanying it with his voice broken by his ſighs; his ſpaniel and ſquirrel looking wiſtfully and charmed with his ſong——Behold the Iriſh friar break in upon him with the menacing air of a French drum major! he had alſo a very ſtrong reſemblance of his mother, who, as I ſince learned, had the honour to be the grand-daughter of the famous *Cartouche*, who dying, like many great men, ſuddenly, the poor girl, deprived of ſuch an illuſtrious protector, condeſcended to give her hand to an Iriſh ſerjeant in the pay of his moſt Chriſtian majeſty. Some time after this alliance the Hibernian took French leave of his colours, and retired, with his beloved wife, to the *kingdom*; where repoſing under his laurels, he led a philoſophic life. Their little villa happening to be burnt the very night Mrs. J———found ſhe had occaſion for obſtetric aid; on a bog adjacent to their domain the lady was delivered of the hero who now glares his ox-eyes upon the luckleſs deſcendant of the renowned Duke of O———. The ſcene ſtruck me ſo forcibly that it is this moment before my eyes! the petit-maitre did not recognize him. He believed, that the devil himſelf had honoured him with a viſit to fly away with him, in puniſhment of the enormous crime of having touched his cheeks with a little Spaniſh wool——He gave a dreadful ſhriek, and fell fainting on the floor, ſhattering his mandolin in the fall! His

ſquirrel

ſquirel laid hold of his left ear, ſcratching, diſcompoſing his curls, and muttering in the ear of his maſter, as if he was anxious to know the reaſon of his diſcomfiture; but in vain he teſtified his curioſity: his beloved maſter heard nor him, nor the indignant barking of little Chloe, who tore the Capuchin's robe, and, burying her teeth in his lame leg, made him roar and dance round the room like a half-ſtrangled bear. When I had returned to my lodgings, the moment my rogue of a ſervant told me the trick he had played my friend rather than my enemy. I dreaded the melancholy conſequences. I immediately ran to the aſſiſtance of little Petit-rien. The howling of the dog, the bellowing of the Capuchin, and the cries of my friend's Italian valet, convinced me that I had reaſon for my fears. On entering the room the ſcene was irreſiſtibly ridiculous. I enjoyed it a few moments, and then leaving the field of battle free for the dog and the monk, I threw a pail of cold water upon the Petit-maitre and the ſquirrel. The one ſcampered off, the other opened his eyes; but he was not right for ſome minutes: he ſtill believed he was *vis-à-vis du diable*. He was going to relapſe in a fainting fit! I ordered candles. I made the Capuchin turn four or five times round the Petit-maitre, who, as he turned, followed him with anxious eye. At length he recollected his habiliments; and, as the Capuchin had now

got

got the weather-gage of the Petit maitre, he began to ſnuff up certain odours, leſs aromatic than thoſe which load the gales in Araby the Bleſt, exhaling from the monk's ſkin. Theſe being a ſuccedaneum for aſſa fetida, began to revive Petit-rien. He recognized the monk, and conceived the trick I had played him. Gentle creature! he is too polite, too delicate to ſcold, far leſs to ſwear, but he proteſted by his laylock gloves, that he would not give me a bouquet for ever ſo long! In the mean time he beſeeched me to drive away the ſable monſter. I ordered his Italian to inſinuate into the monk's paw a ſix livre piece, and he retired——But this rogue of a monk has induced me to be guilty of a piece of rudeneſs to his brother of Montreuil.——The poor little fellow had the mortification to find the gates of Montreuil ſhut——He was in a fearful paſſion, that they opened not at the will of a monk, who had for his relation a nobleman of the town. Captain Seymour and I clambered over the gates, and threw an argument, that is, a four and-twenty ſous piece, to the centinel ——The gate immediately flew open as if of itſelf. We politely received the little monk and his jack-aſs. We invited them both to ſup with us at the ſign of the Crown of France; where we found a roaſted capon, a wild duck, fricaſſeed hare, a ſallad, and a flaſk of pretty good Burgundy. We are now at ſupper. It has coſt

me

me many ſheets of paper to make out eight leagues of my travels. You muſt be as tired with the length of my letter as I am with the length of my walk.

GOOD NIGHT.

LETTER

## LETTER XIX.

*Abbeville la Pucelle.*

AFTER ſupper we called a council, to determine upon the plan of our pedeſtrian travels. Seymour's ſervant ſupped in the room next to us with his companions of the diligence. While we walked he rode to attend our baggage ——Beſides, Frank being a man of the world, and of a convivial turn, and following with unequal ſtep, his younger, and more robuſt maſter, had given a good deal into faſhionable diſſipation, by which he had acquired an occaſional ſlight attack of the gout. His maſter therefore was too humane to allow him, as he ſeemed diſpoſed, to walk with us——unſupported by our enthuſiaſm it would have been too fatiguing for the poor fellow: we reſolved therefore that we would ſend our ſervant before with our baggage, ordering him to ſtop at any great town until we overtook him. We were to follow as inclination and the curioſities of the road permitted. Juſt as we had arranged our line of march, Franciſco came into the room to attend our commands; but the *fille de chambre* having informed us, that there

was

was a Portugueſe Cavalier ſupping with the party who came in the coach, who was, in her opinion, a polite, pretty gentleman, and a great favourite with the fair part of his fellow-travellers ——Thinking it a pity to degrade the poor fellow, when he entered the room his maſter gave him a hearty ſhake by the hand——was happy to meet with his friend ſo unexpectedly——made him drink a glaſs of Burgundy, and, giving his orders in Engliſh, he, in French, inſiſted upon his returning to his company, leſt his abſence ſhould reduce the ladies *au deſepoir!*

In the morning, after indulging in the luxury of green tea, we marched off about nine o'clock, and at duſk arrived at *Abbeville la Pucelle.* This lovely maiden city, the capital of Lower Picardy, though built in a modeſt, unelevated ſituation, is environed by an agreeable country. It would make as ſweet a place of reſidence as a man of a philoſophic diſpoſition could deſire. I quitted it with regret. I ſhould have endeavoured to perſuade my friend to ſtay here with me a few months; but, being told the inhabitants ſpoke bad French, it would not ſuit our plan.

Abbeville is highly and deſervedly famous for the fineneſs of its cloths and the beauty of its virgins. It is ſurpriſing how the quality of this laſt manufacture differs in a very ſhort difference of

dif-

diſtance. As France abounds in hard-featured peaſants, ſo has the French language a much ſtronger phraſe to expreſs uglineſs than I recollect in Engliſh. Between this virgin city and Montreuil it is only ten French leagues, yet the women of Montreuil, in general, deſerve the French epithet——*elle ſont* richement *laides, ou d'un laideur amere.* At Abbeville every ſtreet and little court is crowded with Hebes. I pretend not to account for this prodigious diverſity. It is the buſineſs of a traveller to record facts worthy of reflection——It is the ſtudy of the naturaliſt to trace effects up to their cauſes——

The Poſt here is an exceeding good inn. Our *hoteſſe* a widow lady; a genteel, intelligent woman——*conſequently* ſhe immediately diſcovered the *gentlemen* through our diſguiſe——gave us an excellent ſupper, good beds, and pretty wine, which was poured out by two fair *filles de chambre* ——ſuch delicate ſamples of Abbevillian beauty did, I own, not a little heighten our regret at quitting this maiden town——

Paying without a murmur the bill, and kiſſing the cheek of the amiable widow, whoſe bluſhes emulated thoſe with which Aurora tinged the window of her bed-chamber, the ſcene of our audience of leave,——thrice ſhe waved her hand and bad us adieu; and thrice ſhe pointed the

path

path to Amiens, and hoped ſhe ſhould, on our return, be honoured by a call of two ſuch amiable cavaliers——Thrice we vowed, that if heaven lent us life, we would again commune with her, again we would contemplate, high pleaſed, the fair daughters of Abbeville——thrice we returned to enquire the near road ſhe had ſo often pointed out to us in vain——She felt the full force of the implied compliment, her jetty eyes beamed the ſmile of gratitude; ſhe ſhrugged her ſhoulders; *Quelle etourderie dit-elle! ho, ca tenez. Collette, vous aurez l'bonneur d'accompagner Meſſieurs les Anglois, mes tres dignes amis, juſqu' au bout de la ville. Tres volontiers Madame.*——Behold us under the convoy of the fair *fille de chambre*——her air naïve, degagé perſon, delicious *enbonpoint*, the glimpſe of a delicate ankle and ſwelling calf, which, as ſhe walked ſhe contrived to exhibit, combined to render our conductreſs intereſting, and give a pathos to our laſt adieus.——*Bon voyage, Meſſieurs, qu'l me tardera de vous revoir en bonne ſanté.—Adieu, belle Collette ſi nous reſtions à Abbeville vous trouverions nous auſſi cruelle que belle? O Dame! apparemment vous me moquez——les covaliers tels que vous, ſont faits pour plaire, aux dames bien nées, en tout pais, mais pour trouver des cruelles jamais*——The pill was ſo happily compounded, ſo congenial to man's conſtitutional weakneſs, we could not but ſwallow it; we put our hands to our purſe ſtrings,

bluſhing

bluſhing that we had forgot to reward our conductreſs, we both gave her, I will not ſay what we gave her; be the ſum what it will, we could expect no praiſe from the gift, for we were actuated rather by ſelf-love than charity. Without prying too curiouſly into the motive, I ſhall ever recollect, with ineffable pleaſure, the incident. Prudence, ſaid we, had given too much ——but Prudence is an old maid, with whom a man of ſpirit ſeldom forms *un arrangement honnête*. When we ſaw the happineſs we procured the poor girl; when we ſaw joy, affection, gratitude ſuffuſe her countenance, and irradiate her eyes, we ſighed that we could give ſo little—— *Eh! Meſſieurs, que je vous dois des remercimens, mais je ne puis plus parler, que mes pleurs parlent pour moi! De votre Cadeau je groſſerai mon dot—heureuſement ma grande mere m'a laiſſée quatre vingt ecus—pour s'etablir chez nous une fille doit être paſablement riche, car les hommes d'aujourdhui nous recherchent moins par ſentiment que par ambition.* I ſaw the tear of ſenſibility and of joy hang upon the cheek of my friend; never did I myſelf feel more delicious ſenſations! we could not help kiſſing the amiable creature, and, by heaven! a more innocent Platonic preſſure of a female lip never was imprinted by man! we promiſed her, that if her little fortune, and her numberleſs accompliſhments,

compliſhments, procured her not a huſband worthy of her tenderneſs, when we returned to England, which ever of us was firſt married, would create her firſt maid of honour to the wife of our boſom,—She reiterated her thanks, and made her courteſy; we broke from her, exulting in our ſkill at ſentimental commerce, in the cheap bargain we had ſtruck; with a few grains of yellow earth, we had purchaſed the never dying gratitude, the guileleſs heart of one of creation's faireſt forms. When the heart is glad, the feet are light. Gay, blithſome, debonnaire, we marched on rapidly, pondering upon the beauty and ſimplicity of the fair *fille de chambre*; for many miles we ſpoke not a word; real happineſs contents itſelf with its own ſenſations, it is not loquacious; it is a ſemblance only of felicity, which inſpires garrulity. Our hearts were ſo full, that we had marched near five leagues, without recollecting that we had not breakfaſted; the recollection came too late, we were near a league from the laſt poſt-houſe, we were therefore fain to elude the calls of hunger, by feaſting ideally upon the charms of the ſweet maidens of Abbeville. At length we deſcried the little town of Pecquigny on our left, lying upon our road, at about the diſtance of an hour's walk; ſomewhat nearer, on our right, we beheld a goodly looking chateau, hanging upon the ſide of a gently declining

declining hill, cloathed with a rich wood that aroſe in amphitheatre behind it, and ſtretching on each ſide, circularly, nearly envellopped the whole pile of building, covering it from the ſummer ſun-beams, and penetrating winter winds. We immediately concluded it to be the aſylum of holy men; General Waſhington exhibits not more ſkill in chuſing his ground; the poſitions of each are always the beſt the nature of the country will admit, always maſterly; we underſtood from a peaſant that it was l'Abbaye du Gard, a monaſtery of the order of Citeaux, and indeed having juſt arrived at the brow of the hill, we deſcried at the extremity of the vale beneath a monk apparently in very earneſt colloquy with a country girl, who was lolling ſupinely upon the graſs, by the ſide of the father, leaning her head upon the moſſy fragment of a rock that overlooked a pellucid ſtream, which croſſing the high-road, flowed and babbled along an adjoining meadow. Ah! the liquoriſh holy ſinner, cries the Captain of the Guards, how he preſſes the infant devotee to taſte the manna of ſpiritual love! Come on, my friend, let us ſtep between the ſpirit and the fleſh. Eſſay this adventure alone, heaven forbid that I ſhould ever rival a friend, or that the man I love ſhould rival me; the occaſion is inviting, the village maid is tempting—yet, in my breaſt, it excites only one darling wiſh—Were

but

but the village maid transformed to Julia! the American in the habit of the Friar!——if then, the village maid would be an angel of mercy, the Friar would be a God!

FAREWELL.

LETTER

## LETTER XX.

*The Family of the Old Soldier.*

AS we drew near, we bluſhed at the uncharitable ideas, actuated by which we had approached the holy man and the village maid; we learned to doubt appearances, to be aſhamed of the inſipid frothy common place we recently played off againſt the church. The object of our obloquy was the prior of the adjacent convent, a venerable impoſing figure;——his head, whitened by time, and by reflecting upon the frailties of human kind, united with an air of unconſcious piety and benignity, an addreſs modeſt, ſimple, awe-inſpiring, ſoon convinced us that the God of deſire muſt have long ago retreated from a boſom ſo chilly, to baſk his pinions in the ſun-ſhine of young and gaudy years: he held in his hand a little book, it was the Catechiſm uſed in catholic ſchools; he was examining the daughter of a tenant of a ſmall farm held of the convent; we obſerved no criminal con-

confuſion fluſh his cheek at our approach; his ſweet diſciple too ſmiled conſcious innocence; but, at once to diſſipate all remaining doubt, at the diſtance of a few paces, we diſcovered the father and mother of the girl, the one weaving ozier baſkets, the other ſpinning flax, at the door of a ſmall cottage, ſhaded by a clump of oak trees. which had, till now, hid it from our view——Obſerving two ſtrangers converſing with the holy father, whoſe exotic appearance excited their curioſity, they advanced towards us. The dame, though long paſt her meridian, had not that rigid look ſo common to the old women of this county; ſhe had a plump mellow countenance——the huſband with no diſtinguiſhing *trait*, by his aſſured look, his eaſy diſengaged walk, we gueſſed had *ſerved*; this was confirmed by a long deep ſcar running acroſs his temple; he ſoon informed us, that he had the honour of wading through the bloody field of *Fontenoy*, and had got his head thus embroidered, on that memorable day, by an Engliſh cutlaſs. His wife told us that her family was upon the point of ſetting down to a dinner of milk, cheeſe, and fricaſeed eggs. *Vous êtes encore bein loin d'Amiens—Meſſieurs faites nous l'bonneur de faire maigre avec nous.* The captain of the guards made polite excuſes for us both, adding, that we ſhould be obliged by a glaſs of her milk and water; this requeſt called up Mademoiſelle,

moiſelle, their daughter, who ſkipped like a young fawn, to their cottage, and in a moment came bounding back with a large ſilver goblet of the beverage we had demanded. In her face Mademoiſelle Dupont could not be called a regular beauty, yet her features blended together, produced an intereſting effect, frequently wanting to lifeleſs ſymmetry; her complexion fair, vivid, and glowing, with the *rouge* of nature; her eyes of a ſaphire blue, full of capability, but ſeemed yet untaught to expreſs any wiſhes, ſave thoſe flowing from a pure heart, unadulterated by too familiar commerce with betraying man; her hair, a light gloſſy auburn, floated in rich ringlets around her poliſhed neck; her noſe was greek——A ſevere connoiſſeur would have contended that her mouth was too wide, had not the ſeeming defect been richly compenſated by the coral hue of a dewy under lip, which, ſwelling a little outwards, diſcovered a ſet of teeth elegantly ſmall and ſuperlatively white. Though not tall, the delicacy of her ſhape exhibited her to the eye above the common ſize; ſhe was dreſſed in her holiday garb, a white cotton jacket, faced with laylock ribbands; the waiſt of her jacket tightly hugging her ſhape, happily threw out the whole *contour* of her perſon, which had all the luxuriance that conſiſts with ſymmetry; although ſcarcely fourteen, the tempting mellowneſs of her whole perſon ſeemed

to

to render her an eligible candidate for hymeneal rites: ſo early does love emancipate thoſe votaries whom he deſtines to the ſupport and ornament of his empire! Obſerving us eye attentively the ſilver goblet, the old man told us, that it was a preſent from his colonel, a French nobleman, who fell mortally wounded the firſt charge he made upon the Britiſh infantry at *Fontenoy*; that he had the honour of carrying him off from the field of battle, that his preſent wife was at the time *blanchiſſeuſe* to his dear colonel; had nurſed him the few languiſhing days he ſurvived the ſanguinary action, and that he had given him his purſe, and her this cup, as a reward of their fidelity. The poor fellow ſpoke this with a voice broken with gratitude and with love, yet, with that innate politeneſs, never quitting a true Frenchman, he added, *notre fille a ſû bien anticipée nos ſoubaits, car nous ne montrons ce goblet jamais, ſi ce n'eſt qu'à temoigner notre bienviellance à ceux qui en ſont dignes!*

The good Prior, as ſoon as we approached, had put up his book, not with the quick abrupt motion of guilt, but as if he would avoid an oſtentatious diſplay of piety. He greeted us with a tender affectionate *unctuous* air, only becoming from age to youth, begging us with a look ſo benign and hoſpitable, that we would eat our ſoup with his brethren, that we were induced to quit

the old ſoldier and his amiable family, to follow the man of God——The Bernardines are a ſleek order; "they little wreck to find the way to heaven," by faſting and mortification. The Prior's five brethren had rubicund countenances. It was a day of Lent; our dinner was ſimple, but delicately dreſſed; they gave us a ſmall white wine at dinner, and at the deſert a glaſs of excellent red champaigne; declining the offer of a bed, and bidding adieu to our holy hoſts, we ſet off for Amiens, where we arrived with the ſetting ſun. Supper had been ordered by our ſervant, finding ourſelves a little exhauſted by this day's march, and it having been, at our out-ſet, determined that the difference of our expences between walking and poſting ſhould be dedicated to charity, love, and wine, we reſolved to ſacrifice a bottle of champaigne, as a libation to each of our miſtreſſes——theſe were ſoon imbibed, and whether from wearineſs or languiſhment at the abſence of our goddeſſes, our low ſpirits ſtill continuing, Seymour, who at all times ingenious is ſingularly brilliant when good wine is the object, obſerved, that as either of our Dulcineas would, without doubt, have won the apple had they been exhibited in a ſimiliar dreſs with the three goddeſſes of Mount Ida, and, as they combined in their perſons all the united charms of the three Graces, we could not hope to render them propitious by a ſacrifice ſo niggardly.——The

logic

logic was good——there could be one only proper anſwer to it. *Garcon! apportez nous encore une bouteille de champagne mouſſu——fort bien mi Lors*——in France the third bottle always creates you a peer——inſtead of the *garcon*, the landlady herſelf entered with the third bottle, and informed us that the Prince of Condé was to hunt the ſtag at Chantilly, the day after to-morrow——this intelligence determined us to go poſt next day, that we might have the honour of attending the Prince——*bon ſoir, ma belle Princeſſe.*

ADIEU.

## LETTER XXI.

*Amiens, Chantilly.*

AMIENS, the capital of Picardy, a large commodious French town, is ſituated upon the river Somme. It has fine, large ſtreets, ornamented by many well-built houſes. Part of the ramparts afford a beautiful walk, ſhaded by lofty oak trees——But the principal ornament of Amiens certainly is its cathedral church, dedicated to the Virgin. It is adorned with paintings, three of which, repreſenting the triumph of our bleſſed Lady, are in white marble, of exquiſite workmanſhip. The iſle of the church is 213 paces, that at Notre Dame at Paris is only 170. It is ſaid to have been built by our Engliſh anceſtors. A more beautiful dome certainly is not in the world. We were prepared to admire it, but found it ſurpaſs our ideas. Never did I behold an arch ſo ſweet, bold, and delicate! it ſeemed to us no mortal work, but created by the fiat

fiat of ſome God! we gazed at it a conſiderable time with ineffable delight; went out, returned, gazed again, and, at length, with infinite regret, hurried ourſelves away.

Among the ſacred curioſities in the cabinet of this church the pious are ſhewn the head of St. John the Baptiſt, yet in good preſervation. It was found at the taking of Conſtantinople, in the year of Chriſt 1204, by Valon de Sarton, a gentleman of Picardy, who being a good Chriſtian and patriot as well as a good ſoldier, made a compliment of it to decorate the principal church of his province.

We left Amiens at one o'clock; at night we arrived at Chantilly——In the morning we hired the beſt bidets we could procure, and daſhing in amongſt princes, counts, marquis, and chevaliers de Malthe, partook of the hunt—The ſtag had juſt been ſtarted and was followed by the Prince of Condé, the Duke of Bourbon his ſon, and about thirty French gentlemen, moſt of them officers of the *Condé* regiment——They were all mounted upon fine Engliſh hunters, which they rode with *manège* bits——were equipped with enormous jack-boots, and wore the Prince of Condé's hunting livery. This, though here an honour, would, with Engliſh noblemen, have been a diſtinction by no means enviable.

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The French ſay, this prince piques himſelf upon hunting *al' Angloiſe, ou avec la viteſſe d'un diable*; yet we ſoon overtook the whole hunt, capering along at a hand-gallop. Seymour, who is a very genteel and bold rider, was eager to daſh with his little bidet up to the dogs; obſerving that this manœuvre would introduce us gallantly to the hunt and announce us as *Engliſh* gentlemen. But this the etiquette to the prince, which in an Engliſh chace would have been ſuſpended, did not permit——We kept with the hunt for two hours, until our ſorry bidets were blown. The Prince of Bourbon frequently rode up to us, politely pointing the way that the buck had took; and, without committing his own dignity, treated us with that obliging familiarity which young nobility know not how to aſſume. The Marquisde Sans Soucy, a tall, genteel figure, an officer of diſtinction in the regiment of Condé, rode up to Seymour, and told him, that he had the honour to ſerve againſt the Engliſh laſt war in Germany ——and if ever I am diſpoſed to indulge an emotion of vanity, ſays the polite Marquis, it is when I recollect that I had the honour to ſerve in the regiment that once puſhed Burgoyne's light horſe. That regiment was not in Germany, retorted the Engliſhman, with a tone ſurly enough——The Marquis was not rebuffed.—— *Peut-etre c'etoit les chevaux legers d'Elliot; c'etoit, cer-*

*certainement, ou l'un ou l'autre ; c'eſt un ſouvenir qui me ſera cher, juſq'u à mon dernier ſoupir*——The Engliſh officer of the horſe-guards could not reliſh this attack upon the Britiſh cavalry, however executed with Gallic urbanity ; and the elegant Marquis happening to mention *les inſurgents*, he ſnatched the opportunity to ſhift him to me ——ſaying, that I was an American, nephew to General——of the republican army (a travelling title which he had thought proper to give me ——that, of courſe, I was more competent to ſatisfy his curioſity relative to General Waſhington, the Congreſs, &c.

About one o'clock they took *le dain*, and the hunt ended. The Prince and his ſuite had a cold collation prepared for them at a little temple in the wood; after which they propoſed to ſhoot pheaſants until night, when they were to return to Paris.

Captain Seymour had heard me, after I thought I had won the Marquis' heart, by giving a picture of Waſhington, which I ſaw pleaſed him, in reply to his inquiry whether we were well accommodated at the hotel, careleſsly anſwer in the negative; ſaying, "We were not a little ſurprized that an inn, built expreſsly for the accomodation of ſtrangers who reſorted here, to ſee the noble palace and princely foreſt of Chan-

tilly, ſhould have ſuch indifferent wine——this was the more extraordinary as the Prince was alſo governor of Burgundy." The Marquis had alſo given me the opening and I reſolved to hit it. The hint was a good one: if he underſtood it not the fault was not in me. However, my friend had the laugh againſt me when we ſat down to dinner——But juſt as the ſecond courſe was ſerving one of the Prince of Condé's domeſtics was announced——*qui, de la part de Monſieur le Marquis de Sans Souci, avoit à parler à Meſſieurs les Anglois*——He entered——Never did I behold a more pleaſant-looking fellow, for he held in his left hand a wicker baſket, in his right a card from the Marquis, "who did himſelf the *honour* to requeſt we would be ſo *obliging* as to taſte the Prince of Condé's Burgundy; wiſhing it might ſtand the teſt of ſuch good judges."——He added, "that he was *au deſepoir*, we did not intend any ſtay in Paris, as ſuch an arrangement militated againſt his ambition of cultivating our acquaintance." The baſket contained ſix bottles of exquiſite Burgundy and two of Muſcat. The more I imbibe the more I am convinced, that pure Burgundy is a moral drink. Never do I taſte it genuine, but I feel my heart expanding in philanthrophy and good will to all human kind: next to love it is the greateſt inſpirer of generous actions. Man is a frail being, and, warned by me,

me, let him beware of relying too much upon his native virtue: let him continue to nouriſh that tender, ſickly offſpring of the ſoul by generous infuſions of this moral mixture. For myſelf I frankly declare, that I ever find myſelf calculating compound intereſt and the vibrations of ſtock, e'er I finiſh my pint of port; I ſlumber and dream of my tithes over a cup of mild ale, and confined to ſmall beer, I am capable of *petty larceny* and all ungentlemanly miſdemeanors: but while I ſip imperial Burgundy I feel myſelf a hero or a demi-god! I have, or wiſh I had, kingdoms to give away to others, and kneeling Statiras to keep to myſelf and preſs to my glowing boſom!

We imbibed a bottle to the health of the Prince, and reſolved to ſtay all the next day, to review his royal domain and do juſtice to his moral potation.

To a real ſportſman the diverſion of pheaſant ſhooting was rather ridiculous. About threeſcore peaſants beat the buſhes of the foreſt, and drove up to the ſcene of action, flocks of game as large as flocks of turkeys. You would really have ſuppoſed they were driving the birds to their rooſt. The French ſporting petits-maitres were arranged in a groupe, prepared with fuſees *à deux coups*, to aſſail the winged foe. They did not ever

give themſelves the trouble to load or reload their pieces——over-grown valets attended for that purpoſe. In about half an hour they brought down about twenty couple of pheaſants, to my aſtoniſhment and the indignation of Seymour. Before we could recover from our reverie of admiration, they had put the buck and the reſt of the game into a led coach, and rode off for Paris.

The palace of Chantilly is a venerable, ancient caſtle, and abounds with valuable paintings. There has been lately erected a detached building, ſome hundred paces from the old caſtle, merely intended as a nurſery for the Prince of Conde's grandſon and his ſuite. I think it is above 100 feet long, containing a ſuite of rooms in one continued range. I admire exceedingly this modern building. The rooms are much in the Engliſh taſte; not large or loſty, but commodious and neat——furniſhed with great elegance and propriety, but rather in a ſimple than a ſuperb or rich ſtyle.

The Prince of Condé's reſidence for his horſes is much more admired than that for himſelf. I have not ſeen ſuch noble ſtables in the poſſeſſion of any monarch whom I have yet had the honour to viſit——They are elegantly built of fine ſtone, may contain near 300 horſes; and, when we

ſaw

ſaw them, they had at leaſt a hundred of their ſtalls filled with fine Engliſh hunters.

The gardens are well diſpoſed. The *Iſle d'amour* is an aſylum worthy of the laughter-loving goddeſs: it is indeed inchanting! Had Mount Ida been ſo bewitching, Adonis had never ſtray'd from the arms of Venus. The Foreſt of Chantilly is a beautiful, immenſely ſpacious, rich wood, abounding with prodigious quantities of every ſpecies of game——Conſcious of the reſpectability of their aſylum, of the protection they enjoy under ſo powerful a prince, they are as tame as fowls in an Engliſh farm-yard——This is no exaggeration. I perſuade myſelf, that, at many ſeaſons of the year, you might, with your guileleſs countenance, encourage the pheaſant to eat out of your hand, the infant partridge to neſtle in your boſom! an aſylum to be envied by his princely maſter!

Well may the ſtag, the chevreuil, and the whole feathered throng, tenants of the groves and copſes of Chantilly, be fearleſs, gay, and happy. In England, and ſtill more ſo in America, a peaſant would deem it a meritorious action to deſtroy them, could he do it with impunity. In France, I verily believe, there is not a ſingle hind but would bluſh to be thought guilty of it ——I verily believe, he would almoſt ſtarve e'er he

he would lay his hands upon a little *tomtit*, ſacred to the pleaſure of his prince: ſo pure, ardent, and inviolable is the homage they pay not only to their kings, but to all the princes of the blood.

The Prince of Condé always hunts in a royal ſtyle, and upon Engliſh horſes, great numbers of which are held by valets, at different diſtances, in this immence foreſt, to be ready to mount occaſionally the prince and his ſuite. It is indeed a noble ſight. This prince treated his gueſt the King of Denmark with a hunt in the foreſt of Chantilly in the night. The whole extended wood for twenty miles round, being lighted up with flambeaus, exhibited the brilliant appearance of a ball-room! The concourſe of people of all ranks, you will ſuppoſe, muſt be prodigious; the neighing and trampling of the horſes; the muſic of the hounds dying along the boundleſs avenues of the foreſt; the bounding of the aſtoniſhed deer; the flitting of the affrighted birds; and the prattling of the ſwains and village maids, who in the groves danced cotillons, appearing like wood-nymphs or faries, who, under the influence of the pale moon, celebrated their myſteries; all theſe uniting rendered the hunting *fête* of Chantilly a moſt enchanting *fête*——highly worthy of the Prince of Condé

Condé! But I ſhould think, that a being who could behave ſo unfaſhionably, not to ſay brutally, to the ſiſter of our royal maſter, deſerved no ſuch honour.

ADIEU.

LETTER

## LETTER XXII.

*Coche d'Eau.*

IN the evening of the day, after our hunting with the Prince of Condé, we went to Paris; in the morning we found ourſelves, bag and baggage in the *Coche d'Eau*, which travels from Paris to Auxerre in Burgundy——this mode of conveyance was ſtrongly recommended to us. It is a large veſſel with different compartments, which is drawn along the river by means of horſes on the adjoining ſhore. It is certainly very cheap and commodious for baggage——Were the paſſengers in this veſſel allowed, as they are in the ſame vehicles in the ſouth of France, to ſleep on ſhore at night, they would be eligible; however, to curious travellers as we profeſs ourſelves to be, this ſpecies of conveyance is well worthy of eſſay. It was a fine day, and as we ſlowly moved along, the windings of the river Seine afford a rich variety of country. Elegant villas, well diſpoſed gardens, moſſy hills, and

ſweet

ſweet little towns, blending together, exhibited a very pleaſing, pictureſque landſcape. Noah's ark contained not ſo great a diverſity of human animals as did this *coche d'eau* of Auxerre. Fidlers, perfumers, mountebanks, milleners, monks, manteau-makers, coquettes, abbés, village-maids, ſoldiers, ſtateſmen, old women, pimps and petits-maitres! motley groupe! yet not unworthy the contemplation of a philoſophic eye! It was a miſcrocoſm, a world in miniature! various is the taſte of man, yet the *coche d'eau* of Auxerre afforded ſociety congenial to the moſt capricious palate. At firſt we converſed promiſcuouſly, feeling the ſocial pulſe of each other; quadrilles were ſoon formed in the cabin, and on various parts of the deck. The Captain of the guards had aranged a party of *reverſée*, with the wife of a citizen of Fontainbleau; an Abbé and a Chevalier de St. Louis; the lady was comely, *appetiſſante*, rather fat, but having from her infancy ſucked in the court air, her demeanor was gentle and inſinuating; ſhe ſeemed to liſten nothing loth to the *fleurets* of *le bell Anglois*; the good man, her huſband, bowed to the captain, in acknowledgment how ſenſible he was *aux procédés*; to the captain's predilection for a branch of his family. For myſelf, I glided from one party to the other, like a bee extracting the eſſence of various flowers in various parterres; at length I ſettled upon a family piece,

piece, who were at breakfaſt in a retired corner, defended from the ſun by a temporary awning; it was an intereſting groupe! I was meditating how I ſhould introduce myſelf. I was hovering near, undetermined, when their ſon, a roſy-cheeked urchin, about four years old, jumping from the lap of his ſiſter, who was powdering his golden locks, and ſliding along the veſſel, caught hold of the ſilver and laylock taſſels of my cane, on which I leaned *nonchalently* my chin, while my eyes ran over the charms of his ſiſter; the young rogue ſeemed delighted with the ſtring——I took it off, hung it about his neck, and having caught him in my arms, without ceremony, went and ſate myſelf down beſide his mother; ſhe ſeemed pleaſed, yet ſhe chid the little *polliſon*, as ſhe called him, for his rudeneſs, while I hugged and kiſſed him, declaring I felt myſelf highly indebed to the politeneſs of the young gentleman for introducing me to a family ſo amiable; the mother thanked me for my partial compliment. The turn of her converſation was ſo delicate, her choice of words ſo happy, that I conjectured ſhe muſt have been educated far above her preſent ſphere; her huſband, by birth a Swiſs, had the air of ſimplicity and honeſty, ſo frequently ſeen in the faces of thoſe virtuous people; he urged me to take a *coup* of wine and a ſlice of ham, which I declining, Mademoiſelle Nanette preſſing her undu-

undulating boſom with the moſt delicate hand I ever beheld, ſaid, *au moins, Monſieur voudra bien nous faire l'honneur de prendre une taſſe de caffé*; we attached ourſelves entirely to this party, inſiſting upon their dining with us upon the beſt fare our travelling hotel would furniſh.

Mademoiſelle Artaux was not tall, which is an idea we generally have in our minds, a part of the delicious *tout enſemble*, which goes to the compoſition of a fine woman; but I think I never ſaw ſo pretty a woman in any country. True beauty, like genuine wit, is to be felt, not deſcribed; yet will I endeavour to give a faint copy of this perfect original. When I pourtray feminine beauty, I generally begin with the hair, becauſe I think a fine head of hair a beauty, in a woman, the deprivation of which is not to be palliated by any, or every other charm; but in this I regard quantity more than colour——— there cannot I humbly think, be too great a profuſion upon a female head——this bewitching redundancy always makes my fancy glow with a caſual aſſociation of ideas, wonderfully pleaſing to a man, whoſe predominant paſſion is woman! This lady's hair was in colour a clear ſilky flaxen——its growth encroached upon her forehead, and terminated there in a point—— it was braided up after the Grecian faſhion—— Her forehead low, her languiſhing eyes a gloſſy blue

blue——long eye-laſhes, and, as well as the eye-brows, ſeveral ſhades darker than the hair of her head——Under her left eye there was a little purple ſpot, which I ſhould have taken for a blood drop from the point of the arrow of love, had not her mamma told us that it was the natural mark of a grape-ſtone——her every limb, her every feature ſeemed the more perfect the longer you gazed upon them——If, however, there could be ſaid to be a gradation in her charms, the preference muſt be given to her hand and arm, leg and foot——the mere glimpſe of her ancle would have made a Stoic forget his apathy——his palpitating boſom would tell him he was made to feel pleaſure, if not pain——Her neck long and exquiſitely white, terminated by falling ſhoulders——a waiſt rounded by the hands of the Graces——her complexion

Fairer to be ſeen,
Than the fair lily on the flow'ry green!
More freſh than May herſelf in bloſſoms new—

This ſweet girl had been with her parents to Paris, upon ſome affair relative to their commerce in wine;——for Medemoiſelle Artaux, with all glowing graces of a wood nymph, all the eaſy politeneſs a court meteor, was the daughter of a ſim-

a ſimple Vigneron! I underſtood afterwards, that her father had been ſteward to the Marechal D———, and marrying the favourite maid of Madame la Marechal, two ſons and this daughter were the fruit of their loves. Little Nanette inſinuating herſelf into the good graces of the only daughter of the Marechal, was continually at her ſide participating the leſſons in the various polite accompliſhments taught her noble patroneſs.———Her preſent elegant manners ſhewed how well ſhe had profited by her opportunities——though not ſixteen, ſhe ſung with taſte, danced with eaſe and elegance——and her mother, in the effuſions of parental fondneſs, told us, that Nannette *peut pincer l'harpe très joliment:* an inſtrument happily calculated to diſplay the beauty of a fine arm. After dinner, to which two remaining bottles in the wicker baſket gave a zeſt——Seymour, with a millener of Dijon a *petite brunette très appetiſſante*, the lady of Fontainbleau, and an old Croix de St. Louis, Mademoiſelle Nannette, and myſelf danced cotillons on the deck, Mademoiſelle having previouſly enchanted us by her naive manner of ſinging ſome of the airs of the Deſerter particularly,

Peuet-on affliger ce qu'on aime!

We

We continued our dancing by moon-light, until twelve o'clock, when we ſeparated to pay tribute to the ſlumbering god——There were five beds for one hundred people; this being no age of miracles, they could not ſuffice——three of them were poſſeſſed by the two families I have already mentioned.———Seymour and I kept guard at the door of the chamber, graced by Nannette and the little millener of Dijon, who ſlept together——We were fain to elude the attacks of Morpheus, by diverting our *ennui* with a rubicund Cordelier, who ſang us *chanſons à boire*, while nymhs, ſwains, prieſts, and old women, on the deck, ſlumbering around us, breathed a chorus to his ſongs——At length, wrapping my Spaniſh cloak about me, I too laid me down, having for my pillow the plump jowl of the roſy gilled Cordelier; but the ſpiritual rogue ſnored ſo abominably, that ſleep was denied me; I therefore amuſed myſelf by counting the trees by which our boat glided, whoſe branches reflected the pale rays of the ſilver moon upon the watry boſom of the Seine——I gazed upon the Pleïades, the Milky way; I pondered upon the fixed ſtars, upon comets; I was calculating the tranſit of Venus, and lamenting the abſence of Julia! At this critical moment, Aurora diſplayed her *grê de lind robe de chambre* upon the dewy orient——I ſtarted up, planet-ſtruck, believing

it

it was you, but alas! I called you, and you would not anſwer——I looked for you, but my blue-eyed naïed of the Thames would not be found!

ADIEU.

LETTER

## LETTER XXIII.

*Foutainbleau, Auxerre, Dijon.*

WE continued in the *coche d'eau* until the ſucceeding evening, when dreading to paſs another night without ſleep, and wiſhing to ſee Fontainbleau, whoſe noble foreſt we now deſcried at a diſtance on our left; we ſubmitted our baggage to the charge of Frank, and, promiſing to rejoin our acquaintance at Auxerre, we again became peripatetic travellers.

The ſun was near ſetting when we arrived at this romantic foreſt: his declining rays gleaming through the branches of the lofty oaks, and blazing upon the gigantic craggy rocks, which ſeem to have been planted here coeval with the creation, rendered the ſcene worthy the pencil of Salvator Roſa! A beautiful horror pervaded the whole wood! the *coup d'œil* was gloomy, awful and ſublime! yet, as we penetrated the boſom of the wood, the pheaſants and partridges flitting;

the

the chevreuils and fawns gamboling around us, ſoftened and enlivened the aweful majeſty of the proſpect.——The grand ſheets of water around Fontainbleau, from the beauty of which the chateau takes its name; the numerous craggy rocks growing among the oaks, give a moſt interreſting wildneſs to this landſcape, rendering Fontainbleau, to my taſte, much more pleaſing than either Compeigne, Verſailles, or Marli.

By the bye, I know not a more eligible retirement to acquire the French tongue: it being a court, the language is ſpoken in all it purity; and when the court is abſent, which is ten months in the year, I am told a ſtranger may live reaſonably at Fontainbleau.

We viewed the different apartments of the chateau. The gallery of *cerfs*, about 100 paces in length, is the moſt ſtriking. The quantity as well as ſize of the bucks horns, trophies of the royal hunting at Fontainbleau, is ſtupenduous. There are few paintings here worth commenting on. I am told Lewis the Fourteenth took the moſt valuable of them to adorn his favourite reſidence, Verſailles. There are few ſtatues of value in the extenſive and romantic gardens adjoining this palace: that which pleaſed me moſt was two infants playing with a ſerpent: the expreſſive

preſſive innocence in their countenances finely contraſts the guile of their inſidious play-mate. Fontainbleau is an antique——built, ſome ſay, by St. Louis, others by Francis the firſt. It was embelliſhed by Henry the Fourth. The preſent King ſeldom viſits this place. The Prince d'Artois reſides here a great part of the hunting ſeaſon, to which diverſion the foreſt ſeems well adapted. *Le Jardin d'Etang* is ſurrounded by a number of canals, full of the largeſt carp I ever ſaw. The garden of pines, the grottoes, caſcades, and grand canal are on the ſame magnificent ſcale with the foreſt. Next morning, with the riſing ſun, we left Fontainbleau, and, without encountering any thing remarkable, arrived at Sens.

Sens, the capital of Senonois, is ſituated upon the river Yonne, over which we paſs to the town upon a long ſtone bridge. Tho' I have hardly faith enough to believe, with the inhabitants, that this place was built by Samotes, one of the four ſons of Japhet; yet its narrow and winding ſtreets are ſtrong marks of its great antiquity. It is among the largeſt and moſt agreeable towns of France. The numberleſs rivulets meandering acroſs the ſtreet muſt be very refreſhing in the ſummer ſeaſon, and commodious for various domeſtic uſes. They ariſe from the river Vanne, which

which, dividing in various canals, renders the environs of the town one continued garden.

The metropolitan church of Sens, dedicated to St. Etienne, is very large, and richly adorned with ſacred paintings. The dome is highly celebrated: it is beautiful, but much leſs ſo than that of Amiens. The glaſſes of this church are of a moſt ſingular beauty—They were painted by one Jean Couſin, a native of Sens. Among many lovely chapels there is one tranſcendantly ſo—Its cloiſter repreſents a ſphere, with all its conſtellations—The ſub-baſe of the grand altar, only exhibited on *fêtes*, is a bas-relief upon a table of gold covered with Jewels; which repreſents St. Etienne on his knees in the middle of the four Evangeliſts——Loitering a good while in this church, we could not leave Sens until twelve o'clock of the day after our arrival. We frequently ſaw the *coche d'eau* gliding in the meandring river Yonne, which hung along our road upon the right; and once we ſaw, *la petite* Nannette wave to us her ſnowy hand. Certain that we ſhould arrive at Auxerre as ſoon as our baggage, we contented ourſelves with making ſeven leagues, arriving about an hour by ſun at the agreeable little town of Joigny, which hanging upon the declivity of a hill, and looking upon the rivers Amancon and Yonne, which join at the bottom of the town, and, thus, united, ſweetly

flow and meander through a large fertile meadow, renders Joigny a delicious retreat.—As we entered the hotel, a young petit maitre accoſted us with true Gallic eaſe, crying, *regardez, Meſſieurs, voila le beau monde de Joigny, qui va ſe diſſiper; allons nous mêler pêle mêle avec eux*—He took us each by an arm, but being a little duſted, we excuſed ourſelves, begging his company at ſupper; he was *au deſeſpoir*, he could not have the honour of introducing us to the ladies, bowed and ran after them——in effect, looking out of the window, we ſaw a large groupe of belles and beaux, elegantly dreſſed, walking on the banks of the ſtream which flowed through the beautiful meadow, at the foot of the town——the deſpairing petit-maitre was already romping whith one of the girls——On his return he told us, in *confidence*, that he pitied this ſweet maid with his whole ſoul, *car effectivement elle eſt fort à plaindre,——à mon arrivée ici je m'aviſois, pour paſſer le temps, de ſoupirer aupres d'elle——la pauvre enfant, elle a pris ce ſimple badinage aux ſerieux! tant pis pour elle——car je dois epouſer, inceſſament, une fille d'un rang diſtingué que je hais de tout mon cœur, mais une femme eſt faite pour cela.* —For the firſt time, my ſpleen roſe againſt a Frenchman—for, of all characters, I think a male coquette, or a female jilt the moſt abominable; the latter eſpecially is a monſter in petticoats ——to be ſure, in an age where ſenſibility is an

object

object of ridicule, when, to be frivolous, is to be fashionable, my ideas on this occasion may appear *outré*; but if the crime most fatal to the peace of a generous soul, if the crime most subversive of the happiness of its devoted object, may be fairly deemed the most enormous, surely I am right. A writer of your country, whose views into the human heart were profound, thus indignantly and pathetically pourtrays the effects of this enormity,——"Assure yourself, my Lord, he who has never felt the anguish of being betrayed by the person he passionately loves, has but a *faint* idea of the sorrows incident to human life. The shipwreck of a brilliant fortune—told least, leaves us the advantage of displaying the magnanimity of soul, either by evin[illegible]ce in our moderation in supporting the reverse—and Nannette biting that noble firmness which elevates us at their above the misfortune——The excessive visit to a with which every human heart is replete, dilection ten a consolation in its most poignant chagrins; happy he who can feed in secret upon the delicious banquet of self admiration! but what resource remains to the devoted wretch, who having rashly concentered all his joy and felicity in one single object, sees himself in a moment bereft of it, accuses, as the cause of his tears of blood, the very hand he would have chosen to wipe them away, if any other grief could have caused them to flow? To be wretched and

wretched, becauſe one loves, is an intolerable ſpecies of miſery, which it is impoſſible even to comprehend, without having made the melancholy trial!"

Auxerre, where we arrived next day to dinner, is a frontier town of Burgundy, lying partly upon a hill, and partly on a valley, watered by the river Yonne which divides it from the province of Nivernois——This river is a very commodious medium of commerce between Auxerre and Paris, and is likewiſe reſorted to as a
of
an[illegible]ſſage to and from the moſt conſiderable towns
ban[illegible] France.

beau[illegible]he church of St. Germains in this town is
the de[illegible] being explored, on account of the
whith one o[illegible]s and bones of ſaints it contains, in
us, in *conſi*[illegible]ervation.
with his

*à plaindr*[illegible] had the pleaſure of arriving in time to
hand Mademoiſelle Nannette out of the *coche d'eau*——her countenance lighted up with innocence and joy at our approach——with a happy mixture of gaiety and *naïveté* ſhe gave each of us an arm, ſaying, *mes amis je me fie à vous*——ſhe was now dreſſed from head to foot *à la Grecque*——we flew with this fair Cyprian ambaſſadreſs to the hotel——The old Chevalier de St. Louis, an amiable young ſoldier, his nephew, the rubicund friar, the family of Artaux, Seymour, and

and I ſpent the evening together——Mademoiſelle ſang, played upon the guittar, and danced an *allemande* with the nephew of the Chevalier, while the uncle entertained us with an account of the feats, which he did *not*, the day he ran from *Rosbach*. The Franciſcan recounted the hiſtory of his transformation from a drummer to a mountebank, and then to a monk of the order of St. Francis——In the capacity of a phyſician he had, he feared, put many a chriſtian to death, but now he would ſhew them the way of eternal life.———We all ſeemed happy with each other, and regretted that the approaching morning would diſperſe us——Madame A———told us that ſhe lived in Franche Comté on the borders of Switzerland; that it would be in our way to the cantons, and that ſhe and Nannette would be infinitely happy to entertain us at their hermitage.——We aſſured her that a viſit to a family for which we had ſo juſt a predilection could never be out of the way of men of ſentiment——She then retired, followed by the fair Greek, who left us all in admiration of the delicacy of her perſon, the ſweetneſs of her manners, and the graces of her wit.

There being no ſtated conveyance from Auxerre to Dijon, we hired a coach, rather for the accommodation of our baggage than ourſelves, for we were now become fond of walking, and ſo invigorated by it, that we could walk thirty and forty miles a day, with leſs fatigue, than we could make ten when we firſt began our march.

We had a fourth ſeat to diſpoſe of, with which we complimented the Chevalier de St. Louis, who was going to Dijon to ſee his relations—— He was a good-natured, garrulous, companionable old fellow; was lame, and living entirely upon the ſmall penſion incident to his ribband, ſuch a favour was not unacceptable. In the morning Seymour and I generally walked before or behind our coach——we had ſo much the foot of it, that we could explore the wild country of Burgundy at our leiſure, arriving in time to order dinner, and get acquainted with the landlady and *fille de chambre*, before the coach with the old ſoldier came up. After our repaſt, we got into the coach, where the Chevalier ſet us to ſlumbering over his ſieges and battles: for he was a modeſt Frenchman, and was not the little hero of his tale until his vanity was awakened by the juice of the grape.——Journeying on, in this manner, we, the third afternoon,

noon, arrived in the capital of the Duché of Burgundy, and were ſet down at the *Hotel de Condé*.

We went next morning to the coffee-houſe, where we met with ſeveral of our countrymen of rank and faſhion. Mr. R———, ſon of L. Langford, of Ireland, a gentleman, whoſe opulent fortune is his leaſt merit; the two ſons of Sir James Campbell, with their governor, a ſenſible Scots gentleman; a Mr. Jackſon, an Iriſh gentleman, of moſt ſweet amiable manners; a Mr. Alexander, of Edinburgh, who had reſided ſome time with his two accompliſhed daughters in Dijon*; laſtly, a Mr. Rubijo, a Welſh gentleman——a mixed character, ſeldom to be found in nature, a violent politician, and moſt pompous and and elaborate antiquarian; he is exceedingly entertaining——in the courſe of an hour's converſation at a coffee-houſe, he made an oration upon the Olympic games of the Greeks, the gymnaſia, pugiles, and the baths of the Romans——then dived into the profound receſſes of Herculaneum, emerged, loaded with moſt choice antiques, and finiſhed with panegy-

* The youngeſt daughter, an amiable girl, has been ſince married to the grandſon of Dr. Franklin, and Secretary to the American Embaſſy.

rics upon the Congreſs; upon the ſacred fire of Roman virtue, which well nigh extinguiſhed by the Goths, was rekindling with redoubled blaze, in the hearts of the americans!

We have received ſuch polite invitations from the Engliſh, to dine with them in rotation, that we ſhall ſtay longer than we intended; for finding Dijon an extravagant French town, we ſoon agreed it would not anſwer our purpoſe, as a place of halt, for a few months, to improve our knowledge of the French language, to which the town is well adapted——The French is ſpoken here with the utmoſt purity——a vicious phraſe is ſeldom to be found in the mouth of a peaſant around Dijon.

The Hotel de Condé, where we now are, is as dear as any Hotel in London; an anecdote relative to the unbounded avarice of our hoſt, was mentioned to us by our friend the antiquarian. Lord A. P. with his lady, arrived there from the ſouth——upon her arrival, Lady P. was brought to bed——his Lordſhip ordered the landlord not to let a waggon or a coach enter the yard until his lady was recovered——to make his bill, ſtating what he ſhould loſe by the above arangement——He had the modeſty to charge fifty pounds a day——had it been a thouſand, in ſuch a ſituation, Lord P. muſt have acquieſced.——

in

in ten days her ladyſhip got well enough to continue her route to Paris. Excluſive of all other expences, Lord P. paid five hundred pounds for the tranquillity of the hotel.

FAREWELL.

## LETTER XXIV.

*Dijon.*

THIS is an elegant and commodious town; the ſtreets are wide; the houſes built low, and more in the Engliſh manner than I have yet ſeen in France; the ramparts exhibit a very beautiful picturesque country; ſeveral pleaſant little villages, ſituated on high hills, whoſe declivities are cloathed with vines, are happy objects, terminating the different views; they have adjoining the ramparts, a retreat called Vaux-Hall; the only particular in which there is a ſimilitude between this and the celebrated Vaux-Hall of your country; it is to be ſure a faint imitation, but if, as I am told it does, it tends to concenter ſociety in the ſummer months, the principal end of a pleaſure garden is anſwered: indeed the environs of Dijon are one continued pleaſure garden. The town lies at a little diſtance from *Talan* and *Fontaines*, between two hills, at the entrance of a vaſt plain which extends about eight leagues to the

the ſouth; to the weſt it looks upon a long chain of mountainous country, robed with vineyards, flowing with the moſt delicious wine in the world.

There are ſeven pariſh churches in Dijon, none of them very remarkable for the beauty of the workmanſhip, or of their paintings; I muſt except the *facade* of Notre Dame, which is highly, and I juſtly think admired. The public buildings are magnificent, and arranged with propriety, the parliament was eſtabliſhed by Lewis the XI. in the place of the Dukes of Burgundy in 1480. Great form and dignity are obſerved in French parliamentary proceedings. We were preſent at a pleading; it it was upon a caſe ſingular enough; an attempt made to diveſt an advocate of his gown; the pretext immorral conduct; a tender connexion with a lady, whoſe reputation was rather problematical, and whoſe humble rank in life countenanced not her diſſipated manners, was adduced in proof of the allegation; the poor devil of an advocate was upon his legs at leaſt four hours, and laboured hard to exonerate himſelf from the charge; inſiſting much npon the *innocent*, *ſentimental* nature of the arrangement; however, as the lady's apron was obſerved by the ſage and penetrating judges to be too ſhort for a profeſſor of the Platonic ſyſtem, the advocate loſt his gown: in France it is

expect-

expected that lawyers preserve, at least the outward semblance of honesty.

There are three superb hospitals at Dijon; one in the city called *St. Anne*, for the accommodation of orphans; a fine, well-adapted building; the second, in the suburb d'Ounce, is *l'Hopital du St. Esprit*, founded and built by Eudes the third Duke of Burgundy, in 1240. It is of the order of St. Esprit de Montpellier, served by *les prêtres hospitaliers*, for pilgrims and travellers; the third, in the same suburb, is a superb building, at the expence of the principal magistrates and inhabitants of the town——it is called *l'Hopital General de la charité*——it is appropriated to the use of poor helpless sick, and is served by nuns, who had, for their institutor, a certain *Benigne Jolie*, Doctor of Sorbonne, who, dying a saint, perfumed with holiness, was buried in this hospital.

One of the principal curiosities of Dijon, i the Chartreuse, situated about a mile without the town——it is richly endowed, and makes a good use of part of its revenues——it gives a very considerable sum annually to the *l'Hopital du St. Esprit*, and to the poor, Six hundred large loaves of bread a week. There are from ten to a dozen monks in this house, who are such strict observers of silence, that you would think yourself in a desart

ſart——This chartreuſe was built and endowed by the laſt Dukes of Burgundy; its circumference is prodigious; the cloiſters and the church itſelf beautiful; in the middle of the choir you may ſee two ſuperb tombs of black marble; upon one of which is moſt naturally repreſented Duke Philip the Bold, upon the other the figure of his ſon, Duke John, *ſans peur*, with that of his wife, Margaret of Bavaria; you are ſhewn the body and head of this laſt Duke, who was killed upon the bridge of Montreau Faut-Yonne; around theſe noble tombs you ſee a number little figures, in white marble, about a foot and a half high, repreſenting the convoy of this prince——their different attitudes, and the expreſſions of their countenances are very intereſting.

Among the paintings, our Saviour taken down from the croſs, has great merit——I think I ne-ſaw any thing more naturally repreſented than the blood flowing from his feet that had been nailed to the croſs: it was ſo horribly fine, it made me ſhudder!

I muſt not omit to mention a curioſity ſhewn in one of the principal churches of this town, *la Sainte Chapelle*, founded by Hugh the third, and Sixth Duke of Burgundy, of the firſt race, at his return from the Holy Land. In the cloiſter

of the canon which joins the church, you ſee a miraculous hoſt, marked with drops of blood which ſhe ſhed when ſhe was pierced with ſeveral ſtrokes of a pen-knife, by the ſacrilegious hand of a certain Jew! It was ſent in the year 1430, by Pope Eugene the Fourth, to Philip the *Good* Duke of Burgundy, who made a preſent of it to this church, where it is preſerved in a golden coffer, garniſhed with precious ſtones, a gift of the Duke of Epernon. It is expoſed in an annual *fête*, placed in a golden ſun of maſſive weight, adorned with jewels. In this church you ſee the eſcutcheons painted of the Knights of the Golden Fleece, inſtituted by Philip the *Good*, at Bruſſels.

The laſt and moſt celebrated curioſity of Dijon is an edifice behind the church of the order of St. Benigne. It is a rotunda, and has ſtrong marks of extreme antiquity; it is compoſed of three vaults, one above another, ſuſtained by one hundred and four pillars, each of one intire piece; it receives no light, but from an opening at the building; it is ſuppoſed to have been a temple of the Pagan gods, now conſecrated to the god of Chriſtians, by means of ſeveral chapels worked in it, as well as by the devotion of the faithful, who there revere the tombs of primitive Chriſtians, or unknown martyrs, to whom this

this building has ſerved as a place of aſylum, or burying place.

As we were with our guide deſcending to this gloomy edifice, we deſcried a glimmering taper moving about the pagan temple by a hand that appeared, in the darkneſs viſible, to be that of a giant! We called a halt in front,——the dead ſilence reigning around the awful vault! the idea of the impious pagan rites that had been celebrated there; their abominable ſacrifice of the primitive chriſtians, ruſhing upon our diſordered fancy, made us conceive this figure to be ſome unhappy ſoul reconnoitring his dreary abode! Our guide appalled, fell headlong down the ſteps, upon this gigantic phantom! the guide ſcreamed moſt woefully, while the phantom cuffed and curſed the guide.—— The bad French in which he cloathed his execrations, led me to diſcover him; ſurely, I cried, this muſt be the flower of modern antiquarians, the profound *Rubijo!* none but a genius like him would quit Dijon, its ladies and its *agrémens*, to bury himſelf with heathen gods and chriſtian martyrs! He claſped me in his arms, my dear! ——none but a man of your taſte would have traced me in my philoſophic haunts!

He politely offered to be our guide; ſhewed us a large aperture on one ſide of the wall; he was convinced this was the door at which the beaſt

beaſt was introduced at the ancient ſacrifice; he adduced ſo many arguments in favour of the conjecture, that we were fain to be convinced likewiſe; he traced the building beyond the time of Chriſt. Having filled his pocket handkerchief with antique duſt, purloined from the ſides of the door of ſacrifice, he led us to certain figures of wild beaſts (tygers) very plainly wrought in Moſaic, on the pavement; this was, with ſemblance of truth, ſuppoſed to be a remain of Roman ſuperſtition; it gave *Rubijo* occaſion to expatiate diffuſively upon the cats, dogs, monkies, and other gods and goddeſſes of the Egyptians, Aſſyrians, Grecians, and Romans. This brought us to two o'clock; we aſcended to dinner. We have been ſolicited by our countrymen here to reſide in this town; they have in their turns entertained us in a ſumptuous and elegant ſtyle; indeed the very agreeable manners of the Engliſh reſiding at Dijon is a principal reaſon for quitting them; we perceived their ſociety will ſeduce us from our firſt object, the attainment of the French language. As a place of abode, Dijon is very eligible; it is the capital of a moſt ſweet country; containing, within itſelf, every thing requiſite to the luxuries, as well as neceſſaries of life. Ceres and Bachus walk hand in hand, diſpenſing to their favourite Burguignons, their peculiar bleſſings.

Dijon

Dijon is alſo the ſeat of a parliament. Once in three years the ſtates are here aſſembled by their governor, the Prince of Condé, when the town blazes with royal ſplendor.

They have a good theatre; the firſt actors of Paris frequently reſort to Dijon, at the meeting of parliament, or the aſſembly of the ſtates. Some of the principal nobility, and a great number of the learned, particularly the learned of the long robe, reſide here. Dijon has at preſent a concert, gentlemen performers. All amateurs of the city, and travellers of faſhion, are here received with politeneſs.

Lectures on botany, natural and experimental philoſophy are given gratis by profeſſors appointed for that purpoſe; ſtrangers of decent appearance may readily procure an introduction, and here they meet with the citizens of rank and faſhion of both ſexes. Women are thought by theſe polite people, by no means out of their ſpheres in a philoſophic circle. I coincide with French ideas upon this occaſion; I have ever thought the fair ſex poſſeſſed a happy diſpoſition to the ſtudy of natural philoſophy, nor do I taſte the experimental part of the ſcience, unleſs the fair are the objects of my experiments.

To-morrow we ſhall ride out of town, about twelve miles, to ſee the monks and the celebrated

ed Abbey of Citeaux——after which we ſhall, though with regret, bid adieu to this town and its numerous *agrémens*; from eſſenced petits-maitres, we ſhall again become peripatetic philoſophers, and ſhape our courſe to Beſancon.

ADIEU.

LETTER

## LETTER XXV.

*Monks of Citeaux in Burgundy.*

*Story of the noble* AUSTRIAN.

WE were furniſhed with a letter of introduction to the prior of the convent, from Monſ. l'Abbé Butler, a native of Ireland, deſervedly reſpected here, who takes all occaſions of evincing his benevolence to his countrymen. Seymour and I, attended by our ſervant, went on horſeback, and arrived at Citeaux a few moments before dinner was ſerved. It was a Lent-ſunday ——We were not expected, yet I have ſeldom ſeen a repaſt at once ſo ſuperb and elegant—— There was no meat, yet we had, in the different courſes, at leaſt fifty diſhes, excluſive of the deſert, which conſiſted of ſweetmeats, a variety of fruits, and half a dozen different kinds of exquiſite cheeſe. The dinner conſiſted of white ſoups, a ſpecies of aquatic wild fowl, vegetables and eggs dreſſed in various manners, all delicious. The Abbé of Citeaux is a younger brother of one of the firſt families in France. The man of birth

birth, of education and breeding is conſpicious in his every action; he is too a very handſome man, polite, eaſy, genteel, and, although above fifty, yet ſuch is the elegant *otium cum dignitate* he enjoys, as monarch of Citeaux, that he appeared to me not more than thirty. He invited, with the prior, half a dozen of his ſubjects to dine at his table with his Engliſh gueſts——in all we made the number of the Muſes, with Apollo at our head.——If brilliant wit flows from ſparkling wine ours was of the pureſt water. The *ſympoſium Dei*, as deſcribed by the antient poets, was rather a boiſterous club——the *ſympoſium Dei* at Citeaux was "the feaſt of reaſon and the flow of ſoul!"

This monaſtery was founded by a Duke of Burgundy. The Abbé walks next to the Prince of Condé in proceſſions, and is deemed the ſecond man, with reſpect to rank, in the duché. His revenues, about 5000l. a year, an enormous ſum in this country, ariſe principally from the exquiſite wines made upon the lands contiguous to and belonging to the convent——Beſides white, he gave us nine different kinds of red Burgundy, with each of which Bachus himſelf might have deigned to purple his mouth! The noble Abbé drank moderately, yet ſeeing the captain of the guards and the wild American ſmack their lips after each glaſs, he had the happy

py talent of inducing his guests to imbibe cheerfully. His discourse was so powdered with Attic salt that it excited thirst. His look was so benign, so friendly, he would beg us so earnestly to taste yet another and another glass; he was so desirous that such good judges should give him their opinion of the comparative value of his several kinds of wine: he had such an art of exhibiting a better and still better bottle, that we were fain to oblige our noble host——Potations so exquisite, uniting with our sensibility of a reception so very friendly and polite, heightened our spirits and stimulated our natural desire to please. We gave the Abbé and his brethren a sketch of the ridiculous incidents of our travels. We had the happiness to see that our attempt to divert the good monks was crowned with success——Their holy countenances were lighted up, and their fat sides shook with laughter——They became full of *enjouëment*, replete with repartée——Indeed the benign air of the Abbé, the peculiar garb of him and his holy brethren, their flashes of wit and merriment, contrasting with the solemn awful silence pervading the whole scene around us, operating upon imaginations flustered by most exquisite beverage, induced us to conceive that we were far above the terrestial hemisphere, and

"*Purpureo bibimus ore nectar*!"

Without

Without incurring the imputation of vanity we may ſuppoſe our ſociety was agreeable to theſe honeſt Bernardines——Secluded by the rules of their inſtitution from the world, ſeeing little company but thoſe whom curioſity excites to viſit them, I know no deſcription of men more eaſily pleaſed, more ſuſceptible of the charms of ſociety than monks in general.——In the buſy ſcenes of life, in the public haunts of men, where almoſt every ſource of enjoyment is exhauſted, a wearineſs, a tedium hangs upon the mind, which makes it delicate and faſtidious to exceſs, and, in a manner, impervious to agreeable ſenſations ——With the man of the world novelty is exhauſted, with the recluſe every thing is new—— every little incident therefore becomes an object ſtimulating curioſity——Taſting, as we did, the refined pleaſure of pleaſing, we were ourſelves highly pleaſed——We agreed that we never had paſſed a more agreeable day.

Of the monks invited to dine with us there was one by birth an Auſtrian——a tall, manly, commanding figure! Courage and dignity beamed in his countenance——He had more the air of a general than of a monk! We ſince learned that he was a man of birth; that, in early life, he had been a ſoldier——had loved, but a diſappointment in the moſt tender and irreſiſtible of all human paſſions had induced him

to

to dedicate the remains of his unhappy life to the ſervice of God——In this holy aſylum he endeavours, by meditation, and by acts of beneficence love, and charity, to obliterate or ſoothe the remembrance of his melancholy lot! I don't know how it was, but a certain preſentiment that his might one day be my deſtiny, immediately gave me a predilection for the nobly unfortunate Auſtrian! He is now old and infirm, and looks as if the grave, the only ſure refuge for ſorrows like his, will ſoon cloſe upon him! He had the gout, the Abbé told us——I loved the good Abbé for the reſpect and attention he paid the old man——Cheer up, my father, ſaid the Abbé, the fit is going off; you will ſoon be out of pain; drink cheerfully of this old wine——good wine is a *panacea* for the ills of all you Germans. Here is to the health of the Empreſs your amiable Queen——The Engliſh gentlemen will pledge you. The Engliſh gentry were once knight-errants in the ſervice of your Imperial miſtreſs.——A ſigh that heaved the manly breaſt of the noble Auſtrian, and a big tear that trembled upon his woe-worn cheek, told us that his ſickneſs was in his heart, and that he would never be out of pain until his pulſe ſhould forget to move!——Yet he drank to the health of his royal miſtreſs, and taught his countenance to wear the ſemblance of joy, leſt ſympathy for his ſuffer-

ſufferings might ſhed a gloom over the ſocial circle.

After coffee the Abbé very politely preſſed us to take a bed, and ſtay a few days at the convent, ſaying he would give us meat for ſupper, which we ſhould have had at dinner had he known of the honour we intended him——He aſked us to look at his convent, medal-room, library, &c. ——Seeing our predilection for the ill-fated Auſtrian, he deſired him to accompany us.

The church is beautiful and ornamented with a great number of pictures, chiefly copies taken at Rome of the firſt pieces in that city, ſo celebrated for the merit of its paintings——The library is well choſen; the medals neither numerous nor intrinſically valuable; they are moſt of them in braſs——A head of Otho and one of the Emperor Julius Cæſar are much admired——In the laſt you trace or fancy you trace all the ſingular talents of that eminent warrior and ſtateſman in the lines of his countenance——While the Auſtrian held the head of Cæſar in his hand he deſcanted, with an amiable enthuſiaſm, upon the virtues of his roval maſter the reigning Emperor, and, by way of relief to the picture, was laviſh of his ſatire upon the Pruſſian Frederick——He lamented, that by our joining this ſanguinary ſcoundrel, as he called him, the laſt war, we had precipitated, *bien à contre cœur*, his beloved miſtreſs

miſtreſs Thereſa into the arms of the French, in violation of true policy and of the natural by as of the Auſtrians to the Engliſh people: for, ſaid he, our habits and our manners are in uniſon ——We love the Engliſh, and our love is heightened by our remembrance of and gratitude for your generous and powerful protection of our young Queen, when a combination of her enemies made her totter on her throne. Our alliance with the inſidious French is not countenanced by our feelings; it is aukward: we are too frank, they are too crafty. On the other hand, connected with the Engliſh, it is ever thus, ſaid the honeſt Auſtrian, eagerly ſnatching my hand to his mouth and *kiſſing it*. He then begged we would examine if we had any medals, that is *half pence*, of the Kings and Queens of England. It is the greateſt preſent you could make me, ſaid he——A true Auſtrian infinitely prefers a braſs head of an Engliſh king to a golden ſtatue of a French monarch! The captain of the guards was highly delighted with this elegant and ſincere eulogium upon his country and his ſovereign——By the aſſiſtance of his man Frank he had the happineſs to accommodate our friend with a half ſcore of the *medals* to which he was ſo partial——Never did he receive ſo many thanks for ſo trivial a gift——The old man's heart overflowed at the ſight of two individuals of a nation he loved——He ſaid,

ſhould we, as we had given room to hope, viſit their convent on our return from Switzerland, he would tell us the ſad ſtory of his life——— The lady I adored was a native of your happy country, ſaid he——She is now no more——— I have the additional anguiſh to know, that her attachment to me precipitated her fate!——E'er I go to my dear Adelaide I will confide to you the hiſtory of our loves.———Her countrymen and her lover ſhall with tears of ſentiment and of pity moiſten her urn! Here the voice of our noble friend faultered——He ſighed, ſeemed confuſed at betraying a tenderneſs unſuited to his holy garb——He bluſhed, claſped his folded hands to his agonizing breaſt, which laboured to contain a broken heart! threw a longing, fixed look to the heavenly abode of his miſtreſs! ——ſhudder'd!——with his ſuccinct robe,* candid type of an unſpotted ſoul, he veiled his guſhing eye-lids, and abruptly retired!

Thrice worthy ill-fated mortal! fare thee well! could I but ſpeak peace to thy wounded ſpirit my worſt ſin were done away! Mayeſt thou hereafter meet thy beloved Adelaide in a purer world, where no croſs accident ſhall break in ſunder the indiſſoluble bond of love; no cares cloud your joy!

* White, the dreſs of the monks of Citteaux.

To recover our tone, we took a walk around the offices of the convent. The monks of Citteaux retain only the rational part of devotion: they clog not their way to heaven with uſeleſs reſtraints———They have for relaxation a tennis-court, and even a billiard table——They are lords of many villages and large tracts of land in the environs——They go a ſhooting, and have proper ſporting apparatus for the uſe of their viſitors.——They again inſiſted upon our tarrying two or three days in their retirement.——Having an indiſpenſable engagement, we made polite excuſes to the Abbé, and, promiſing to viſit him on our return home, we rode back to Dijon.

ADIEU.

## LETTER XXVI.

*Dole, Beſancon.*

WE arrived here a week ago——about ſunriſe, two days after I laſt wrote, we left Dijon, which, from the ſweetneſs of the air and luxuriancy of its viands, ſome call the Capua of France——we too found it a Capua alluring us into the fault for which Hannibal is ſo highly cenſured.———We had enervated ourſelves by loitering too long, and taſting too freely the luxuries preſented by our amiable countrymen, temporary reſidents of Dijon. We had loſt much of our enthuſiaſm, and walking was not ſo pleaſant as in the afternoon we had entered this elegant town; however, we determined to ſhake off a languor ſo unmanly, and to perſevere in our ambulating ſcheme——we ſtopped to breakfaſt at the hamlet of Genlis, and then puſhing on with ardour, paſſed through Auxonne, a little fortified town, determining not to halt until we arrived

arrived at Dole.——Juſt as we ſaw an extenſive plain open upon us, we were overtaken by the moſt dreadful ſtorm of rain, hail, and thunder I ever ſaw in an European country——we were in a moment wet to the ſkin——The fall of rain continued the whole day,——It was ſo pitchy dark that we had not the conſolation to ſee each other; but when a flaſh of lightning gleaming along the plain, ſhewed to each the ſleek countenance of his friend——we trudged on gloomy and unſocial——the Capain of the guards, ever and anon ejaculating a few French oaths as the hail beat upon his indignant phiz——the American, penſive and reſigned, educated in the ſchool of adverſity, enured to patience and long-ſuffering, followed the footſteps of his friend, inly muſing, ruminating on the chequered ſcenes of his life, and eluding the wearifomeneſs of the march, by comparing the lowering of the ſky to the frown on your brow, the flaſhing of lightning to the blaze of your eyes.——Juſt as we deſcried the town of Dole the ſtorm paſſed away.——The declining ſun faintly glimmering upon the tops of the houſes, and bluſhing upon the ſweet river Doube, whoſe waves waſhed a vaſt meadow lying before the town, exhibited Dole and its environs in a beautiful light.——It was a ſweet pictureſque ſcene, not wild like the rocky landſcapes

of Salvator Roſa, or Pouffin, but mild, gay, and inviting, like the rural views of Titiano.

Dole was formerly the capital of Franche Compté——The parliament has been transferred to Beſancon——The ſtreets are wide, the houſes large and well built——There are many remains of Roman greatneſs to be ſeen here; part of an amphitheatre; near the river, fragments of a moſt ſuperb palace, and two aqueducts; there are alſo veſtiges of ſeveral Roman temples in the environs of Dole, almoſt hidden by villages, whoſe names are evidently Roman; for inſtance *Joue*, and many others ſituated along the pent of a hill covered with vines, which look upon a delicious valley, from its amenity, called the valley of Love. There are two mineral ſprings at the village of *Joue*, highly eſteemed: take Dole for all in all, I hardly know a ſpot better adapted to the reſidence of a man who pants not after the gew-gaw of life, and is content with ſimple, yet elegant ſilvan ſcenes. At the moment we arrived, Dole and its environs had few charms for us; we were ſhivering with cold, and dripping with the remains of the hail ſtorm; of courſe a good fire, generous wine, and an elegant ſupper would have been more welcome than a *partie quarrée* with princeſſes of Circaſſian beauty, in the inchanting gardens of Alcinous; our firſt object therefore was the beſt inn in the town;

town; but how to make a handſome *entrè* was the difficulty. Inn-keepers have no predilection for peripatetic philoſophers: add to this, we were wet and overwhelmed with dirt and mud; our appearance was rather piteous or groteſque than brilliant and prepoſſeſſing. To be ſure the *coup d'œil* we exhibited was not at all *prevenant*. The captain ordered me in front, obſerving that an old green ſattin riding waiſtcoat, laced with gold, that I had on, might peradventure plead for us. I threw open my Engliſh frock to make the moſt of my plea; I ſpoke in a commanding ſurly tone, becauſe humility, eſpecially on foot, in all *civilized* countries, excites ſuſpicion: happily for us, as we entered the door of the hotel, a rubicund capuchin demanded *quelques ſous* for the love of God! we had luckily the day before united in one purſe the remains of our travelling *ſtrong box*. I was the then purſe-bearer. I pulled out, with a careleſs air, all our riches, and threw the fat monk a twelve ſous piece; ſome precious few pieces of gold gave a rich relief to the large French crowns with which the purſe was filled; the landlady's daughter, a plump, handſome, buxom huſſey, tall as a grenadier, leering her jetty eye obliquely at the precious metal, ſmiled benignly, and immediately opened the beſt room in the houſe. Having no led ſhirts, we hinted ſomething about expecting a ſervant with our baggage. Mademoi-

moiſelle, with true French eaſe and politeneſs, offered us a couple of her ſhifts by way of ſuccedaneum; in our predicament, the offer was reſpectable; ſhe brought in her ſhifts and a pair of petticoats in lieu of ſmall cloaths; ſhe equipped Seymour with a taſty ſilk poloneſe, and me with a degagée morning dreſs, or *diſhabillée* of a faſhionable griſette; ſhe dreſſed us herſelf, and ſeemed mightily pleaſed with the metamorphoſe of her hands, ſaying, *Mon Dieu! quelle dommage qu'il ſoit le Careme, car voila de tres beaux maſques* ——Thus transformed, we ſat down to ſupper ——To complete the number of the graces, we inſiſted that Mademoiſelle ſhould ſet at the head of the table——A French woman never lets ſlip an opportunity of diſplaying all her accompliſhments, *à ſe faire valoir*——ſhe hinted ſhe could ſing; her voice, though not powerful, was mellow——ſhe ſang *chanſons à boire, des chanſonettes tendres*, and aided by a bottle of old wine, ſoon diſſipated all remembrance of the ſtorm.

We ſlept with Mademoiſelle ———'s ſhifts, and in the morning exchanged them for our ſhirts. About twelve o'clock we quitted Dole, marching on for Beſancon, with a pleaſant hilly country on our left, the valley of Love and the river Doube on our right———We dined at St. V. and were overtaken about ſun-ſet by the diligence and our man Frank. Beſancon, being

ing a garriſon town, we were apprehenſive the gates might me ſhut upon us, we therefore got into the diligence, and under covert of the night arrived here.

ADIEU.

## LETTER XXVII.

BESANCON, now the capital of the Comté of Burgundy, called Franche Comté, lies in a vale ſurrounded by hills ſo gigantic, that they rather deſerve the appellation of mountains; it is ſituated upon the river Doube, which divides the town into two unequal parts, the largeſt of which forms a peninſula, waſhed by the river; this peninſula is cloſed by a high mountain, on which they have built a ſtrong citadelle. The citadelle ſtands upon a rock, and commands the whole town, but is itſelf commanded by the *Chadan*, a mountain, where formerly ſacrifices were made in honour of Diana.

Many monuments remain, evincing Beſancon to be one of the moſt ancient towns in Europe; on the mountain, ſacred to the goddeſs Diana, you ſee the remains of a pantheon, now called *les Collonnes*; the remains of an acqueduct; the following names of places at Beſancon are evi-

dently

dently Roman, as *Chamars, (Campus Martis) Chamuſe (Campus Muſarum) Chailla (Campus Lunæ, &c.)* On the foot of the mountain on which the citadelle now ſtands, Julius Cæſar cut a hole above forty feet through the ſolid rock; this ſerves at preſent for one of the principal gates of the town; through this paſſage his victorious legions entered and took the city from the Gauls; an inſcription of this event is now placed on the gate.

The ſtreets of Beſancon are handſome, ſtraight, and very ſpacious. The houſes are built with fine ſtone, and in a commodious ſtyle. There are ſeveral ſquares: that of *Battan* is ornamented by a fountain, which gives its water through a figure of Bacchus. The town houſe is a large building, of four wings, which form a ſquare court. On the *Caſcade* you ſee a brazen ſtatue of the emperor Charles the fifth, who in one hand holds a globe, in the other a ſword, with theſe words, *Plut à Dieu!* expreſſive of his ſuppoſed thirſt for univerſal empire. The Imperial eagle riſes, diſplaying his wings over a large baſon, ſpouting water through his beak.

The governor's palace is well arranged. A fountain before it is embelliſhed by the ſtatue of a woman: ſhe is in a ſitting poſture, and diſpenſes her water by means of apertures artfully wrought in

in two little globes emboſſed upon her boſom. Beſancon, it ſeems, is ſultry during the ſummer: the inhabitants therefore flock to fountains, and, by the above exhibition, ſeems deſirous of indulging two ſenſes at the ſame time.

The parliament was transferred in 1676 from Dole to this town; ſo was the univerſity in 1691. The grand hoſpital of Beſancon, of the order of the Holy Ghoſt of Montpellier, is a noble and magnificent building. A *Monſ. de Vachè*, a very amiable man, our acquaintance, is principal phyſician to this hoſpital. He has carried us to ſee it. The interior diſpoſition is admirable: the utmoſt neatneſs and regularity is obſerved. I taſted their broth, which was excellent. I ſaw large quantities of fine mutton and veal hanging in their kitchen. The ſick are attended by a number of nuns. They are arrayed in a very modeſt and becoming ſtyle: a French grey robe with a large, ſnowy, fine, white linen veil, fitting like a cloſe cap their heads, and flowing negligently upon their necks and ſhoulders. They are many of them very handſome. The ſimplicity of their dreſs gives a zeſt to their charms. Under the auſpices of our agreeable little friend de Vaché we often ſtroll to the hoſpital which is infinitely neater than many ball-rooms I have ſeen, to converſe with theſe amiable nuns, and partake of their refreſhment of coffe and ſweetmeats. The refined ſenſe and elegant

elegant manners we diſcovered in many of them excited at once our admiration and pity——Admiration, that ſenſe and elegance ſhould abide with the recluſe inhabitants of an hoſpital; pity, that women ſo happily moulded by nature to top their parts in the moſt tender ſcenes of connubial bliſs, ſhould, by a barbarous law, be deſtined to converſe with man only in his fallen ſtate!

Beſancon, hanging upon the Swiſs frontier, is ſtrongly fortified, and has generally a garriſon from ſix to ten thouſand men. A regiment of dragoons, one of Artillery, two of Swiſs, and the regiment du Roi, of four battalions are now here. The world cannot produce a finer regiment of infantry than the regiment du Roi. It may indeed be ſtyled rather a moving military academy than a ſimple body of ſoldiers. Beſides their colonel, the King, it has two other colonels, whoſe pay, I am told, is much larger than that of the colonels of other regiments, becauſe they are preſumed to preſide over, not only the military diſcipline of the regiment, but the morals and polite improvement of the numerous noble youth attached to it.——Numbers of whom ſerve for ſome years in this regiment without pay. They have a riding and a mathematical maſter attending the regiment. The reaſon why ſo many more young noblemen and youth of

of diſtinction ſerve than are conſiſtent with the proper number of officers neceſſary for each company ariſes, I am told, from certain privileges which two years ſerving in this regiment confer upon them, under cover of which they may, in ſome meaſure, anticipate their years, and puſh the natural intereſt flowing from their high birth. Through the politeneſs of my friend of the guards, whoſe coat, independent of his amiable manners, is a ſufficient introduction to all the European military, I am acquainted with moſt of them. They are men of finiſhed breeding; many of them Knights of Malta, who conſequently have travelled, and are generally men of obſervation. We were this morning upon the parade, and had the honour to be introduced to the commandant Monſ. le Marquis d'Entragues, and to the governor Monſ. le Marquis de Saint Simond——Men of high birth and poliſhed manners. Than the former, I think, I never ſaw a perſon who had more the air of a man of faſhion. He is about forty, a batchelor; very handſome, a modeſt Frenchman, an addreſs, elegance blended with eaſe. He was, it ſeems, a very great favourite of the late King of France, and always made one of his private whiſt parties, of which game Louis Quinze was very fond.

The parade is at the entrance of the *Chamars*, which is the principal rural beauty of Beſancon. I believe no fortified town can boaſt a more ſil-

van

van ſcene. It is an inchanting promenade, filled with beautiful walks, and planted with noble trees, in imitation of the Elyſian fields terminating the Tuilleries at Paris. The mall ſingularly pleaſes me: on one ſide you have the whole garden of *Chamars*, on the other the trees waving over the verdant margin of the ramparts, which partly ſhade the river Doube from the eye of the ſpectator. The view from this walk is again bounded on the other ſide of the river by the *Chadan*, one of the moſt gigantic mountains in the world, whoſe tremendous head threatens to fall upon the beau monde walking in this alley. This awful *coup d'œil* fills the mind with a ſpecies of fear, inſpiring rather penſive than unpleaſant ideas. From this mountain, Louis the Magnificent, or, as the the French will have it, Louis le Grand, attacked and carried the town; and is ſaid to have had a horſe ſhot under him.—— But let me retire from the oſtentatious Louis, to purſue my ramble in this delicious mall. The zephyrs unceaſingly flap their downy wings, and the birds for ever ſing in the impending ſprays of the loſty oaks nodding o'er the paſſing flood. The ſweet view of the Elyſian fields on your left, contraſted with the awful mountain on the right of the river, which, well nigh hid from the ſight, daſhes along its rocky ſhore, its diſtant murmurs ſimulating the ſighs of unhappy lovers, combines a pleaſing, melancholy, bewitching ſcene. La

belle

belle Marquiſe de St Simond tells me, there is a tradition, that the water of this ſilver ſtream poſſeſſes virtues ſimilar to thoſe aſcribed by the antients to the Leucadian Lake; accordingly, if a ſwain finds all efforts fruitleſs, if he finds that the lady is neither moved by oaths or vows; is deaf to the Syren voice of flattery, he has recourſe to this dernier reſort. Previouſly taking leave of his relations and friends, he plunges in, and generally drinks death, or oblivion to his love in the benign waters of the Doube. This experiment is, it ſeems, ſo common, that a lover's leap here is as little attended to, by the mall, as a duel fought by Iriſhmen at Lucas' Coffee-houſe in Dublin is regarded by the ſpectators. I ſaw a well-dreſt petit maitre plunge in the other day. I was running to his aſſiſtance, when I was ſtopt by a Knight of Malta, with whom I was walking——*Ne vous derangez pas, Monſieur, dit-il——ce n'eſt qu'un amoureux tranſi qu' apparemment veut ſe prevaloir de la vertu du Doube.*

When the ſilver moon, gleaming through the rich foliage of the trees, darts her pale beams along the mountain ſacred to the goddeſs of innocence, and kiſſes the paſſing ſtream, here I delight to ramble——here I endeavour to pervade the future volume of my life——here I anticipate the pleaſures and the pains which you and

fate

fate doom me to ſuffer——and, ſhrinking from the chain of my gloomy ideas, I ſometimes have caught myſelf in the deſponding attitude of the ill-requited Sappho; I hear myſelf repeating her ſweet invocation previous to her fall:

'Ye gentle gales! beneath my body blow,
'And ſoftly lay me on the waves below:
'And thou, kind Love! my ſinking limbs ſuſtain,
'Spread thy ſoft wings and waft me o'er the main,
'Nor let a lover's death the guiltleſs flood profane.'

But hitherto I recoil from the unmanly action: for, though my malady tinges my whole life with ſhades of ſorrow, yet cannot I wiſh a cure.

FAREWELL.

LETTER

## LETTER XXVIII.

*The Holy Handkerchief.*

WE dined yeſterday with that amiable nobleman, the *Marquis d'Entragues*——there were about fifty covers——the repaſt ſumptuous to exceſs; the wines delicate; the Marquis ordered to be ſat before Seymour and myſelf a couple of bottles of claret of a hogſhead that had travelled to *Pondicherry* in the eaſt, repoſed one twelvemonth in the cellar of the ill-fated *Count de Lally*, thence wandering to the *weſt*, had received its utmoſt amelioration at *Martinico*, under the auſpices of that accompliſhed ſoldier and elegant gentleman, the *Marquis de la Bouille*. The commandant politely obſerved, "I always recollect with pleaſure and with pride, the intimacy and friendſhip I have taſted with my Lord *Clare* and ſeveral other noblemen, your countrymen; I recollect their predilection for *claret*, and I was charmed to be informed by my butler this morning, that I had ſtill a few choice bottles to ſet before

before my Engliſh friends." Partial to all Engliſhmen, and, of courſe, to their prejudices, I am willing to allow, that of all *hereſies* from ſound *orthodox burgundy*, the *claret hereſy* is the leaſt *damnable*, yet, well aware of the dangerous tendency of *all heterodox* opinions, I ſip it with the moſt pious caution. I imbibed a few glaſſes, as a decent retort courteous to the Marquis' elegant compliment, and for the remainder of the afternoon, devoted myſelf to *pure* worſhip at the burgundy ſhrine. The commandant's burgundy was the more pleaſing to me, as it convinced me I was a connoiſſeur; upon taſting it, I ſaid, I thought it had the ſame flavor with a bottle given to us by the Abbé of Citteaux——the Marquis replied, that he had purchaſed it from that convent. We had at dinner, the Governor, *le Marquis de St. Simond*, the *Intendant*, and about forty officers and gentlemen of diſtinction. Amongſt a variety of topics, the converſation rolled upon the approaching ceremony of *St. Suaire*, which a Knight of Malta recommended to our obſervation, as the moſt curious religious pageant exhibited in any catholic country; we are juſt returned from this exhibition. *St. Suaire* is the holy handkerchief with which Chriſt wiped his face during his ſufferings upon the croſs. There is only one moiety of this precious handkerchief at *Benſancon*, the remainder is at *Rome*. *Voltaire* ſays, that when the town was taken by *Lewis* the

the Fourteenth, the only article of capitulation *inſiſted* upon by the inhabitants was, that their conqueror ſhould not remove from *Benſancon* the holy handkerchief, and, as Lewis was more of the politician than the ſaint, he readily acceded to this article.

*St. Suaire* has the marvellous power of driving out devils; at Benſancon it is ſaid to be ſingularly efficacious in its power of curing *les femmes poſſedées*; this being the caſe, what a pity we have not a fragment of the holy handkerchief in every country of the univerſe; for where is the country in which a curious obſerver may not diſcover ladies poſſeſſed of the devil?

*St. Suaire* is ſhewn twice a year, Eaſter and Whitſun-Monday, from the gallery belonging to the church of St. John, by the Archbiſhop of Beſancon, who is alſo prince of the empire.

The church of St. John lies at the foot of a prodigious mountain; the gallery from which the holy handkerchief is exhibited, looks upon the ſide of this mountain; which, by eight o'clock in the morning, was covered with ſpectators, aſſembled from all parts of the adjacent country, to the number of forty thouſand, to behold this ſingular phenomenon. The grand ſtreet of Beſancon leading up to the church, was lined on each

ſide

ſide by ſoldiers, about two thouſand men under arms, to prevent riots, and to add to the pomp of the ſcene. All the windows fronting the ſtreet were thrown open, from which were ſuſpended rich tapeſtry hangings, paintings, and carpets; on theſe the whole collected beauty of the town reclined, arrayed in their holiday cloaths, ſtretching out their lovely necks, and flaſhing around their ſunny eyes, at once to indulge the eyes of their lovers, and to ſatiate their own curioſity. A *coup d'œil* more pleaſing, more pompous, more magnificent, I never ſaw! through the hay formed by the ſoldiery, Seymour and I advanced up the ſtreet to the ſummit of the hill, under the protection of the young officers of the regiment *du Roi* upon duty, who were ordered to advance a detachment to the ſide of the hill, to keep off the mob, who, ſtimulated by curioſity, crouded around the *poſſeſſed*.

There was one perſon only who preſented herſelf to *Saint Suaire*—a handſome country girl, about ſeventeen years of age. The Archbiſhop, ſurrounded by his *canons*, now appeared in the gallery, in their blue ſilk capes, faced with red taffety, the dreſs of the order. The biſhop unfurled the holy handkerchief, which yet retained the ſpots of blood impreſſed upon it by Jeſus Chriſt, while the drums beat, the muſic ſtruck up, and awe, reverence, and eager expectation

on beamed in the faces of the devout! The officers, Seymour and myſelf, at this moment, ſurrounded the poſſeſſed damſel; we had therefore an opportunity of obſerving all her manœuvres. I had often the honour of lifting her up when ſhe was over-born by the waving to and fro of the immenſe multitude. While the holy handkerchief was flying, the devil ſeemed ſtrong upon her, evincing himſelf by inward groanings of the ſpirit, foamings at the mouth, and a thouſand antic tricks; but as ſoon as the good biſhop took in his anti ſatanic handkerchief, the poſſeſſed lady remained placid and compoſed; ſhe even attended to the *fleurets* of a young urchin of an officer in the king's regiment, the ſon of the Duke de N——s; this profane rogue would make love to her, tickle her, flatter her; ſhe ſeemed to liſten nothing loth to his attentions; would even laugh and totally forget the part it become her to play, until the roll of the drum, and the fluttering of *Saint Suaire* again diſturbed the devil within her; ſhe would then reiterate her murmurs and groans. Thrice the good biſhop with anxious and diſmayed countenance diſplayed the holy handkerchief, and thrice he retired it without viſible effect. The devil ſtill poſſeſſed the woman, for ſhe yet attended to the blandiſhments of the young officer! the devotees were ſcandalized; the biſhop was in a dilemma; thouſands of gaping believers ſtood appalled, fearing

ing that the *tutelar* ſaint of *Beſancon* would no more ſhower down his bleſſings upon ſuch miſerable ſinners! I really myſelf ſympathized with ſuffering humanity, and thinking that the devil, from the contumacy he had recently evinced, muſt be partial to the company of the military, I was endeavouring to perſuade the young ſoldier to retire. I had juſt gained my point, and hearing a murmur inſinuating, that the preſence of heretics muſt have diſguſted the ſaint, Seymour and myſelf were eſcaping with him, when there arrived an order from the biſhop to withdraw the young girl from the ſpot appropriated to the poſſeſſed; for that ſhe was a liar, and neither the truth or the devil was in her; for that had ſhe been poſſeſſed by a free citizen of hell, the ſacred handkerchief would infallibly have made her whole. We had obſerved an elderly man who appeared indignant at the unſeemly demeanor of the *poſſeſſed*, puſh through the croud to the church; it ſeems he had informed the biſhop of the poor girl's inconſiſtent behaviour, which information induced the above order. This officious fellow now came back, reviled bitterly the poor maid, and I believe would have actually beat her, had ſhe not been protected by the military.

No other demoniac appearing to claim the interpoſition of *St. Suaire* that day, the holy handkerchief was returned to its place of depoſit, under the altar of St. John, dedicated to the mother of Jeſus, and the croud began to diſperſe. I was now well nigh paying dear for my curioſity—in the waving of the immenſe croud upon the ſide of the mountain, which is almoſt as ſteep as a precipice, I had negligently ſuffered myſelf to be joſtled by the multitude, far from the ſphere of attraction deſcribed by my military friends. It was early in the morning, and I was muffled up in an Engliſh ſurtout; thus unknown and unprotected, I was endeavouring to ſtem a very heavy column of human beings, whoſe weight, aided by their inclining poſition, preſſed with great *momentum* upon me, and thoſe who were contiguous to me There was a cluſter of fixed bayonets juſt below gliſtening in our eyes, and pointed at our breaſts, by way of keeping order, where order was impracticable! a poor little *petit-maitre* of the lower rank, was immediately behind me—his ſtrength unequal to mine, could not reſiſt the column, he ſlipped by under my arm, and immediately a bayonet, fixed to the firelock of a grenadier, inſinuating itſelf into the mouth of the *petit-maitre*, induced him to ſwallow three of his fore teeth—— the bayonet in advancing to ſalute the *petit-maitre*'s mouth, had ſtruck through my ſurtout and waiſtcoat——My indignation at this ſhameful diſ-

diſplay of power, not permitting me to ſee my own danger, I peremptorily ordered him to deſiſt, aſking him how he dared to puniſh thus cruelly the poor fellow for what he muſt ſee was not his own fault? for the hapleſs *petit-maitre* was a mere dwarf, deformed and ſickly, and had, moreover, a prodigious muff, a lap-dog, and a *chapeau bras* to take care of——how then could he oppoſe his *foible* to the *forte* of the multitude? The loud menacing air with which I ſpoke, made the grenadier conceive I muſt be *un homme comme il faût*——he heſitated——at that moment my friend the *Marquis de Fontiney*, happening to ſee my danger, called out to the grenadier——ſeeing I had the honour of being known to his officer, whom he had wiſhed to pleaſe by this barbarous diſplay of zeal, he inſtaneouſly recovered his firelock, and dropped into the elegant attitude of a preſent, crying, *Monſeigneur! demande mille pardons! Je ſuis au deſeſpoir d'avoir fait une telle mepriſe!* Such was my hatred of the fellow for his recent act of unprovoked barbarity, that, for the firſt time of my life, the doſe of flattery was bitter to my palate. I left him in diſguſt; but I immediately had the pleaſure of ſeeing him arreſted; haply for him the paſſion of vanity had abſorbed all the deadly revengeful paſſions in the breaſt of the poor *petit-maitre*. ——We dined with *Fontiney* that day, a collection after dinner was made to enable the diſcom-

fitted beau to purchaſe three teeth and a new muff——upon which the gentle creature inſiſted upon their pardoning the grenadier, and made me a preſent of his lap-dog——he is a perfect beauty, and ambitious of the honour of being your pet.

I went home reflecting upon the marvellous power of faith,——which would make forty thouſand rational beings believe, not only that a piece of cloth the power of exorciſing devils, but that the holy handkerchief with which Chriſt, under the agonies of the croſs, wiped his face near 1800 years ago, ſhould ſeem to ſuffer no injury from ſuch an immenſe length of time!

It appeared to be a large cotton ſheet, here and there clotted with gore, rather than the moiety of a handkerchief, unleſs handkerchiefs of that day were much larger than thoſe of the preſent faſhion——I thought too, that had the handkerchief been older, it would have made it look more natural.

I am told that this ceremony, which ſeems to be adapted to the dark ages of monkiſh ſway, is now kept up, more with a view of being beneficial to the city of Beſancon, than from a conviction of its healing power over individuals poſſeſſed of the devil——For two or three days, twice

twice a year, the exhibition collects a prodigious multitude; of course merchants, milliners, and inn-keepers are great friends and believers in the virtue of the handkerchief; be this as it will, I was far from suffering the least semblance of incredulity to settle upon my countenance this morning——I was really vexed at the levity of the young officer. I ever shew an outward air of respect for the religious ceremonies of all countries where I reside——a contrary conduct is at once indecent, imprudent, and impolitical—— in Catholic countries especially, the goodwill and countenance of the church is a great *relief* to the character of a traveller——At Besancon I have frequent occasion to evince the tolerating turn of my mind——the inhabitants having blended the French with the Spanish and imperial saints, processions and religious spectacles of all kinds occur frequently——Hosts of devotees continually line the streets, and block up the passage, so that I pass much of my time upon my knees on the bare pavement. If I have a quarter of a mile to walk, on particular saints days, I am not certain of arriving in less than two hours.——Last week, being holy week, processions were innumerable.——One afternoon I had sallied out, full dressed, to pay my devoirs to the beautiful *Mademoiselles de Jussi*——a procession crouded the whole street, *St. Vincent.*

Anxious to get within their ſphere of attraction, I attempted ſeveral *detours* to arrive unnoticed to the houſe of their father——I had well nigh gained my point, when, juſt oppoſite to the window, I fell in with a column of kneeling devotees.——Such contumacious holineſs appeared in their countenances; their knees ſeemed ſo glued to the pavement, that I ſoon perceived the defile to be impaſſable——to retreat was equally impracticable——I ſtood gaping like Tantalus with delicious fruit which I could not taſte, bobbing at my lips; for the two lovely ſiſters were leaning over the window, contemplating the hoſt and the croud.——A pious old lady pulling at the ſkirt of my coat, I had the grace to kneel down beſide her, and prayed in union with her a full hour; to the no ſmall ſatisfaction of my fair friends at the window, who were highly tickled to ſee an errant heretic in a poſture ſo edifying.

We live at preſent at the King's Academy at Beſancon with *Monſieur de Forno*, a Swiſs gentleman of family, who has been an officer in the *Count d'Artois*'s guards, but is now maſter of the Koyal Riding Academy here, a genteel place in this country——He and his lady, a Pariſian, are agreeable, polite, and ſenſible——they keep the firſt company, and have introduced us to the principal families in Beſancon——an eligible cir-

circumſtance, as, not originally intending to make a ſtay here, we came with no commendations.

ADIEU.

## LETTER XXIX.

*Nunneries and Nuns.*

HAVING paſſed much of my time in France with the Church, I ought to be, in ſome degree, competent to ſatisfy your curioſity relative to Monks and Monaſteries, particularly Nunneries.

In the firſt ages of Chriſtianity, when the hiſtory of the Apoſtles who had ſealed by their blood the truth of their doctrines, was yet recent, a few enthuſiaſts, ambitious to emulate the virtues and auſterities of theſe ſacred men, taught, that works of ſupererogation were eſſential to the celeſtial beatitude——and deemed a recluſe and contemplative life more meritorious than the performance of the ſocial duties ſtrictly enforced by the Divine Legiſlator. Such is the origin of theſe religious maſquerades, one of the moſt ſtriking ſpectacles exhibited in catholic countries. ——But my particular intimacy with ſeveral learned

learned Abbés, many of whom are communicative, has given me occaſion to know, that, whatever might have been the original principles upon which monaſteries were inſtituted, they are, in this enlightened age, ſuffered to exiſt merely from political and œconomical motives. Theſe motives apply equally to monaſteries of either ſex. At preſent I will treat particularly of Nunneries.——A father of a family is happy to find a cheap yet honourable proviſion for one of his daughters——Probably he has many of them. The ugliеſt is always ſelected for this barbarous ſacrifice; becauſe ſhe has the worſt chance of getting a livelihood through the channel of matrimony.——If, of two or three, it is unluckily difficult to ſelect the moſt ugly; they caſt lots, and the fortune of the victim goes to her ſiſters, or to the eſtabliſhment of the elder brother—— Thus nothing is more erroneous than the vulgar notion, that Nunneries are crowded with beauty ——That there are fine women in convents I will not deny, but they are envelloped in a deep ſhade of ſurrounding uglineſs. Aſſure yourſelf, in this country, monaſtic beauty is ſcarce. A fine French woman knows her value too well to ſubmit to this cruel ſacrifice. If ſhe is not reſtrained by ſelf-love, her love of juſtice will turn her footſteps from the grate——She would deem ſuch a procedure to be a violation committed

againſt the rights of men of taſte, a robbery of the polite world!

There remains, however, yet one paſſion which too often illumines a grate with the rays of beauty——Female jealouſy——Maiden aunts and old women, of all denominations and of every country, who never have and never hope to eſſay connubial ecſtacies themſelves, form a combination much more dangerous to the rights of Love than the family compact of Bourbon will ever be to the liberties of Europe.——Though piouſly hating each other, they cordially conſpire with family pride to daſh from the purple and thirſty lips of beauty that myſtic cup of felicity which, alas! they can never taſte. It is but too frequent that the mother, forgetting maternal love, joins the diabolical conſpiracy——For, if a handſome woman happens to marry young, her daughters will probably have pretenſions to and will be throwing out lures for admiration and flattery long e'er mamma inclines to withdraw her's. A pretty woman, like the Grand Turk, will bear no rival near the throne. Mothers, in France, have very extenſive legal powers. A jealous woman will uſe her power to its utmoſt extent. In this unequal conteſt the daughter, unleſs her wit emulates her beauty, will be defeated, and be ſurely doomed by her enraged and victorious foe to exile for life—— to,

'Theſe

'These deep walks and awful cells,
'Where, heav'nly penſive, contemplation dwells.' POPE.

The father, although he may love his child, ſeldom proteſts againſt this arrangement; for notwithſtanding it is alſo probable he may cordially hate his wife, yet, according to French immemorial uſage or common matrimonial law, he deems it by no means *bienſeant* to interfere with his wife in domeſtic details; ſuch interference would be flying in the face of the Gallic female Magna Charta.

In modern times a fine woman is ſeldom immured but from the above ſelfiſh motive——— Formerly a contrary uſage obtained——When the minds as well as *bodies* of the female world were under monkiſh undue influence, beauties were ſelected for this ſacrifice.———As it is called a marriage to God, they preſumed the more beautiful the bride, the greater the compliment. This idea, ſo inſulting to the Supreme, ſeems to be borrowed from the Pagans, who deemed a ſacrifice eſtimable in the eyes of their gods in proportion as it was valuable amongſt mortals! It was this abominable idea that guided the bloody hand of the infernal Grecian prieſt to the palpitating boſom of the heaven-born Iphigene!

Thus, anciently, Nunneries were the priſons of the moſt lovely of the loveliest work of creation! That they are not ſo now, had I no poſitive information upon the point, I ſhould deduce from this certain fact——Formerly ſacrilegious *enlèvements*, or raviſhings of women from convents, were frequent: they are now very rare——A ſtrong proof this that nunneries actually contain but few raviſhing objects; for what avail bars, bolts, ſtone walls, or iron laws, if Love inſpires the attack and Beauty is the reward of victory?

Monaſtic ſimplicity of dreſs, added to that pity which their unhappy ſituation excites, powerfully intereſt the ſpectator, and give *reliefe* to the few charms nuns may poſſeſs. We behold the ſex, whom nature prompts us to love and protect, inhumed in living ſepulchres—We feel it impracticable to extricate them——It is not given us to extend to them any thing but our tenderneſs; and to complete our indignation againſt the tyrannical law to which they are martyrs, our imagination fondly paints the objects of our poignant regret in beauty's faſcinating form! Thus, whatever may be the intrinſic perſonal merit of nuns, they are always viewed with partial eyes; they always excite pleaſing blended with melancholy ſenſenſations.

Volup-

Voluptuaries look up with envy to the poſt of monaſtic confeſſor——This is one, among the numerous caſes, in which we find our puniſhment in the gratification of our wiſhes.——It may be preſumed, that where a number of females are immured together, who have little occupation but to pray, ſleep and confeſs, there will be great indentity and inſipidity in their confeſſions. Their idleneſs will be fruitful of imaginary crimes; their *ennui*, flowing from a natural impatience of unjuſt reſtraint, will give acidity to their tempers; they will be continually teizing their holy guides with vain ſcruples and ridiculous chimeras. A confeſſor of a certain nunnery here is of my acquaintance; he is old, yet a chearful, agreeable companion; he has himſelf confeſſed to me, that, eſpecially after a *certain age*, the confeſſion of nuns is, to a *man*, a *fatiguing* buſineſs——*C'eſt un vilain metier, Monſieur*, quoth the honeſt monk, after I have rendered him communicative by the mediation of a ſecond bottle of Burgundy. At St. Quintin I knew a monk of a monaſtery at Soiſſons; he is however a native of St. Quintin——all his relations lived there, and his wiſh was to reſide among them——He told me, that he might ſojourn in his native place, if he would undertake the department of confeſſor to the convent of *Fervaque*, or, as it is called, *Le couvent de riches dames*——He was young, muſcular and rubicund,

cund, and, while I envied him the promotion, I was not a little ſurprized at his refuſal; but he told me, he would ſooner ſuffer perpetual baniſhment from his kindred and friends than ſubmit to a *drudgery* more intolerable than the labours of Syſiphus!

ADIEU.

LETTER

## LETTER XXX.

*Nuns and Nunneries, in continuation.*

CERTAINLY the ſequeſtered ſituation of Nuns muſt produce many little foibles that will render them irkſome and faſtidious to each other and to their ſpiritual guides——Yet, abandoned by ſociety, left to themſelves alone, and at liberty to meditate e'en to madneſs upon the ſanguinary law under which they groan, who does not marvel, that their failings are ſo trivial, their virtues ſo exemplary! Who does not loſe the memory of their faults in the recollection of their ſufferings!

I cannot paſs one of theſe monuments of bigotry, of family pride and feminine reſentment, without feeling my breaſt ſwell with indignation and pity! The very walls ſeem to groan, reechoing the ſighs of agonizing humanity! beyond the *bourne* of thoſe walls they cannot paſs!——Here they muſt languiſh and wither, like tender

tender flowers expoſed to the meridian ſunbeams! The pale, wan viſage of theſe intereſting victims is leſs imputable to abſtinence than to the blighting power of paſſions to which all human beings, all creation's children, for godlike purpoſes, are liable——Paſſions which rage more violent becauſe they are concentered, and have no external object to diſſipate them! Thus a cruel and premature death mines them!—— Like birds in a cage they beat their wings, and ſtruggle for emancipation——But, can I utter it without indignation! it is too late; eternal decrees ſever them from ſociety! In vain do they implore humanity and the laws——the laws are deaf to their cries, regard them as dead, and abandon them to their fate the moment thoſe dire vows are pronounced which an age of repentance cannot recal! The only conſolation that remains to them is a melancholy conſolation indeed, from which the moſt manly heart recoils with horror! It is to groan in ſilence; it is daily to retire, and bathe with tears, ſtreaming from the heart, the ſhrowds enveloped in which their bodies ſhall repoſe.

To a juſt God I appeal——Can it be ſuppoſed, that a Supreme of infinite benevolence can delight in the perpetual impriſonment of his innocent creatures! can be pleaſed to behold the faireſt work of his hand, which he created "free and

and gay as air," deprived almoſt of the ſun-ſhine and the day! interdicted, by an impious decree, the ſoft endearments, the tender charities, the delicious ſenſations flowing from the various connections of ſocial life! At an inſtitution ſo inhuman, ſo unnatural, ſo repugnant to the grand end for which woman was created, I am aſtoniſhed all Europe does not revolt, for the Europeans boaſt they are a philoſophic people. ——Were I a prince, far from tolerating it it in in my own domains, I would carry fire and ſword into the dominions of my neighbours, animated with the laudable tho' ſingular ambition of unrivetting the chains by which humanity is wounded. I would open wide the doors of all convents, all ſpiritual priſons of all orders and denominations, and I would marry the males of the one to the females of the other.——Angelic ſufferers! ſweet bleeding daughters of humanity! from my ſoul I pity you! and could my faint repreſentation of feelings unſpeakably indignant, be the humble means of baniſhing tears from thine eyes and ſighs from thy boſoms, I ſhould, while I forget my own misfortunes, taſte, by anticipation, celeſtial beatitude!

I think

I think there might be a laudable imitation of monaſteries. There are misfortunes incident to humanity, the unhappineſs reſulting from which religion and philoſophy may palliate, but can never totally ſubdue——There are ſtrokes to which ſenſibility is liable not to be parried or obliterated by philoſophy——There are woes that "fleſh is heir to," not to be waſhed away an age of tears! Mighty ſorrows enervate and relax the ſoul, rendering all ſocial pleaſures faſtidious. ——The mind for years fixed to the painful contemplation of a ſingle object can ſeldom be ſo eſtranged from it as to be made again ſuſceptible of the little duties and proprieties requiſite to thoſe who would pleaſe, while they mingle with the gay and buſy world! To theſe hapleſs beings, of either ſex, I would open an aſylum ——Their woes would be a tax upon ſociety—— Here they might pour them in the boſoms of fellow ſufferers——Here they might taſte the only comfort left them to hope——The pleaſure of receiving and giving conſolation and pity for wounds to ſenſibility not be healed!

But as it is devoutly to be wiſhed, that griefs, of a magnitude ſo painful, are ſeldom the lot of humanity, I would have the number of theſe aſylums *very* limited None ſhould be admitted who were not of that age when the law deems them

them competent to judge for themſelves.——— Thoſe who were admitted ſhould *always* be at *liberty*, at *certain ſtated periods*, to *quit* the *retreat* and *mingle again with the world.*

Travellers, eſpecially proteſtants, are apt to devour with eager ears, and to dwell with an air of triumph upon the various anecdotes ſeminated reſpecting monaſtic incontinence—For my part, I believe that, in general, theſe tales are rather the offſpring of malignity than of truth——It is very difficult to penetrate the interior of convents.——Where certainty is precluded the mind muſt have recourſe to conjecture, and I ſhall ſuppoſe the various incentives to devotion, the ſilence and the aweful gloom which reign over monaſtic abodes would have a tendency to eſtrange the mind from vice and diſpoſe it to the contemplation of practice and piety———That diſorders do ſometimes ariſe there can be little doubt, I preſume prieſts and monks are but men ——It is not probable, that a ſable habit, a hand, and a tonſured head have the magic power to regenerate a human being———Where monks are the only male kind admitted to the toilettes of women, whoſe reſtrained ſituation muſt give a ſtimulus to their tender paſſions, an electrical ſhock, from the genius of Love, *ſwimming in the eyes of the fair nun*, may baniſh, *for a mo-*

*a moment*, the genius of religion, and the monk may recollect his manhood: for *laws have an intermitting sway, but nature is a power always active, always watchful, always eager to seize her rights.* When this critical minute does arrive, I blame neither the monk nor the frail devotee, but point my just indignation at the framers of laws *abrogating* the *first*, the *divine*, *universal law of nature* ——*increase and multiply.*

Pardon me, if an air of melancholy pervades this letter—To a mind given to reflection the subject presents not gay ideas——I cannot write in a careless, disengaged manner upon this instance of tyranny inflicted upon the sex, from which flowed all my former happiness; from which I have a pre-sentiment that I cannot conquer, all my future sorrows may be derived.

FAREWELL.

Never, for a moment, forget that *you* are the *bright*, though *cold northern* star, on which I gaze, by which I shape my adventurous course; ——bear in mind that my hopes of retribution are as *just* as they are *pure* and *disinterested.*—— May your *firmness* emulate your *beauty*, and soon

I shall

I ſhall have letters of recal to my lawful princeſs.———You know to what ineffable bliſs I am to look up, if, two long years a Wanderer, I ſhall *confeſs* you the female non-pareil! my *probation* draws to a period, my hour-glaſs of patience and ſelf-denial is almoſt run——I am like the dove envoy from the ark of Noah———I can find no place of reſt for my foot, no quietus for my agonizing ſoul, no country, however productive of *brilliant foſſils*, which can boaſt a *load-ſtone*, that may, for a moment, attract my ardent fixed gaze from the ſuperior *magnetiſm*, blazing in the *blue eyes* of——a charming nymph of the *Thames!*—I have reconnoitred palpitating beauty of every *ſpecies*, of every *tint*, of every *clime*——I riſe pure and conſtant from the celeſtial *ordeal*——and now——*en ſavant Connoiſſeur et preux Chevalier.* I throw my gage——I will ſhiver a lance in the teeth of the moſt valorous knight, *erring* by land or water, and hurl him to his *native* country, the *Antipodes of Taſte*, who raſhly refuſes to recognize you——the ſimilar *Phœnix* of your ſex, from whoſe aſhes no ſimilar *Phœnix* ſhall ever ariſe.———Conſcious of the ſtrength of my arm and of my courage, becauſe conſcious that my cauſe is juſt, my good angel tells me, I ſhall ſurely conquer.——When loaded with the ſpoils of the vanquiſhed I proſtrate myſelf with becoming humility, a ſuppliant

pliant at your feet——be *content*——be *grateful.*

So may God guide all your footsteps and bless all your days.

THE WANDERER.

To

*To a Noble Lord——whoſe genius is informed by the* Spirit, *and whoſe title is expreſſed by letters, the* ſacred Number *of the Nine.*

## LETTER I.

*Beſancon.*

LAST week I had the honour of anſwering your Lordſhip's letter of February, which I received at Dijon, while we halted there to recover ourſelves from the fatigues of a forced march from the ſea to that place.——I ſent my letter by a Mr. Jackſon, an Iriſh gentleman of family and infinite merit, with whom we commenced an acquaintance during our ſhort reſidence at Dijon—Having finiſhed his travels, he was returning to his native country, and was upon the wing when I left the elegant capital of Burgundy

dy——I then did myſelf the honour to return your lordſhip every acknowledgment in my power for the politeneſs of your offers——It is likely that the above letter is received but as it is poſſible that the *agrémens* of Paris, ſeducing Mr Jackſon, may have induced him to procraſtinate his journey to London, I will in the poſtſcript of this letter, repeat that part of the former, relative to the buſineſs your Lordſhip mentioned—

When you deſire a ſketch of the perſons, manners, habits, commercial genius and military uſages of the French nation, a deſire flowing from politeneſs, not real want of information, you impoſe a weight much too heavy for my ſhoulders——I feel that my humble talents are incompetent to ſuch ſubjects——beſides theſe details have been copiouſly deſcanted upon by able pens. Upon a topic on which ſo much has been ſaid, it becomes me to ſay little: however, as it is my wiſh rather to oblige than to ſhine, I may hazard occaſionally, a few of my ideas upon theſe points; yet I ſhall hope that your lordſhip may receive my letters, when, with brows unclouded and totally exempt from the weight of your ſerious affairs, you are in your night-gown and ſlippers, relaxing with your chaplain over a bottle of French wine.

I before

I before hinted our method of travelling——It may be thought fatiguing for gentlemen, yet giving us the opportunity of inveſtigating common as well as high life, the diſadvantages incident to it were more than compenſated.——Moſt other Engliſh travellers ſet off and continue in the ſtrait line marked out by their fortune or rank in life——we, while with our ſimple Engliſh frocks and oaken ſticks, we trudged chearfully on, taſting every curioſity incident to devious roads, exploring every little hamlet, and converſing, upon a footing of equality, with each artleſs village maid, had always in our pockets commendations to perſons of condition in every great town where we propoſed to halt——We had too a ſervant with a convoy of faſhionable habiliments adapted to the external appearance of gentlemen—conſequently, from the humble guiſe of vagrant philoſophers, from the companions of friars, milleners, mantua-makers, ſtrolling players, hinds, and rural nymphs, we would ſuddenly be transformed to *petits-maitres du dernier ton*, and find ourſelves waſted, as if by enchantment, to the toilette, or at the feet of Madame la Comteſſe or Madame la Marquiſe, aſtoniſhing by the recital of our *ſurprizing* adventures, her brilliant circle: a tranſition at once ſtriking, agreeable and uſeful——Nor is there danger attending the metamorphoſe, for, be you where you will, the French are too *bienſeant* to

to aſk how you came there——nor if they knew, would they leſs ambition your ſociety; for walking in this country, by no means lets a man down as it does in England——accordingly, many French gentlemen, particularly officers, who have more curioſity than money, adopt the practice. We have now tried it from the North of France to the Confines of Switzerland, and we find it gives ſuch a variety of acceſs, and of courſe ſuch inlets to knowledge, that while we are not limited by time, and have good health and ſpirits, we ſhall walk on.

With the advantage I have hinted at, I would yet wiſh to wave the invidious ſubject, a diſcrimination or compariſon between the manners of nation and nation, were I not convinced that all Engliſh travellers, whoſe writings I have had acceſs to, have viewed the French through the medium of national prejudice, and conſequently have miſled——moſt of them have been actuated by the natural and perhaps amiable partiality of Engliſhmen to every thing Engliſh——A late writer (Smollet) to this, if you will, laudable prejudice, ſuffered his brilliant talents to be clouded by a ſick fancy, and the irritability of his nerves——regarding with the jaundiced eye of diſeaſe the natural hiſtory of this fine country through a diminiſhing, its moral turpitude through a magnifying mirror——prompted by my love of

of truth, by my gratitude for the friendly attentions I have received from this amiable people, I wiſh to render them more juſtice, and though the mediocrity of my talents may fruſtrate the completion of my wiſh, yet will the attempt, I hope, paſs uncenſured.

It muſt be confeſſed, nature has been ſingularly laviſh in her diſpenſations to the kingdom of France.——The climate is benign and ſoil fruitful——almoſt every particular province hath, within itſelf, not only the neceſſaries, but the luxuries of life——It is no exaggeration to aſſert that it is naturally a modern land of Canaan, abounding in corn, wine, oil, milk, and honey ——conſequently the French have a *chance* of obtaining wholeſome ſuſtenance, and of growing to the height common to human beings; yet moſt Engliſh writers upon the ſubject will have it a nation of dwarfs, ſickly, deformed, and ſtarved. This is ſurely not true, nor is the aſſertion a juſt compliment to the ſhrine of Engliſh ſelf-love; for as you generally tilt yourſelf againſt the French with ſucceſs and with glory, I ſhould think depreciating the merit of the vanquiſhed would tarniſh the laurels of the victors.

It is true, certain vices, inherent in the French political conſtitution, may, in ſome meaſure, be ſuppoſed to *counteract*, but can never *wholly counterpoiſe* the many great natural advantages to which I have alluded: it is true that the lands here are by no means ſo highly and neatly cultivated, or ſo well encloſed as they are in England, yet it is certain that agriculture, the bountiful mother of population, is rapidly improving in this country; their productions are at preſent more than adequate to the conſumption of the numerous inhabitants.

The common people of France, generally ſpeaking, are not ſo florid, ſo plump, ſo handſome as the Engliſh peaſantry; but ſurely this is not owing to the freer government, or better nouriture of the latter; the common people of Holland are equally free, have equally good appetites, and full as much to eat; yet, in the domains of their High Mightineſſes, *beauty* is almoſt as great a phænomenon as *wit*. In every age the fair and roſy cheeked Albion peaſantry have won the apple from all other nations, while they have diſputed it with their ſiſter kingdom, the Iriſh. Cæſar in his commentaries, if my recollection ſerves me, celebrates Engliſh beauty, yet at the period of the deſcent of Cæſar, the peaſantry, as well as nobles, groaned under a tyranny, of all others, the moſt onerous, the eccleſi-

eccleſiaſtical tyranny of the Druids. It is probable we muſt trace their peculiar beauty, not from their ſtile of living, but from their German anceſtors. Cæſar alſo celebrates the Germans for their lovely complexions; to this day the Saxons, the women eſpecially, are remarkably handſome; I mean that ſpecies of beauty which reſults from fair ſkins, and luſcious perſons; a ſtile well expreſſed by the epithet *comely*, or by the Scotch word *bonny*, which is I think the characteriſtic of Britiſh beauty. This defect in the French ſtile is perhaps richly compenſated by expreſſion in the countenance, vivid eyes, animated *piquante* air, and by what the French term *fineſſe* of viſage.——I have ſeen more comely Engliſhmen, or rather Iriſhmen, than of any other nation, yet I may ſay that ſome of the handſomeſt men I ever ſaw, were Frenchmen, and though, in general, candour muſt own that the lilies of France fade and ſicken at the ſight of the bluſhing Engliſh roſe, yet there are French village maids of Circaſſian beauty.

*Monteſquieu* aſſerts that *honour* is the pervading principle of monarchies—with reſpect to the native country of that illuſtrious man, I am ſure the aſſertion is perfectly juſt. I know not a people who poſſeſs ſuch poliſhed and delicate minds, ſo jealous of perſonal character, ſo impatient of perſonal affronts, ſo polite, ſo anxious to pleaſe,

ſo avid of perſonal reſpect. I have often met with a French ſoldier, whoſe manners would adorn a drawing-room, whoſe ſentiments would do honour to a nobleman: nor are they merely *ſentimental*, they evince the delicacy of their feelings by *actions*, and by an *appeal* to the *ſword*. This being a garriſon town, a week ſcarcely paſſes without a duel between private ſoldiers, generally upon a punctilio; there are four now in the hoſpital wounded; one of them, laſt night, died of his wounds.

When I inſtance the manners of the French ſoldiery, I mean to characteriſe the French in general, from the pervading ſentiment of honour and attachment to the prince, ſcope to which ſentiment is given by the judicious policy of enliſting their ſoldiery for a term of years, almoſt every Frenchman, of a proper height, in rotation becomes a ſoldier. A Frenchman from his infancy is ſo accuſtomed to unite the profeſſion of a ſoldier as inſeparably annexed to birth and honour, that he cannot for the ſoul of him ſever them; the firſt queſtion he is ſure to aſk an individual who has the appearance of a gentleman, is *Monſieur a ſervi ſans doute?* if you anſwer no, notwithſtanding every effort of his politeneſs, involuntarily and inſtaneouſly ſhrinking from you; he will eye you with ſurprize, wonder, and momentary alienation!

The

The French are accuſed of indulging an overweening contempt of all other nations; with reſpect to their haughty neighbours and immediate rivals the Engliſh, I am ſure the imputation is not founded. It is true, your glorious termination of laſt war, exhibiting you in an invidious light, you are not *loved* by the common people of France; yet the French *reſpect* you more than they do any nation in the world, in ſome inſtances more than they do themſelves; comparing your mental faculties with thoſe of other nations, and even with their own, they ſtyle the Engliſh genius the *King* of *Genius*; it is pleaſant to obſerve the miſtakes this general idea ſometimes induces them to make; they will frequently dignify the invincible ſtupidity of a *Common Council Man* with the name of *philoſophy*——when he is ſullen, it is greatneſs of mind; when he is dozing over repletion, he is in a *reverie*, he is loſt in the profundity of his cogitations; or they will palliate his impolite abſence of mind; by obſerving, *en verité, Monſieur eſt un peu lourd, mais il a du talent*, or *Monſieur mange beaucoup, mais en revanche, il penſe!*

Such is their prepoſſeſſion in this reſpect, that whenever they obſerve an Engliſhman totally ſilent, and obſtinately contemptous of all around him, and when peradventure a philoſophic ſportſman, beating his noddle for a fortnight, could

not ſpring a *leaſbe* of ideas, a Frenchman will gaze at him with unaffected admiration, and will exclaim, *ma foi, voila un philoſophe Anglois!!!*

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

A. W. L.

LETTER

## LETTER II.

INDEED it is not uncommon to hear your French politicians aſſert, that it is the *intereſt* of the two countries to be *united*——that things go badly on each ſide of the narrow ſea which rolls between Dover and Calais, becauſe we are not *willing* to *underſtand* one another. They arraign your mutual jealouſies, jealouſies reduced to a ſyſtem, as pitiful and deſtructive chimeras. They have ever in their mouths this maxim, that were England and France in alliance, they might awe and controul the *world* united againſt them.

It is certain that the factitious exiſtence of Europe, ſuch as it is eſtabliſhed by treaties, which form at preſent the *rights* and regulate the *ſtate* of nations, would be affected by an alliance of England with France; that is to ſay, the other powers who gain ſo much by our diviſions, becauſe they either render themſelves formidable to us, or oblige us to pay them ſubſidies, would loſe by our re-union. In tracing the real original of our diſſentions we find not their ſource in the motives of animoſity which *antiently* ſubſiſted. On the contrary they are the work of thoſe whoſe

intereſt it was to foment them, and if poſſible make them a *ſtate maxim* for the two nations. After their eſtabliſhment upon the throne, the princes of the houſe of Stuart were not enemies to France: ſo far from it, they were ſometimes her allies, and almoſt continually neuter. This circumſtance aided the enterprizes of Lewis the Fourteenth. Europe *felt* his force, and from thence ſhe muſt have concluded, that it was neceſſary to oppoſe to him Great Britain.——Hence may be deduced the combination, ſo happy in other reſpects, againſt James the Second. It was reſolved to place on the throne a prince that would point his arms againſt France.——By means of ſnares thrown in the way of James, whoſe monkiſh bigotry would ſurely make him eagerly catch at the bait, they plucked the crown from his head and wreathed it round the brows of his ſon-in-law the Prince of Orange.——Ancient animoſities, though their objects exiſted no more, were awakened; animoſities which ſince that period have taken root, deep indeed, but fatal to the two countries, who have often waged war with *each other* merely becauſe it was *convenient* for their *neighbours*.——The ſecret hiſtory of Europe evinces, that the affrighted princes of the Empire formed, at Berlin, the confederacy that produced this revolution. Thus the ambition of Lewis the Fourteenth hath been the cauſe of all the unhappy errors that ſucceeded: but *now* that this reſtleſs thirſt of vain-glory and

of

of conqueſt hath ſubſided as nations, as well as individuals, become more philoſophical, the two Governments *ought* to ſee what *dupes* they are to *ruin themſelves* for the *convenience* or *emolument* of *others*, inſtead of *pointing* their power (a thing very practicable) to the object of *mutually* enriching themſelves.

Remember I am not, in the above political flight, giving you my own original ſentiments ——No; I am not ſufficiently converſant in a matter ſo momentous as to have my mind made up upon the ſubject——Arguments ſuch as theſe are very common now among liberal Frenchmen———They are thrown in a beautiful light by the elegant author of *La Quinzaine Angloiſe*.

I own, however, I am inclined with them, to think there is great force in this ſpecies of reaſoning——It is a political axiom, that *intereſt* is the *cement* of *all unions*———Now, whoever beholds with philoſophic eye the *phyſical* ſituation of the two countries will ſee, that *nature* intended them for *ſiſter* kingdoms——No two countries can be more *à porté* to hold out to each other reciprocal commercial advantages.——It would ſeem indeed, from a view of the oppoſite banks of the two kingdoms that originally, they were one continent or peninſula, violently ſevered from each other by ſome natural convulſion, of the

exiſtence of which, though political hiſtory is ſilent, natural hiſtory exhibits very ſpecious preſumptive proofs. The breaks in the cliffs between Calais and Dover, Boulogne and Margate, which are oppoſite points, correſpond ſurprizingly with each other. The *convexity* of the one ſurface always anſwering to the *concavity* of its neighbour on the oppoſite ſhore. Though the two countries are contiguous, yet their different climates, co-operating with the different laws and manners, flowing from modern political innovations, have given to each different productions, different manufactures, and different wants; ſo that great and mutual advantages *in trade* are held out as *commercial baits* for a reunion.

The wars waged between the two nations have only tended to multiply their mutual calamities. The ſucceſſes of England, in the laſt war, gave her ſcope indeed for ſelf-gratulation. She made herſelf *miſtreſs* of the commerce which France would have *participated* with her: but was the *part* ſhe could *raviſh* from her neighbour the *only one* capable to *flatter* her intereſt and ambition? It is but too probable, that the event of the preſent commotions in America will demonſtrate, that the profits wreſted from France by the ſplendid feats preceding the treaty of *Fontainbleau* will not be equivalent to the commercial advantages that muſt have reſulted to England from

from a connexion with France——And, however it may make Britiſh merchants and Anti-gallicans in general ſtare, it poſſibly might be demonſtrated, that the more France aggrandized herſelf, pre-ſuppoſing a commercial union, the more the commerce they and us would have together would be advantageous to each.——This inveſtigation would lead us into a field too extenſive for the limits of this letter——However, he who wiſhes to illuſtrate the paradox fully, will do well to take his *meaſures* and the terms of his *compariſons* from the traffic, immenſe indeed, which *Holland* uſurps from *both* countries——He muſt alſo put into the account the prodigious clandeſtine traffic which the induſtry of individuals oppoſes to the abuſive ordonances, which ancient prejudices have dictated to governments led aſtray by popular animoſity.

In *infant countries*, where manafactures are in a rude ſtate, commercial jealouſy, the parent of all commercial taxes upon exports, may be *wiſe* ——But the arguments which *apply* to evince ſuch expediency are *inapplicable* to a country where manufactures, as in *England*, are arrived to ſuch a *marvellous* pitch of *perfection* as to *defy* all attempts at *competition*.

The patriot on this occaſion would anxiouſly inquire on which ſide the *balance* of trade would turn.——To ſolve this difficulty the aid of the phi-

philoſopher muſt be called in, to enlighten the views of the mere patriot or mere merchant.

If ever a commercial intercourſe between the two countries obtains the ſanction of law, it will be found that the conſequential trade will be rather of *luxury*, of *vanity*, than of *neceſſity*—— and I, though far from arrogating the title of philoſopher or merchant, will boldly affirm, that the *balance* of *vanity*, ever *preponderating* with the *French*, will always throw the *balance* of *money* into the *Engliſh ſcale*. The moſt ſuperficial obſerver immediately ſees, that *vanity* is the *prominent feature* in the character of this polite and witty nation. It may be no exaggeration to affirm, that their *ſtock* of this precious commodity nearly equals that of *all* the reſt of Europe united. If this is granted, let us *apply* it to the articles of commerce in the reſpective countries to which it will naturally *attach* itſelf. To be ſure the rich, jolly, and luxurious Engliſh gentlemen would imbibe deeply thoſe light, delicate French wines, the natural corrector of John Bull's *ſaturnine craſis*. This, indeed would be the *firſt* and a very extenſive article: but this luxury would be confined to the gentry and more opulent citizens. It is true alſo, no country ever has, and I propheſy never will, vie with the French in the arts and manufactures which depend upon *taſte*.——The magic power of the Pariſian mantua maker, the creative genius of her millener, are yet unrivalled!

led! The maſterly hand of the French hair-dreſſer vies with the light heel of the ſcientific dancing maſter, who *volting* from Calais to Dover, propagates the fine arts and immortalizes his country; while he drills John Bull in the manœuvres of the cotillon, while he gives the word to my Lady Mayoreſs, and ſhe ſwims through the minuet *de la Reine!* Theſe arts and their profeſſors are indeed *invaluable* in the eſtimation of the cognoſcenti, but weighed in the *commercial ſcale* will ſoon kick the beam oppoſed to Engliſh horſes, Coventry ribbands, Birmingham toys, hardware of every denomination, Tunbridge-ware, Engliſh boots, ſhoes, ſaddles, coarſe cloths, long wool, ale, London Porter, and all the articles which ſupply the African trade.

In ſhort, excluſive of your *decided* ſuperiority in the *finiſhing* of every commercial article, the *preſent* French *rage* is for every thing Engliſh, merely *becauſe it is Engliſh*. Your enthuſiaſm for French frippery is of antient date, and time, which ſoftens almoſt every paſſion, muſt in ſome degree have diſſipated its fervor. The French caprice is *recent*, and conſequently more *impetuous* and *incontroulable*. If a Frenchman accoſts you with *hauteur* and uncommon ſelf-complacency, you may certainly infer, that he has, or flatters himſelf he has, ſomething *Engliſh* about him.——He will look cunning and ſeem anxi-

anxious you ſhould make the important diſcovery yourſelf.——If out of affectation or negligence, you fail to do ſo, he can contain no longer, but exclaims, *regardez donc*, and ſhewing his button or laying hold of his ſleeve, *ſacra Dieu! mais cela vient d'Angletere!*

But *every* conſideration *united* will not ſo much tend to throw the *balance* into the hands of the Engliſh as the *different genius* of the *two* nations. With *you* commerce *derogates not* from the *gentleman*; on the contrary, thoſe mere ſons of earth, who have no other pretenſions to this ſacred character, will, while they oſtentatiouſly boaſt of their wealth, from that very circumſtance, arrogate it——*Here* a thorough Frenchman *bluſhes* to be found making money by *trade*, and when he *has* made it, is almoſt *aſhamed* to confeſs it.

I am no judge, and I will not pretend that I am on ſtrong ground in the above commercial reveries: but of this I am *ſure*, that there are no two nations in Europe ſo happily formed to enter ito *partnerſhip* in a ſpecies of commerce, compared to the returns on which, in the eyes of a man of ſentiment, the ingots of Peru, the ſands of Pactolus, and the gems of Golcond are bagatelles——I allude to a branch of commerce *little known* upon your Royal Exchange, *ſocial commerce*.——Every liberal Frenchman, while he hates a Spaniard, loves not a German, and loathes

loathes a Dutchman, thinks it his higheſt honour, *however averſe to trade*, to traffic largely, *in this way* with *Meſſieurs les Anglois*—the pride of the Engliſhman is gratified by the Frenchman's deference and unfeigned reſpect, while the influence of his November fogs is diſſipated by the Frenchman's gay and *degagée* manners; ſo that the moſt congenial happy mixture of male company I know is a judicious combination of well-bred Frenchmen with ſenſible Engliſhmen.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

LETTER

## LETTER III.

THE French are, I think, the moſt paſſionate people I ever ſaw; their natural impetuoſity frequently hurrying them beyond themſelves, induces them to commit actions which they are the firſt to condemn. An old Swiſs Knight of St. Louis told me, that at the ſtorming of *Bergen-op-Zoom*, where he was preſent, he ſaw the French ſoldiery ſlaughter a great number of the enemy, after the place was evidently carried, conſequently farther butchery was unneceſſary, and therefore cruel——yet, ſaid he, I am perſuaded they did ſo, not from a principle of cruelty, and I ſaw ſome of them ſhed tears for what they had done; but the impetuoſity of the French temper, combining with their natural courage, gives them in the heat of action, a momentary madneſs, "It is this enthuſiaſm which makes them the beſt troops in the world for a *coup de main*."

A general officer with whom I dined the other day at the *Marquis d'Entragues*, thus expreſſed himſelf——"It was impoſſible for politeneſs to be carried to a greater length, than by the Engliſh laſt war in Germany to the French,"——we endeavoured to return it——we dined with each

each other almoſt every day——The French and Engliſh ſoldiers would cull potatoes very ſociably together in the ſame field, although they expected to come to blows the next morning. I remember, ſaid he, that I was one day at dinner with an Engliſh captain, my very good friend, who had done me the ſame honour the day before; I was ſaying that I did not know what I ſhould do, for that my men had neglected to collect the rations of forage required of me that morning——Mine, ſaid he, have collected near twice as much as my complement, and if you will ſend to ſuch a poſt, I will have the ſurplus delivered to you——To be ſure, continued the Frenchman, it is againſt the principles of war to give proviſion to your enemy, yet, in armies of one hundred thouſand men of a ſide, what hurt could the common cauſe receive from this particular inſtance of politeneſs? The intimacy between the two armies was ſo conſpicious, that *Marſhal Broglio* gave orders that it ſhould be diſcontinued, and this was the only particular in which we wiſhed to diſobey him. The mutual reſpect was ſo great, that I have known French private ſoldiers turn off with indignation any *Swiſs* who preſumed to obtrude upon them, when they had the honour to entertain their Engliſh friends; and I am told the Engliſh, the war before laſt, teſtified a ſimilar diſguſt to their *Dutch* allies."

I every

I every day ſee four French with two Swiſs regiments paraded together, and I have remarked that the privates never converſe with each other. When the parade is over, they reſpectively diverge, and expreſs a reciprocal ſhyneſs and diſlike. They never commune together but in the capacity of maſter and ſcholar. The French ſoldiers teach their Swiſs allies to dance. It is pleaſant to paſs by their quarters, where you will often obſerve a French ſoldier with a becoming gravity, leading a great Swiſs boor the mazes of the minuet *de la cour*, and the *louvre*, or whiſking him through the quicker vibrations of the *allemande*——the Swiſs diſpenſes for his accompliſhments, part of his ſubſiſtence, and thus makes ſome atonement for the invidious diſtinction ariſing from the difference of their pay.

Indeed the difference of manners between the French and Swiſs is ſo obvious, and the ſuperiority of pay to the latter, render them ſo obnoxious, that, at firſt view, it would ſeem impolicy in the French to employ them; but a little reflection will tell us that Switzerland forms an excellent barrier to the eaſt of France: a ſufficient reaſon to induce the French to conciliate that country, by dealing largely in its *principle article of merchandiſe, id eſt, ſoldiers*; this diſtinction in pay is a ſufficient ſolution of the hatred of the French to the Swiſs; but the diſlike of the latter muſt ariſe from diſimilarity of manners.

The

The French troops are the beſt ſet up, and march better than any troops I have ſeen——A nice ſenſe of honour, the ſoul of their armies, extends itſelf to the meaneſt private; he will not, under the idea of diſcipline, ſubmit to perſonal inſult——his officer muſt not ſtrike him—— Frequent attempts have recently been made to introduce this uſage, common in Germany, and but too prevalent in England; but the ſoldiery have univerſally ſhewn ſuch abhorrence of it, that it is now entirely aboliſhed, and impriſonment ſubſtituted in its place. Some little inconveniences may ariſe from this, yet they confeſſedly ſpring from a noble cauſe.

In England officers and ſoldiers are regarded by their countrymen, rather with ſuſpicion than with love. With you a man goes into the army to get a livelihood——here the point of honour is to ruin yourſelf in the ſervice of your king. This certainly is a moſt artful policy for a court to inculcate, yet to individuals it induces many bad conſequences.——Although the ſtrongeſt reaſons may concur to render it expedient, it is a moſt difficult thing, in France, to retire from the army, even in time of peace, and preſerve your honour untinged; in war it is abſolutely impoſſible. I have an intimacy with a young gentleman of family and fortune, of the regiment *du Roi*, the *Chevalier de G——y*; our acquaintance originated from his earneſt deſire to ſpeak the Engliſh language, which he reads very well.

well. For a young Frenchman he has an amazing turn for ſtudy, and a diſlike for the noiſy, yet brilliant ſcenes of life;——he is a valetudinarian; is ſometimes affected with ſlight attacks of the epilepſy; thus is he entirely unfit for, and I know he is averſe to military habits. He and his intimate friend the elegant *Count de Beaumont*, partial to every thing Engliſh, frequently do me the honour to breakfaſt with me *à l'Angloiſe*. I this morning took the liberty to inſinuate to the young Chevalier, my ſurprize that he continued in the army; he replied, "neither my health or my diſpoſition incline me to it; I would indeed moſt cheerfully give half of my eſtate to quit the army and retain my honour unblemiſhed;" but I might as well *baniſh* myſelf as *retire*. I ſhould inevitably be deſpiſed, even by my own relations; my native country would afford no countenance, no aſylum for me; in *France*, a man of *birth* to be *reſpected muſt be a ſoldier*;—— In France there is no ſuch character as a *private country gentleman*, a character with you ſo highly and ſo deſervedly reſpected.

A late writer aſſerts, that of all people, the French have the leaſt compaſſion; he muſt have been very unlucky in the choice of his acquaintance; indeed the natural hilarity of the French diſpoſition precludes that penſive air, that languiſhment of countenance, the general index of deep ſenſibility——yet, with all their apparent levity

levity and frivolity, they have hearts very ſuſceptible, hearts feelingly alive to the diſtreſſes of humanity; they are born in too mild, too ſweet a clime to partake of that inſenſibility characteriſtic of the icy hearts, organized in the environs of the northern pole; a Frenchman has great delicacy of nerve. I have often obſerved that the relation of a pathetic ſtory hath caſt a gloom over a whole group——tears have immediately ſucceeded to the higheſt exceſſes of laughter and glee. I once ſaw an old French officer weep like an infant at the woes of *Luſignan*, ſo admirably repreſented by *Le Kain*. One would think age is more callous, leſs uſed to the melting mood than youth, yet is it here very common to ſee tears fall from the eyes of age; nor are they *barren* tears: the purſe of the Frenchman, in proportion to his ability, is equally open to the demands of diſtreſs; his heart, equally with his richer neighbour, ſuſceptible of god-like charity.

Permit me to adduce a recent inſtance of the friendſhip of a Frenchman to myſelf, which has exceedingly affected me. My friend and travelling companion has preceded me in our intended jaunt to Switzerland; ſince which, having had a ſlight fever; and being alone, left to my own thoughts, I brooded too much over my own unpleaſant, uncertain ſituation upon a point on which the whole happineſs or hiſtory of my future life muſt hinge——This threw the fever upon my nerves, and I was frequently ſo low-

ſpirit-

ſpirited as to refuſe all viſits, and entirely to evade ſociety. I have before mentioned our little agreeable friend *du Vachè*, the principal phyſician here——he viſited me, and preſcribed very rationally to me during my indiſpoſition. Upon finding that he abſolutely refuſed all his fees, I as peremptorily refuſed his viſits, which ſeemed to diſtreſs him very ſenſibly; I was for ſome days at a loſs to account for this conduct, but he at length explained himſelf; he came one morning and inſiſted to ſee *Monſieur* his friend; he had conceived, as he was informed, that all my reſources from America were cut off, that my lowneſs of ſpirits proceeded from *derangement* of *finance*.—— After ſome heſitation and much circumlocution, he told me that he loved me like a brother; how happy ſhould he be, would I honour him with that title; to convince him that I did ſo, I muſt put confidence in him, I muſt let my elder brother know the real ſituation of my affairs. "I am now a widower; until you, my dear brother, can get the income of your eſtate in America remitted to you, moſt cheerfully will I ſhare mine with you; it is not large, but you know my ſalary as principal phyſician of the hoſpital, makes a great part of it certain; in this cheap country it will amply ſuffice us both!" I was ſo aſtoniſhed, that I let him run on——"We have an amiable ſiſter, my dear brother, who lives in a moſt delightful villa upon the margin of the noble Lake of Geneva, *Il vous faût la grande air, mon cher*

*cher enfant*——I will carry you to reſide at her houſe until the winter ſhall induce you to return hither——I am convinced the change of air and her attentions will reſtore your health."——Upon my refuſing his offers with warmth, he reiterated them in the moſt preſſing manner, ſaying, "*Il le faût mon frère——ici vous n'etes pas ſur votre paille——chez vous je ſerois fier de vous être* redevable *de ces mêmes miſeres.*——I aſſured him, candidly, that my *ennui* proceeded by no means from a pecuniary cauſe; that my mind was above the loſs of fortune, and that I ſhould think he meant to affront me if he ſaid another word upon the ſubject. Upon my abſolute refuſal, he retired with ſtrong marks of chagrin. From the amiable character of the man, I perſuade myſelf his friendly overtures were dictated by ſincerity, and I feel myſelf cordially his debtor.

There is a *trait* in the character of this good creature, in a *Frenchman* ſo *ſingular*, that honourable mention ſhould be made of it. He has loſt a beautiful and amiable wife, and, though ſhe has been dead *ſix* months, he ſtill laments her with tears unceaſing!!! He is like Rachel weeping for her children, and will not be comforted; he refuſed for many weeks to take any ſuſtenance, and his friends are yet fearful that this *bagatelle*, as they term it, will coſt him his life. I know him well, and I am convinced his ſorrow is unfeigned, yet it is not of a ſolitary kind,

kind, it is woe *à la Françoise*—one moment he ſhrugs his ſhoulders and laments his fate, the next ſings, dances, and ſhuffles the cards, and, while he deals them, the dew drops of deſpair for the wife of his ſoul moiſten the Brelan Fiſh!

*FINIS.*

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